IGNACIO ECHANIZ, S.J.

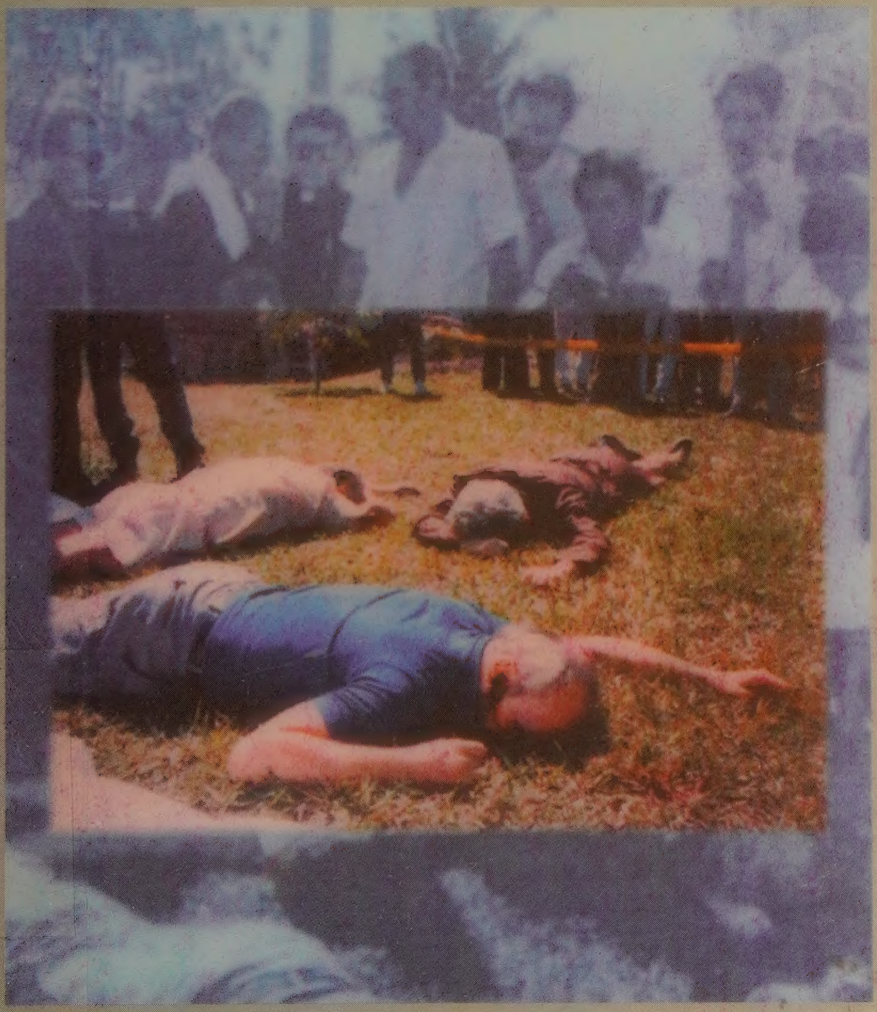
PASSION AND GLORY

A flesh-and-blood history of the Society of Jesus

Volume IV

Second Spring

1814-1965-1999



DEC 18 2001.

PASSION AND GLORY
Vol. IV. Second Spring 1814-1965-1999

Pages : 404

Rs. 155.00; $ 18.00

Front cover photo:
The Jesuits slain in El Salvador
as they lay on the lawn outside the Jesuit residence.
(Collage by Mariano Ballester)

"The assassination of six Jesuits
of El Salvador's Central American University (UCA)
demonstrated that an academic institution
can radiate love for the poor and promote justice.
It also demonstrated that, in this Gospel activity,
the mediators – the ministers of reconciliation –
are the most dangerous and must hence be eliminated.
Their sacrifice was not in vain, however; it brought peace."
(Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, S.J.).

PASSION AND GLORY

A flesh-and-blood history
of the Society of Jesus

Imprimi Potest: **Jerry Sequeira, S.J.**
Provincial of Gujarat
Ahmedabad
September 8, 1999

Imprimatur : **† Stanislaus Fernandes, S.J.**
Bishop of Ahmedabad
Ahmedabad
September 14, 1999

© 1999 Ignacio Echániz, S.J.
Borgo S. Spirito 4
00195, Rome

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

No part of this book may be reproduced or translated, in any form or by any means, without the previous permission of the author.

Published by X. Diaz del Rio, S.J., Gujarat Sahitya Prakash,
P. Box 70, Anand 388 001, India.
Laser-set and printed by S. Abril, S.J., Anand Press,
P. Box 95, Gamdi-Anand, 388 001, India.

19/550

CONTENTS

SECOND SPRING
1814-1965-1999

"He is here, he has risen" 2

I. A TEMPESTUOUS CENTURY

1. At the helm:
Jan Philip Roothaan (1785-1853) 4
2. A Pole in the Middle East:
Maksymilian Ryllo (1812-1848) 20
3. A Fleming in the Rocky Mountains:
Pierre-Jean De Smet (1801-1873) 27
4. Expelled from seven countries:
Francisco José de San Román (1844-1889) 47
5. Jesuit and poet:
Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889) 60
6. The Apostle of Chotanagpur:
Constant Lievens (1856-1893) 69
7. With the Malagasies in Madagascar:
Jacques Berthieu (1838-1896) 81
8. In China, at the hands of the Boxers:
Léon-Ignace Mangin (1857-1900) and Companions 88

II. CONSOLIDATION AND FLOWERING

1. A missioner:
Francisco Tarín (1847-1910) 98
2. The embittered Jesuit:
Miguel Mir (1847-1910) 112
3. A war chaplain:
William Doyle (1873-1917) 117
4. Two Brother Porters:
Francisco Gárate (1857-1929) 130
José Marcos Figueroa (1865-1942) 140
5. An exceptional candidate:
István Kaszap (1916-1935) 146

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY
DEC 13 2001

6. Martyr of Christ the King:
Miguel Agustín Pro (1891-1927) 153

7. Two opponents of Nazism:
Rupert Mayer (1876-1945) 162
Alfred Delp (1907-1945) 176

8. Two prisoners of the Communists:
Walter Ciszek (1904-1984) 183
Anton Luli (1910-1998) 196

9. Two urban apostles:
José M. Rubio (1864-1929) 204
Alberto Hurtado (1901-1952) 212

III. THE CHALLENGE OF THE COUNCIL

1. The last Crusader:
Riccardo Lombardi (1908-1979) 227

2. Christ's Minstrel who became an alcoholic:
Aimé Duval (1918-1984) 234

3. French diptych:
Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (1881-1955) 244
Henri de Lubac (1896-1991) 255

4. German colossus:
Karl Rahner (1904-1984) 263

5. An American in Rome:
John Courtney Murray (1904-1907) 271

6. The Cardinal of Ecumenism:
Augustine Bea (1881-1989) 278

IV. THE MISSIONARY TRADITION

1. In a Madagascar leprosarium:
Jan Beyzym (1850-1912) 288

2. In the hands of the Chinese Communists:
Tomás Esteban (1879-1934) 295

3. A man for all seasons:
Joaquim Vilallonga (1868-1963) 303

4. In the paddy fields of Malabar:
Pietro Caironi (1904-1966) 310

5. In ice-cold Alaska:
Segundo Llorente (1906-1989) 319

6. One with the Japanese:
Hugo M. Enomiya-Lassalle (1898-1990) 326

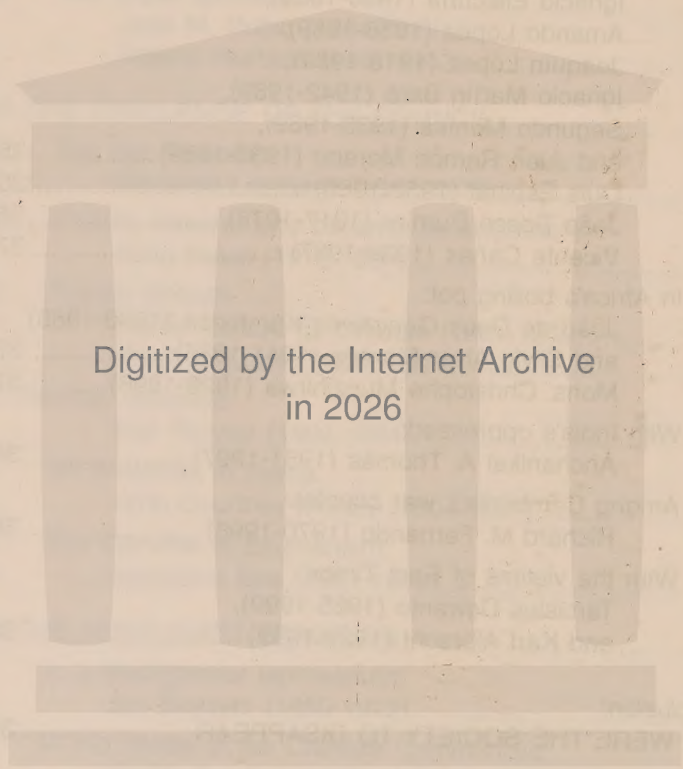
Epilogue:

PEDRO ARRUPE AND COMPANION MARTYRS

1. Pedro Arrupe's Way of the Cross 335
2. Under the Latin-American dictatorships:
Rutilio Grande (1928-1977) 350
Ignacio Ellacuría (1930-1989),
Amando López (1936-1989),
Joaquín López (1918-1989),
Ignacio Martín Baró (1942-1989),
Segundo Montes (1933-1989),
and Juan Ramón Moreno (1933-1989) 356
Lluis Espinal (1932-1980) 361
João Bosco Burnier (1917-1976) 366
Vicente Cañas (1939-1987) 370
3. In Africa's boiling pot:
João de Deus Gonçalves Kamtedza (1930-1985)
and Silvio Alver Moreira (1941-1985) 373
Mons. Christophe Munzihirwa (1926-1996) 376
4. With India's oppressed:
Anchanikal A. Thomas (1951-1997) 380
5. Among Cambodia's war cripples:
Richard M. Fernando (1970-1996) 382
6. With the victims of East Timor:
Tarcisius Dewanto (1965-1999),
and Karl Albrecht (1929-1999) 386

Conclusion:

AND WERE THE SOCIETY TO DISAPPEAR 392


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/passionglory0004igna

Volume IV

Second Spring

1814 - 1965 - 1999

"He is here, he has risen"

"He is not here, he has risen." In the case of Jesus the absence of his body was offered as a proof of his resurrection.

"He is here; he has risen," could have been said after the Society's restoration. The presence of the body such as it had been before its death was meant to be the conclusive proof that the Society had risen to new life. Consequently, the greatest effort was made to preserve its old features.

It was a legitimate aspiration, and it constituted – historians say – the strength and the weakness of the Society in its second life. Weakness, because by clinging to the past, it did not adapt to the present. Fidelity to the Ignatian project, as it had crystallized in the pre-suppression period, could have been less literal and more creative; the essentials could have been maintained, even stressed, by adopting ways and modes responding equally or better to Ignatius' intuition. Which is what the Second Vatican Council would propose in general to all religious orders.

At the same time, however, the obsession to make an exact copy of the old Society constituted the strength of the new; this noble rivalry led it to reproduce what the old had been within and without, in its spirit and internal features, in its organization, and in its territorial expansion. What did it matter, for instance, that community life was cast in the monastic mould? Those Jesuits were great apostles; they crossed the seas and reached the farthest points of the earth with the generosity and daring of the great pioneers of old; their example and exploits attracted followers, and the handful they were in 1814 multiplied to be over 36,000 in 1965.

And now? After a century and a half, the Society has tried to do what it did not at the time, and not indeed on its own initiative but urged by the Council which called on all religious orders to adapt to the times while maintaining the roots intact; to respond to the new challenges of the apostolate within an absolute fidelity to the founding charism of each. The Society has done this with an honesty and thoroughness that has made it change – some say disfigure – the Jesuit's traditional image.

With what success? The question looms large and the answer cannot be neither simple nor one-sided. I am suggesting one more by implication than by explicit statement, but acknowledge the complex issues involved.

I

A tempestuous century

"The Society is tossed about like a flimsy boat by the waves. Night has come and with it darkness. Let us keep rowing as hard as we can, without flagging, because dawn will come." "We come to your presence anguished and afflicted by the evils we witness."

Thus spake two generals whose combined mandates filled more than half the 19th century (58 years): Roothaan (1829-1853) in his 1831 letter about the persecutions that the Society was suffering, and Beckx (1853-1887) in the 1872 Act of Consecration of the Society to the Heart of Jesus that Jesuits repeated every First Friday up to 1972. This is how they saw the recently-restored Society: hurled into a furiously agitated sea that threatened to engulf the fragile boat.

In fact, if the 19th century distinguished itself by the political storms that shook all the European countries without exception, the Jesuits were thrown out time and again from one country after another no sooner they settled. It is not surprising that they saw eveything so gloomy. That did not look like a second spring but the bleakest of winters.

This negative vision blocked the way to any dialogue, any cooperation, any attempt to immerse like ferment in the mass to transform it. The enemy was either tolerated or attacked.

These limitations notwithstanding, the work of reconstruction went ahead with remarkable success; the expulsions served to carry waves of Jesuits overseas to countries that called for them, and the 19th century knew a missionary expansion comparable to that of the old Society.

1. At the helm: Jan Philip Roothaan (1785-1853)

A bad start

We have met Roothaan when he was a novice and scholastic in Polotsk and have left him when he was a young professor at the college of Orsza, in 1816. On 30 May 1820, after 16 years to the day when he left Amsterdam to join the Society, he crossed the Russian border at the head of fifteen scholastics, expelled by the Czar.

After traversing a Europe ravaged by wars, they reached Ferrara and moved to Bologna, where Roothaan received his first assignment outside Russia: the peaceful town of Brig, in Switzerland, at the foot of Mount Simplon, where the River Rhone is no more than an impetuous torrent.

General Brzozowski wanted to transfer his residence to Rome to govern the Society, applied for the Czar's permission, but was refused, and he was forced to stay in Polotsk until his death, 5 February 1820.

This isolation had fatal consequences in the process of his succession. The congregation convoked by Vicar-General Mariano Petrucci had a stormy history. It convened on 14 September 1820, but a group led by Sicilian Luigi Rezzi played delaying tactics until it could control the votes and make some changes in the Constitutions. They challenged the validity of the vows made in Russia; Rezzi astutely attracted the old and pliable Petrucci to his camp. With the backing of 18 delegates, Jean de Rozaven appealed to Pius VII who ordered the congregation to convene and ratified the vows taken in White Russia, thus dispelling any remaining doubts about their validity. Luigi Fortis was elected on October 18, and Rezzi was dismissed from the Society.

After surmounting the first obstacle, the congregation

had one absorbing concern: to ensure the continuity of the Society. After clearing procedural matters, it confirmed the validity of all the laws, decrees and customs of the old Society – even penances in the dining-room. Everything had to be the same, with one or the other exception inescapably imposed by circumstances.

Brig, Turin, Rome

Three cities, three posts, three steps to rise from the ranks to the highest office; from being professor of rhetoric in Brig at 35 for three years (1820-1823), to be rector of the university hostel in Turin for six (1823-1829) and Vice-Provincial of Italy for three months (March to June, 1829), to be elected General at 44.

Roothaan had no time to enjoy the gorgeous Swiss landscape. Besides his lectures, which he gave with great competence, he practised pastoral ministries with equal success in the pulpit, the confessional, and popular missions. He moved easily from Polish to French and German.

He made an interesting discovery: his Jesuit training had not killed his affection for his kith and kin. During the three years he spent in Brig he paid as many visits to Amsterdam because the Provincial took him as his companion; when he saw himself among his people, the old affection came up strong and effusive. It was a discovery for himself. "Our last farewell has touched me almost more than when I departed 17 years ago," he wrote on his return. "The fact is that I was moved to tears."

His work in Turin was more difficult: to re-open the "College of the Provinces", a prestigious university hostel under the high patronage of King Charles Felix and the immediate supervision of one of his ministers. After the chaos of the French Revolution and a student revolt quickly put down in Turin itself, the University was to reopen in the fall of 1823, and the King asked the Jesuits to take charge of the hostel. A former monastery situated in the heart of

programme of studies that Roothaan revised in compliance with the request made by the General Congregation. He performed "plastic surgery", not the thorough revision demanded by the times. "He did not syntonize with the 19th century as Ignatius had with the 16th" (Padberg). He and his peers lacked the vision to salvage the essence of the traditional Jesuit pedagogy while accepting the programme of studies that the governments were already prescribing at the time.

Over and above the mandates received from the Congregation, Roothaan had initiatives of his own that are reflected in the letters he wrote to the Society: on the love for the Society and its Institute (1830), the persecutions it suffered (1831), the missions (1833), the Exercises (1834).

Persecutions and exiles

Pius VII had restored the Society because he wanted to count on the "brave oarsmen" it provided to Peter's bark tossed by the storm. The Jesuits lived up to these expectations; the old stories about those sinister and powerful men still circulated with new embellishments, and the first shots were already being fired against them.

They returned to Spain in 1816 and were expelled in 1820; 25 were assassinated. They returned later on to be expelled once again in 1835, accused of causing a cholera epidemic; the "Colegio Imperial" in Madrid was attacked, and four of its Jesuits were killed. They would still be expelled again in 1840; only the 1851 concordat would give them a legal title for a precarious presence in the country.

They did not fare better in France. To begin with, they were not allowed to teach. Every teacher was obliged to sign a declaration that he was not a member of a non-authorized teaching body such as the Society. In September 1828 not a single Jesuit was able to set foot in a classroom. The July 1830 revolution sent the populace against churches and convents; the novitiate and several Jesuit houses in Paris resounded with the cry "Death to

the Jesuits," and the same happened in several other cities. The scholastics were transferred to neighbouring countries (Italy, Spain, Switzerland) until the arrival of better times.

The Low Countries and Belgium, reunited under King William I, did not allow them freedom of movement. The new novitiate of Destelberghe was dissolved in 1816, and the Jesuits, welcomed in his palace by the Bishop of Ghent, Mgr de Broglie, were violently expelled in 1818, the schools closed, and popular missions and retreats forbidden.

Not a sigle Italian state allowed them a free and peaceful existence. Each revolution meant a new expulsion. Its great leaders — Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi — made them their favourite target. "Woe betide the country that entrusts them the education of youth!" declaimed Cavour. Mazzini, retired in the Swiss Alps, thought of the Jesuits every time he saw a crow.

Missionary expansion

The Society, essentially missionary as it is, could not but take over again the missions entrusted to it before the suppression. This became an important chapter in Roothaan's programme. He was the providential man who implemented it; he opened the sluice-gates while at the same time ensuring the regular flow of the current; he encompassed the whole world without losing sight of the features and difficulties of each mission territory; he blended docility with the directives of the Holy See with the liberty to give a correct picture of the problems that his men encountered in the field; his prodigious memory enabled him to communicate directly with them, more often than not in their own language, and to listen to them, to encourage them. Bent over the maps of the missions in his room at Rome, he was one of the greatest missionaries of the 19th century.

He signed his great letter on the missions on 3 December 1833; already in 1830 he had sent the first five

missionaries to the Greek archipelago, bordering the Turkish Empire, and in 1833 he accepted the Missouri Mission among the Indians of the American West. Then he opened those of Calcutta (1834), Argentina (1836), Madurai (1837), Lebanon (1839), Albania (1840), Algeria (1840), Uruguay (1841), Canada (1842), China (1842), Brazil (1842), Guatemala (1843), Paraguay (1843), Reunion and Madagascar (1844), Colombia (1846), Bombay (1853).[1] As we shall see further down, he authorized the expedition of his Polish friend Fr Ryllo up the Nile, but not the foundation of a full-fledged African Mission because the information he had in his possession was insufficient.

Roothaan retained the direction of the missions until the newly-established Provinces were able to take charge of the Missions entrusted to them; but not even then did his interest lessen; he continued to be in touch both with Propaganda and with his missionaries.

If he showed some narrowness in other fields, he was quite broad-minded when it came to adapting missionary methods, faithful – also on this point – to the tradition of the Society. In Algeria, for instance, he backed the idea of Christian *Marabouts,* the Maghrebi counterpart of the Indian *Sannyasis.*

The Exercises

Roothaan was the restorer of the Ignatian Exercises as he was the restorer of the Jesuit Missions. His was the insight to view them as the source and the school of Jesuit spirituality. When he started his tenure, he feared that the great expansion of the Society in its second life might not be sufficiently rooted in its natural humus. As early as 1829, in his first personal Spiritual Exercises as a General, he conceived the plan of addressing a letter to the Society on this topic. He sent it after a five-year preparation, on 27 December 1834.

---

1 The dates are approximate.

This letter was a call for a return to the original Ignatian Exercises, to the study of Ignatius' little book. He did not rest content with dispensing advice. The following year he published a new edition of the *Versio Vulgata* of the Exercises, in classical Latin, approved in 1548.

Not satisfied with this, he wanted to get acquainted with the original Spanish text: he studied the language, and undertook a literal translation in simple Latin. Though he only devoted Sunday evenings to this work, he was able in 1835 to publish his new translation with that of the Vulgate on opposite pages. A third edition came out within three years and he had a fifth one prepared when he died in 1853. He also promoted the diffusion of the Spanish text and of translations into other languages. His favourite present was Ignatius' little book.

"I have no doubt that whoever studies the Exercises of St Ignatius and pays attention to his words will always make new discoveries," he stated in a letter. "I have studied them for thirty years and how much I have been able to find in my last retreat."

Roothaan has been called the General of the Exercises. "Apart from St Ignatius there is perhaps no one who has done so much for their being properly understood and put into practice. This is perhaps the principal explanation of that other title of honour bestowed on him: Second Founder of the Society of Jesus" (Ligthart).

The hurricane

The waters were first ruffled in France and then the hurricane passed over to Italy and to Rome itself. In France's succession of revolutions and restorations, republics and monarchies, the 1830 revolution brought in what is known as the July Monarchy, which led up to the 1848 revolution. During this time the anti-religious campaign made the Jesuits its special target. It was so violent that they were advised to disperse of their own accord in a kind of self-immolation.

It was a trap, but they did not fall into it. However, one Pellegrino Rossi (1787-1848), Italian by birth and a born intriguer, who had fled to Switzerland and later settled in Paris, been nationalized French and named Ambassador before the Holy See, managed to sell the idea in Rome. At the consistory of 13 June 1845 Gregory XVI rejected the blackmail forthwith but let Roothaan know that he would not be adverse to the Society making a concession for the general good of the Church. He was not thinking of a dissolution but only of making themselves less visible, of lying low.

Roothaan was about to obey when, on July 6, the French government announced that the Society had agreed to dissolve itself. The news caused consternation among the French Jesuits. After consultation, it was decided to hold on, although within the strictest legality.

What was not achieved in France during Gregory XVI's pontificate (1831-1846), was going to be accomplished in Rome during that of Pius IX (1846-1878). If the former was an unwieldly conservative throughout, the latter began his reign as a champion of Italian unity — or so the crowds viewed him — and soft on liberalism. The streets began to resound with the cry "Long live Pius IX!"

Roothaan got on very well with Gregory and had recurring difficulties with Pius. "All charm, urges and inflexions, confidences in D minor and eloquence in D major" (Lacouture), Pius IX moved from the political concessions of the first hour to the intransigence of the *Syllabus* (the list of "80 main erroneous propositions of our time") in 1864.

A slanderous campaign in Italy and particularly in Rome accused the Jesuits of opposition to the nationalist ideals and identification with the supremacy of the papacy, and with all that made Rome the citadel of European conservatism. Popular demonstrations and insults in the streets became the order of the day.

Poisoning the atmosphere

Then came the machinations to spoil Pius IX's relations with the Jesuits. It was not difficult because there was a strong anti-Jesuit lobby in the Vatican court. The Pope's confessor, Ventura, was no friend; he thought that Gioberti's *"Il gesuita moderno"* (a hotchpotch of all that had been written against the Jesuits during three centuries) had been written under divine inspiration.

The publication, in 1847, of *"Clement XIV et les Jésuites"* by Crétinau-Joly came in handy to further poison that atmosphere. Pius IX's collaborators read subtle allusions to the reigning Pope in what the author said about Pope Ganganelli and blamed the Jesuits for the publication of the book. The truth was that they had left no stone unturned to prevent it.

Such a poisoned atmosphere could give rise to the most harmful initiatives. It began to be said that the Jesuits were disobedient to the Pope; then, that the Pope was thinking of suppressing the Society again; later on, self-styled friends made frequent visits to Roothaan to inform him "confidentially" about one or the other complaint that the Pope had expressed against the Jesuits. Roothaan noticed that he was barred from approaching the Pope. If he attended an official audience, he was denied the opportunity to speak to him. The tension became such that he fell ill.

This crisis in the Society's relations with the Pope was one of the main points discussed in the 1847 Congregation of Procurators. A joint statement expressing the Society's fidelity was prepared and submitted to the Pope. It was so drafted that it needed not to be signed nor presented by Roothaan to the Pope, for it was said that the General was still not allowed to meet him. When Pius IX read it, he remarked affectionately:

"Oh, there was no need of this; I know the sentiments of the Society."

This was not entirely true. When Ghilardi, special

ambassador of the King of Sardinia, brought up the subject in a conversation with the Pope, Pius showed some displeasure about Roothaan because some Jesuit Father had criticized papal administration. Ghilardi stood for the General and suggested a meeting with him to give him a chance to defend himself. Before the interview, in January 1848, Roothaan wrote to the Pope about "the same slanderous accusations" being repeated "in all forms and shapes" and assuring him "more emphatically than ever of our complete submission."

This letter was followed by an audience. The Pope was very cordial, but he reiterated the complaint about the lack of obedience of a certain Jesuit. From the way he spoke, Roothaan understood that he was not speaking from personal knowledge but from hearsay information, and said:

"I beg your pardon; but neither these complaints nor these words are your own; they come from someone else."

The Holy Father smiled. "I could have named the fabricator of that accusation," Roothan said later. "It was always the same; at every accusation I asked: 'What has happened? Who has done it? Where?' There was never an answer. I need not guess who prompted such slander; I knew him already."

Exile

The general accusation still stood: that the Jesuits did not support the nationalist aspirations of the Italian people; furthermore, the story was concocted that they backed the occupation of a portion of its territory by Austria and were about to form an "Austro-Jesuit party". With this, the "holy war" against Austria included hatred of the Jesuits.

First in Piedmont, then in Venice, and later on in Naples and Sicily, the Jesuits were persecuted to the point of being forced out of their houses. The pressure mounted in Rome, too. During the Carnival season of 1848 a funeral procession was held amid the singing of the *Miserere* and

the *De profundis,* accompanying a bier on which lay "the deceased Society of Jesus." During the second half of March the professors and students of the Roman College and the Fathers of the Gesù, the two most numerous Jesuit communities in Rome, were harassed constantly in their own house and when they ventured to go out.

The Provincial, Fr Cambi (not Roothaan in order not to provoke adverse reactions in the papal entourage) went to see the Pope on the morning of March 13 in order to find out the truth of the rumour that the Holy Father desired the Jesuits to leave the Roman College and the Gesù on their own accord. The answer was an emphatic and impassioned "no".

The incidents increased in number and gravity and before long the rumour was circulating again that the Pope had expressed his anxiety concerning the Jesuits and his wish that they should depart of their own accord or at least ask permission to do so. Roothaan did not know what to do; on March 13 he enquired through a third party and found that it was true, that the Pope thought it would be inevitable for them to leave the Roman College but he wanted Roothaan to write a letter explaining the Jesuits' position.

The General did so and declared that he and the Society were ready to obey but that he did not believe the moment had arrived for them to leave on their own nor to ask authorization to do so, and he gave his reasons.

This letter was in the hands of Pius IX on Monday, March 20, but no reply was forthcoming. In the meantime the troubles continued unabated; some professors of the Roman College received offers of secularization, others were panicky and found it difficult to work in those conditions. The situation came to a head when a mob assembled one day in front of the door of the Gesù residence and a voice was heard threatening:

"Everybody must be gone from here by tomorrow or else we shall set fire to the building."

This incident seems to have decided the issue. A cardinal came to see Roothaan in the afternoon of the same day, March 28, with a letter from the Pope. The Holy Father had come to the conclusion that he could no longer guarantee the safety of the Jesuits. He did not give an order; he left it to their own prudence to take the right measures to forestall any bloodshed, for example by leaving unobtrusively and — let it be understood — temporarily.

This message was repeated to the members of the General's Council in the presence of the cardinal. A brief discussion followed, at which the request was made for the Pope to appoint a trusted person to take charge of the Jesuit houses; the Jesuits would leave quietly within a few days.

The cardinal informed the Pope and returned within hours to let the Fathers know the Holy Father's approval. Roothaan's counsellors were of the opinion that he should be the first to leave. He did so the following afternoon, 29 March 1848, in the carriage of Lord Clifford, an English friend, together with Fr François de Villefort (his confessor) and Br Trigos.

The thaw

The trio embarked at Civitavecchia in the afternoon of Saturday, April 1, on board the Sardinian steamer *Lombardo.* Some 30 seminarians from the German College travelled on the same boat and it seems that they recognized Roothaan in spite of the dark wig he put on hoping it would make him unrecognizable. Anyhow, his presence had become known among the passengers who disembarked at Livorno and there were shouts against the "Jesuit tyrant". The reception in Genoa was not friendlier.

The *Lombardo* put out her passengers safely on shore at Marseilles on April 5 and Roothaan set up his curia there temporarily.

The first thing he did was to resume communication with Rome. His contact in the Curia was Mgr Domenico Fioramonti, who had remained a loyal and devoted friend and had free access to the Pope. The calamities that Pius IX had to suffer for his refusal to declare war on Austria – the declaration of the Roman Republic, his exile to Gaeta – drew him closer to Roothaan and to the Jesuits.

Another factor contributed. Gioberti's books against the Jesuits had made an impact even on circles close to the Pope. In January 1849 a Neapolitan Jesuit, Carlo Curci, published a refutation that made a deep impression on the Pope and his cardinals. Curci proved conclusively that the opposition Gioberti saw between the Jesuits and the Church was that of *his* idea of the Church and traditional ecclesiology.

Confirming the brethren

Roothaan's other uppermost concern was to visit the Jesuits of France and neighbouring countries.

The situation was alarming. Eight Provinces had dispersed in the last eight months: Rome, Naples, Sicily, Turin, Venice, Austria, Hungary, and Galicia (western Poland), to be soon followed by those of Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland. Eighty houses had been closed and more than half the Jesuit personnel were outside their normal posts.

Roothaan began by visiting the French Jesuits, in 1848, and in 1849 he visited Cologne, the Netherlands, Belgium, England and Ireland.

The purpose of his visits was always to inform and to confirm his brethren. In his native country he had the satisfaction to find himself surrounded by his nephews and nieces (his brother had died), but he also showed the human side of his personality with his Jesuit brothers.

In the seminary of Culenborg he refused the luxurious room he was assigned (that of the bishop, he was told) and took a more modest one. When, in the community

recreation, the traditional pipes failed to be produced, he enquired:

"But where are your pipes?"

In other countries smoking was forbidden; Roothaan applied the general Jesuit principle of following the standard of life of modest diocesan priests; if the diocesan priests smoked, the Jesuits could be allowed to smoke. Thus Roothaan confirmed the traditional custom enjoyed by the Dutch Jesuits.

The last journey

He would have liked to cross the Atlantic, but the news coming from Rome made him abandon the idea. After the bloody events of July 1849, when the French army seized Rome to put down the revolution, the situation had returned to normal and the Jesuits were beginning to return to their posts.

On 30 November 1849 Roothaan was back in Marseilles, left for Naples on January 8, and at the end of April he was heading for Rome. A crowd assembled in the Gesù square to welcome him.

The canonization of Francis de Gerónimo and Peter Claver was an occasion for a renewed demonstration of esteem to the Society on the part of the Pope. The old suspicions surfaced again at the time of the controversy on Rosmini, held as a champion of Italian unity, and soured Roothaan's relations with Pius IX. The two great men esteemed each other but did not get on well together. Pius was an Italian, all spontaneity and exuberance; Roothaan, all calm and self-control. "Every time I see him," said Pius of Roothaan, "I seem to be in a saint's presence. When he says something, he formulates it so correctly and exactly that not one word is superfluous, not one wanting." The admiration was genuine but marked the distance.

As soon as he arrived in Rome, Roothaan informed his secretary that he had decided not to convoke the Congregation of Procurators scheduled for 1850; instead,

he would convoke the General Congregation. Which he did in fact in 1852, when peace returned to the whole of Europe.

The hidden reason of this strange decision (Roothaan did not take this kind of decisions without previous consultation) was suspected to be his desire to name a Vicar-General with the right of succession and his secret hope that the latter's relations with the Pope and the papal court would be smoother.

On 7 February 1852, Carnival or Shrove Monday, the Pope visited the Gesù as was his custom and prayed for a while before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. Then he went over to the sacristy and chatted amicably with the community. Roothaan was greatly consoled by this gesture.

That same night he fell so ill that he thought he was dying. He called Br Trigos and the Brother felt obliged to call a few Fathers:

"Come at once, Fr General is dying!"

Roothaan was already unconscious, giving hardly any sign of life. The physicians diagnosed a cardiac arrest. The patient had in the meantime regained consciousness and asked for communion; then he asked for his confessor and made his confession.

"Every Christian who falls seriously ill first makes his confession, then he receives communion, and only then the sacrament of the sick. I have done everything exactly the other way around," he said joking.

His illness was to last three months, with almost constant pain and high fever. Fever and pain returned with a vengeance on May 7. His last intelligible words were invocations from *Anima Christi,* a prayer dear to him. His earthly pilgrimage came to an end on the morning of 8 May 1853. His face recovered its former expression of serenity.

2. A Pole in the Middle East: Maksymilian Ryllo (1802-1848)

A Jesuit or a pasha?

The University of St Joseph in Beirut honours its founder Maksymilian Ryllo with a portrait placed in the foyer. It is not a conventional portrait; rather than a Jesuit, the man in it seems to be a Turkish official, a pasha. He does not don the clerical biretta but a flowing white turban; he does not wear a soutane but an elegant shirt and burnous; and, the more closely to resemble an officer of the Ottoman army, he lets us see the hilt of a scimitar. No wonder the portrait intrigues the students, as the present Jesuit General, Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, former student and professor of the University, reminisced at the inaugural address of the symposium held in Cracow in October 1998 to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the death of the Polish Jesuit.

Ryllo had good reason to adopt the disguise because Poles were forbidden to enter Lebanon, but there is no doubt that he enjoyed wearing the disguise. He wore it as he travelled up and down across half of Europe and the whole Middle East, and he was wearing it when a fellow-countryman met him in Constantinople. "I saw a gentleman dressed as an Arab, walking briskly and resolutely. The large blue tassel of his red fez jumped about mixing with the blond mane that came down to his shoulders. A long moustache and an imposing oriental beard enhanced his

beautiful and pale face. The flaps of his ample steel-coloured burnous fluttered with the wind and revealed a long dark tunic; a beautiful silken sash girdled his lithe waist; his pointed red slippers contrasted with the white of his socks."

One fine day a startled Fr Roothaan learnt that Ryllo had been seen in Rome in this picturesque attire.

"It is not possible; he is in Syria! I received a letter of his only a few weeks ago."

Roothaan did not relish the practical joke, but he knew Ryllo from his days in White Russia and understood that he had played it out of sheer high spirits. Happy to see him again, he embraced him and said to those who had come with him:

"What would you? I've got only one Ryllo in the Society."

Polotsk – Rome – Lebanon

Ryllo was born in Podorosk, Polish Lithuania, and considered himself a Pole all through his life. In 1819, after studying in the college of Polotsk, he enrolled in the University of Vilnius, and in the following year, just when the Jesuits were expelled from Russia, decided to join them. In these circumstances the Fathers did not want to take him, but he clung to one of the carriages taking them into exile and managed to pass, through a trick.

Since he wanted to join as soon as possible, he was sent to Rome with the group of young Jesuits Roothaan accompanied to Rome in 1820. He entered the historic novitiate of Sant'Andrea in Quirinale and studied in the Roman College.

Already in those days his enterprising spirit brought him to the notice of Gregory XVI. He and his companions had prepared the prisoners of a jail to receive the sacraments. When the day arrived and he came with a priest, the latter was not allowed to go in.

"Let us go to the Holy Father!"

No one could stop him.

"I have very urgent and important business," he repeated in the Apostolic Palace to those who tried to make him see the absurdity of his pretension. The prelate on duty gave in and conveyed the request to the Pope.

"There is a Jesuit scholastic who wants to see Your Holiness at all costs."

"Let him pass."

Ryllo stormed in, knelt down, and thundered:

"Are we in the capital of Christendom or in a Turkish village?"

The Pope took a liking to that fiery young man and the communion was had. Ryllo received a good reprimand from his superiors for his indiscretion, but he won the favour of the reigning Pontiff.

Ordained at 31, on 21 December 1833, he started his priestly ministry and gave a much talked-about retreat to a group of artists. It had been entrusted to a very fashionable preacher in Rome, but the young audience laughed at him; he gave up after the first sermon.

"Call Ryllo; he will tame them," said the Pope.

The following day Ryllo went up the pulpit elegantly wrapped in a large Roman cloak, paused for a moment, and announced:

"I am going to speak to you about beauty."

The retreat was an unqualified success.

Still more memorable was one he gave in a jail in 1835. On its conclusion he led some thirteen hundred prisoners to the *Scala Santa,* close to the Lateran, without any escort. Not one attempted to escape and all Rome, the Pope and the cardinals included, watched the scene.

Strangely enough, after his success as a preacher he was made professor of philosophy. But Rome was too small for him; he felt the lure of the East and his companion Fr Riccadonna, superior of the residence in Bikfaya, Lebanon, was calling him.

His wishes were fulfilled. Roothaan authorized him to

leave under the grand title of apostolic missionary. To be able to enter into Lebanon, he obtained a Roman passport in the name of Pietro Rolli, dressed as a sheik, and grew a beard and donned a turban. He left Rome on 26 June 1836 and landed in Beirut on September 17.

The apostolic missionary began by reconnoitering the terrain; after devoutly visiting the Holy Places, he travelled through Mesopotamia interviewing Coptic and Latin ecclesiastics and collecting archaeological remains. He submited a report about the former and gifted the latter to Gregory XVI who was very fond of archaeology.

The Asiatic College

His principal recommendation when he returned to Rome on 30 December 1837 was the foundation of a college for the formation of clergy for the entire Middle East. It would be based in Beirut, "from where there is easy access to the Indies," he said with obvious optimism; it would be called "Gregorian Seminary of Asia," classed as an Italian school, and study of Arabic, Turkish, and Italian, would be compulsory.

The Congregation of Propaganda Fide rejected the project because the new college would compete with the Roman college of Propaganda. Ryllo appealed to Gregory XVI and got away with his plan. The Pope called him "barbuto" (bearded), "a soldier rather than a monk" and "insolent," but agreed to read Ryllo's long report, crossed out some passages, and wrote in the margin: "The college must be founded."

Ryllo tried to win Roothaan over with these flattering words: "This college must be your work, as the German College was that of our Father Ignatius." The Jesuit General gave him personnel; the Holy See granted the funds; and on 22 July 1840 Ryllo was in Beirut ready to begin the construction.

Building work started in the autumn without the prescribed *firman* or official permission. It was directed by

Br Bonacina, who was an experienced builder. Not to be seen, they worked during the night; when the walls began to be seen across the trees, Bonacina dressed his workers with soutanes and asked them to work with their backs turned to the road not to be recognized. On 25 May 1841 Ryllo could write to the General with a letter-head that read "Collegio di Beirut." Classes opened in the autumn of 1841 with a hundred students.

Just at that point the political waters became turbulent; an Anglo-Turkish coalition and a popular insurrection put an end to the Egyptian rule that had lasted from 1830 with the help of France. Ryllo did not stop at doing charity; he sided imprudently with the rebels, made liaison between them and the Anglo-Turkish allies, and it was even said that he had taken part in their war councils. Roothaan got alarmed. "Europe is full of rumours about your activity," he wrote to him on 20 June 1841.

The episode contributed to his being pulled out of Lebanon, but it was only an excuse, not the deciding factor. As Fr Kolvenbach remarks in his address, the fiery Pole stumbled against "the hopelessly complex, explosive and scheming character of the Middle East, which manages to make impossible what is quite possible." Ryllo's project needed the help of a protecting power, but several powers were trying to dominate the area: England, Russia, and Austria. Ryllo courted England and offended France. By founding an "Italian school" he ignored French aspirations to hegemony in an area it considered its own. Ryllo was replaced by Fr Planchet, a Frenchman, and the "Collegio di Beirut" or "Gregorian Seminary of Asia" became "l'Université Saint-Joseph."

Malta – Sicily – Rome

Ryllo was instructed to go to Malta, an English colony already; he sailed on 26 September 1841 "with full honours" and on October 22 he was at Valetta. The mission was to consist of two members: Ryllo and Kenny,

an Irishman and hence a British subject, who died, leaving the Pole alone.

The Pole did not get discouraged; he displayed an incredible activity. In three months he preached 197 sermons, at the rate of two and three a day. But cyclone Ryllo could not but raise a storm. He befriended the English Protestants but incurred the jealousy of an influential ecclesiastic; the archbishop suspended the culprit; Ryllo demanded a formal trial, which was eventually not needed because he was rehabilitated without it; both civil and ecclesiastical authorities and Lord Clifford himself intervened from London. Then the *Carbonari* rose against him and decided to kill him if he did not leave by 1 May 1842. He continued his work undaunted.

By its geographical position, its language and its culture, Malta was the natural bridgehead between Italy and Africa. Ryllo conceived the idea of founding a college that would be for Africa what the one in Beirut was for Asia. The idea was carried out, although by others.

On 4 September 1843 he passed over to Sicily and toured it preaching and hearing confessions until he was appointed Rector of the Urbanianum College in Rome.

He held the job from 4 July 1844 to mid-October 1846. That was not his place. He was not made for the obscure daily work of administration. The diary of Fr Gioia, the Roman Provincial, says plainly on 23 March 1846: "the Rector is never at home."

Naturally, he had kept dreaming grandiose plans. He matured the project of an African Mission, and it received the authorities' approval. Roothaan, convinced that his friend had no equal to initiate great undertakings but was no good for their day-to-day running, entrusted him the execution of this his last project.

On 14 April 1846 the vicariate of Central Africa was created, embracing the Sahara, Sudan, and Abyssinia; and on May 14 Fr Casolani was ordained bishop of the new see. Gregory XVI's death on June 1 delayed the departure

of the expedition until October. In the meantime Casolani resigned, frightened by his reponsibilities; but Pius IX was resolved to carry the project through and Ryllo was appointed Pro-Vicar.

Africa

Five priests made up the mission. On 18 April 1847 they met at the mouth of the Nile, in Alexandria, on the start of the historic voyage upstream to Khartoum. They were joined unexpectedly by Mgr Casolani, who assured them, however, that he was not coming to head the mission but as a plain missionary.

In Cairo Ryllo took the precaution of placating and making friends with Mehemet Pasha, with whom he had had serious disagreements in Beirut and who now promised his support.

In August everything was ready for departure — provisions, the boat, the crew — but Ryllo fell ill with an acute dysentery. They left as soon as he felt better, on October 1; on the 16th they arrived at the first of the Aswan falls. They had entered the territory of the Vicariate. They took possession of the same with a solemn Mass celebrated in the ruins of an old Christian basilica.

They stopped 35 days at Dongola or Dungulah, but there was no improvement in Ryllo's condition. They continued in four boats up to Ambukol, where they changed over to camel-back in the company of a caravan of 60 Arabs, armed with spears and swords for greater security. The temperature varied between 54 and 3 degrees C.; when they encamped for the night, they lit up a bonfire to keep warm – and frighten away lions, leopards, and hyenas. Ryllo was so sick that at times he thought he was about to die. At long last, on 11 February 1847, they reached Khartoum.

Ryllo began to feel better and could write three long reports, one each for the Congregation of Propaganda

Fide, the Jesuit General, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

He had orders to return to Rome for the final approval of the project, but could not do so. His improvement had been more apparent than real and lasted four months. His body, so healthy and strong before, was now a poor specimen, subject to the humiliating incidents that dysentery gives place to. On June 11 he worsened again; on the 17th he received the sacrament of the sick. The cyclone had been reduced to a mere breath; it stopped altogether two hours before sunset.

3. A Fleming in the Rocky Mountains: Pierre-Jean De Smet (1801-1873)

A personal friend of President Lincoln, an official emissary of President Grant, respected and praised by Generals Sherman, Harney, Sheridan and others, consulted by successive secretaries of the Interior and government commissioners, Pierre-Jean De Smet,[1] missionary-explorer-pioneer, was above all else the trusted friend and counsellor of the most powerful and feared Indian chiefs of the era, and the only one who could parley with them and go in and out of their territories alive. In addition to this, he shared with Caesar a flair for description and left us a graphic narrative of his missionary journeys to parts of the still unexplored United States on foot and horseback,

1 His real name was Pieter Jan, in Flemish, but "at a time when Flemings did not consider demeaning to express themselves in French," says Lacouture with biting irony, De Smet found no objection to writing his memoirs in French and calling himself Pierre-Jean.

climbing mountains and wading rivers, and crossing forests, prairies, and deserts.

The history of his life is an important chapter of that of the United States at a critical moment, when the young colony was beginning to spread to the West. The Jesuits soon entered this movement forced, more by events, than by set deliberate design.

Forced migration

One such circumstance was the extreme penury of the novitiate of the tiny Maryland Mission at White Marsh. The novices were seven, all Flemish. The diet was often a few potatoes and water. It had already been decided to close down the novitiate and send the novices home. Just at that point, even before the drastic decision was communicated to those concerned, there came a wonderful offer: the Bishop of New Orleans, Louis Dubourg, who wanted Jesuits to found a mission among the Indians of Missouri, offered them his farm in Florissant, a short distance from St Louis, Missouri, which could be easily turned into a Jesuit Scholasticate.

The offer was eargerly seized; the whole novitiate would move to the Mid-West: Vice-Superior and Novice Master Felix Van Quickenborne, his Socius Peter Timmermans, both Flemish; the seven novices: Felix Livinus Verreydt, François De Maillet, Judocus Van Assche, Pierre-Jean Verhaegen, Jean-Baptiste Smedts, Jean-Antoine Elet, and Pierre-Jean De Smet; three Brothers: Henry Reiselman, Charles Strahan, and Peter De Meyer; and three young Negro married couples who had worked on the White Marsh plantation and would now help in the farm: Tom, Moses, and Isaac, with their wives Polly, Nancy, and Succy.

From Flanders to the New World

The presence of that numerous Flemish group in Maryland has its explanation in the zeal of a priest of the

diocese of Barnstown, Kentucky, Charles Nerinckx, a native of Flanders.

"How is it possible – he harangued – that Napoleon was able to find millions of men ready to die for the destruction of a country and the conquest of the world, and I cannot find a handful of young men to save a people and spread the kingdom of God?"

One of the youths he recruited was Jean-Pierre De Smet. He was strong and tough, and if he did not shine in the classroom he was master in the street. No one dared to stand up against him. Once a boy older than him played him a dirty trick. Our Samson lifted him bodily, transported him to a nearby pond, and performed the triple immersion to the amusement of the spectators.

Jean-Pierre was number 12 in a family of 16 children (his father Joost De Smet had seven from his first wife and nine from his second), at Dendermonde, at the confluence of the Dender and the Schelde.

The departure from Malines was made in the greatest secrecy on 24 July 1821. Sure that they would not allow him to go, Jean-Pierre did not inform his parents; this inflicted a severe wound on his father. He did say goodbye to his chum Pierre De Ram, who would in time become Rector the Louvain University. When the time of parting came, De Ram asked De Smet to give him a souvenir; Samson pulled out a coin from his pocket, broke it into two with a bite, and gave him one of the pieces, keeping the other for himself.

Embarcation was done with the same secrecy. To escape police detection, the ship waited for them out at sea, in the dark of night, after leaving port.

They sailed on 15 August 1821. After a 42-day crossing they landed at Philadelphia and left for Georgetown. There they reported to Fr Kohlmann, the Jesuit Superior of the United States, who sent them to White Marsh to begin their novitiate.

The long march to Missouri

When their second year was half over, Novice Master Van Quickenborne informed them that the novitiate would be transferred to Missouri. They were blissfully ignorant of the troubled genesis of the decision and the way it was imposed on their Master. Van Quickenborne had accepted it with exemplary readiness; they received it with hurrahs.

"We left home and country for the Indians; the Indians are in the West; let us go to the West."

A perfect syllogism, with a major and minor premise and a conclusion.

They left on foot with this enthusiasm on the morning of 11 April 1823 and took the road to Baltimore. On April 14 they began the crossing of the Allegheny Mountains; ten days later they descended the western slope and on May 7, after an 18-day march, they reached Wheeling, on the shores of the Ohio River. Since they did not have the money to pay the passage by steamboat down the Ohio, they purchased two large flat-boats to make the journey.

Piloting a flat-boat down the Ohio was not a task for inexperienced hands because there were many treacherous passes; it was customary to hire a professional pilot. Unable to afford one, Van Quickenborne bought a book that contained the information needed for the venture and commissioned Br Strahan, who claimed some proficiency in the art of navigation, to discharge the duties of pilot.

On May 22 they reached Shawneetown in Illinois and began the long tramp to St Louis, 150 miles to the north-west, persecuted all the way by swarms of mosquitoes as they walked. When they camped for the night, their first care was to light fires with damp wood in order to dispel the troublesome little animals.

Finally, their odyssey came to an end on Saturday, May 31, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, when they sighted the city of St Louis after travelling more than 1,700 miles. The following day, Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi, they celebrated the transferred solemnity

with High Mass and procession, and on Monday, 2 June 1823, they took possession of the farm of Florissant.

Hastening stages

The landscape was most beautiful, but the house most poor. The main building consisted of one single room surmounted by a gable roof pitched so low that a man could not stand upright in the attic beneath it. The farm had more than 250 acres of arable land, but it needed to be ploughed and cultivated. For the moment, they settled as best they could, but a two-floor wing was soon added to the main building. The youngsters combined study and work in the fields and, starting from 1824, when a boarding-school for Indian children was built, they took turns to take care of them. Much of the burden soon fell on De Smet; in 1828 he remained at the head as director.

A painful four-year interruption followed: he travelled to Belgium to raise funds (1833), fell sick (1834), and left the Society (8 May 1835). As soon as he recovered (September 1837), he returned to Florissant to be admitted again (November 29), and within six months, on 10 May 1838, he left Missouri to run the Potawami Mission, which had just been started at Council Bluffs.

It was a break-in experience. He came to know the Indians, their character and habits at close quarters, and learned to adapt himself, to relish their food, close his eyes to the filth of their cabins, accept and correspond to the demonstrations of friendship they showered on him.

Success was modest. He was received coldly; he overcame the initial difficulties, and people began to respond. On 30 May 1839 he could write: "The number of conversions has risen to 300. And they are, I can say it, fervent Christians."

There was one difficulty. The government gave them a yearly subsidy of 50,000 dollars. With the money there came vagrants, thieves, gamblers, the dregs of the United States, who made whisky flow so as the better to exploit

the Indians. The most peaceful Indian becomes a ferocious beast when he is drunk. "What are we to do with two thousand drunkards?" De Smet wondered in desolation. He did not get discouraged. Conversions became rarer, but most of those baptized held on and the neighbouring tribes kept asking for the presence of the Black Robes.

Since their provisions were running low, De Smet offered to go to St Louis to get supplies. On 13 February 1840 he left Council Bluffs with the idea of returning soon. But God had other plans.

Lay apostles

About October 1831 the Jesuits of Florissant received a strange visit: four Indians of the Flathead nations came all the way from their home in the upper Columbia Valley to ask for a Black Robe.

How did they get the idea? We must turn to the Iroquois Indians who had laid waste the Huron Mission and sent Brébeuf and his Companions to martyrdom. Some had converted to Christianity and around 1816 a party of 24 sought out a new home in the Far West. Their wanderings brought them into the country of the Flatheads, immediately west of the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains. They were welcomed, settled down, intermarried, and were adopted into the tribe.

The chief of the band was Ignatius La Mousse, "Old Ignatius", who had been baptized by Jesuits, and spoke often of the Christian religion; he taught them some prayers, and insisted on the urgency to bring in the same Black Robes he had known in his youth.

Traders who made yearly trips up the river told them that the Black Robes had just settled in Missouri. Ignatius assembled the tribe's council and proposed to send a delegation to St Louis. The proposition was adopted enthusiastically and four Indians volunteered to go.

The visitors did not count on the language barrier; and were unable to express the purpose of their long journey;

in addition, two of them fell ill and died within a few days; the other two set out but could not arrive back.

Four years later they made a fresh attempt, and this time Old Ignatius himself made the journey with his two sons. He left in the summer of 1835 and reached St Louis in the first days of December. But he only received promises.

A third delegation, also led by Old Ignatius, took again the route to St Louis in the summer of 1837 but fell into the hands of the Sioux.

They did not give up; in the summer of 1839 a fourth and final attempt was made. In a tribal council two Iroquois, Pierre Gaucher or Left-handed and Young Ignatius, rose to their feet and offered to discharge the hazardous mission. They were well qualified, for they spoke some sort of broken French. They reached safely; the bishop showed keen interest; he wrote to the Jesuit General; the General, Roothaan, was deeply moved and agreed; Pierre Gaucher went back in haste with the tidings, and Young Ignatius stayed on to be guide to the missionary who would be appointed.

His life's vocation

De Smet had been cherishing the hope that the choice of a missionary for the Flatheads would fall on him; he volunteered, and his offer was accepted. On 27 March 1840 he set out on his first trip to the Rocky Mountains. On June 30 he arrived at the Green River, famous as a rendezvous for participants in the fur-trade — the Indian and Canadian beaver-hunters assembled there every year to sell their furs or exchange them for articles furnished by the white men.

Here ten Flathead warriors sent by the Great Chief were waiting to serve as an escort for the missionary to their main camp. "Our meeting was not that of strangers, but of friends. I wept for joy in embracing them, and with tears in their eyes they welcomed me with tender words,

with childish simplicity. They gave me news of the tribe, recounting their almost miraculous preservation in a battle that lasted five days, in which 60 of them fought with 200 Blackfeet; they killed 50 of their enemy without losing a single man."

They resumed their journey on July 4 and after an eight-day march through mountains, rivers, and gorges they reached the Indian camp. The Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles and Nez-Percés came from a distance of 800 miles to meet them.

He was led to the tent of the great chief, a patriarch called Big Face, who received him surrounded by his council and spoke to him with the dignity of an aristocrat:

"Black Robe, welcome to my nation. Our hearts rejoice, for today the Great Spirit has granted our petition. You have come to a poor people, plain, and submerged in the darkness of ignorance. Our ears are open, our hearts will heed your words. Speak, Black Robe, we will follow the words of your mouth."

Since that was only an exploratory visit, De Smet stopped for only two months. Early morning on August 27 seventeen warriors, the pick of the two tribes, went to his tent; the old men in council had selected them to escort him through the country of the Blackfeet and the Crows, the two tribes at enmity with the white man. All the Flatheads had assembled before sunrise to see him off. No one spoke, but sadness was written large on every face. Old Big Face arose and spoke for all:

"Black Robe, may the Great Spirit accompany you on your long and dangerous journey. Morning and night we will pray for your safe return to St Louis. When the snow of winter will have disappeared from the valleys, and the first green of spring begins to appear, our hearts, which are now so sad, will once more rejoice. As the medow grass grows higher and higher, we will go forth to meet you. Farewell, Black Robe, farewell."

St Mary's

Sure enough, when the snow of winter melted and the green of spring reappeared, De Smet set out with two Fathers and three Brothers, and a vanguard of the Flatheads travelled 800 miles to give them welcome at Fort Hall. They met on 15 August 1841, and fifteen days later the combined party reached Bitter Root Valley, the home of the Flatheads.

De Smet had recommended them to look for a convenient place for their residence. He did not pretend to transform a nomad tribe into sedentary people overnight. Hunting would continue to be their principal means of subsistence. But instead of encampments continually following in the wake of the roaming buffalo, they could have a base where to retire after the season, complement with farming what they did not get from hunting, experience the softening influence of home life, be drawn from idleness, learn economy, and unconsciously acquire the habits of civilization.

The proposition was enthusiastically received, and a suitable site was chosen about 28 miles up the Bitter Root Valley, close to what is now the town of Missoula. This would also be the location of St Mary's Mission among the Flatheads, the first Catholic Indian mission in the Pacific Northwest. The inauguration was held on the first Sunday of October, the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary.

De Smet modelled the mission on the celebrated Paraguay Reductions. He studied Muratori's Relation and made it "our *Vade Mecum*". The church and the school would be at the centre of the village: the houses, workshops, stores and other buildings of common utility would be grouped around this central point. They would be taught the three Rs, to cultivate the land, and crafts to improve their standard of living.

Agriculture afforded them an entirely new experience. They thought it was foolish to break up the soil and root out the grass that fed their horses, and deposit in the

furrows grain that could be eaten. They were told that the seed would multiply, but did not believe it. When the time came, they were astonished to see the first blades put out, then the stalk, and finally the ears.

The fervour of the early Christians

Within three months the new mission had become a flourishing Christianity. "The whole Flathead nation has been converted, and baptism administered to many Kalispels, Nez-Percés, Coeurs-d'Alènes, Snakes, and Kootenais; other tribes are asking for us, and a vast country only awaits the arrival of the missionary to range itself under the banner of Jesus Christ. This, Reverend Father, is the gift I offer you at the close of 1841," De Smet wrote to his superior at St Louis.

"Great Spirit," prayed Walking-Bear, chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, "you know why I have killed this Blackfoot. It was not revenge; the others had to be taught a lesson. Have mercy on him in other life, I beseech you. We willingly forgive him the evil he wished to do us; and to prove that I speak the truth, I will cover him with my cloak."

The time came to prepare them for their first Communion; when they were instructed about confession, some wished it to be public. The feast of Pentecost was chosen and the service was most solemn. "There are entire families who approach the holy table every Sunday," wrote De Smet to General Roothaan on 15 August 1842. "Often we hear twenty consecutive confessions without finding matter for absolution."

The day came to enforce monogamy and the women rivalled with the men in generosity.

"I love you," said one to her husband, whom she saw torn by painful vacillations. "I know that you love me too; but you love the other as much as you love me. I am old and she is young. Leave me with my children and keep her; we shall thus please God and receive baptism."

The old chief Big Face was no longer among them. He

had expired in the winter after receiving his first Communion at the age of 90.

"Have you no sins to repent of since your baptism?"

"Sins? How could I commit sins when it is my duty to teach the others to live well?"

They buried him wrapped in the flag he waved every Sunday to announce it was the day of the Lord.

The Great Black Robe

St Mary's became the base of De Smet's subsequent apostolate. From there his fame spread to the nations of Indians that populated the vast region of the Rocky Mountains: from the centre of the northern part, where the Flatheads were settled, to the Flatbows to the north. The Pieds-Noirs, Crows and Cheyennes to the east; Nez-Percés and Snakes to the south; and Coeur d'Alène, Spokanes, and Chaudières or Kettle Indians to the west. Further west there were the feared Sioux. De Smet visited all and was welcomed both by the friendly and the hostile tribes.

He crossed and re-crossed the imposing massif in every direction; he approached it by the land route from St Louis, the southeast, and through the sea route from the west through Vancouver after rounding Cape Horn.

He multiplied the mission centres; after St Mary's, those of St Ignatius, the Sacred Heart, St Francis Xavier, St Paul, St Peter, St Francis Regis, the Assumption, the Immaculate Conception, St Anne...

How to explain his success? Below their savage crust, repugnant at times, the Indians had natural virtues of peerless value that only waited to be awakened. Christian faith performed this miracle.

His personality also helped, and to an enormous degree. His imposing physical presence, his integrity, his kindliness, his simplicity, and when opportunity arose, his courage. Even to this day he is known as the Great Black Robe, the White Man who does not have a twisted tongue, the Indians' Best Friend.

His courage. When he had been in the Mountains for a time, an over-bearing, sullen Indian, who was feared on account of his gigantic strength, swore to kill the missionary and do away with the religion he preached. One day De Smet started off on horseback to visit a neighbouring post, armed only with his breviary and his riding-whip. Suddenly, he saw the enraged Indian descending upon him, brandishing his tomahawk and emitting war-whoops. In a flash De Smet sprang to the ground, and before his adversary could strike, gave him a blow with his fist that knocked the tomahawk out of his hand. The Indian stooped to get it, but De Smet seized him, turned him over, and, holding him on the ground, gave him a good thrashing.

Blind with shame and fury, the would-be assassin struggled to free himself, but in vain. Then he begged for mercy, swearing to treat the Black Robe henceforth with the greatest respect. De Smet promised him his liberty on condition that he would himself tell the whole tribe that he had been beaten by the Black Robe. The proud warrior was obliged to submit. He rose, but the missionary kept his hatchet; if he wished to get it back, he must come himself in a few days to the mission to fetch it.

A week later the Indian approached the mission and asked to speak to the missionary. De Smet received him kindly, ordered refreshments to be served, and encouraged him to talk about his victories and the number of scalps he had taken from the enemy. Gradually the Indian's face brightened, the conversation turned to religion, and he asked to become a neophyte, vanquished this time by grace.

The mediator

De Smet's ascendancy among the Indians made him the man to act as mediator when the United States government wanted to make a peace agreement. They had been pushed further and further west, dispossessed of their lands, cheated with never-honoured promises. It became

evident that the protection offered them was aimed at nothing less than their extermination. The measure was filled when the discovery of gold in California generated a massive human tide that cut a large route from Missouri to the Pacific. San Francisco, which had no more than 500 inhabitants in 1848, increased to a population of 25,000 in two years. The Indians could not but revolt at the invasion of a territory that had been guaranteed to them by the United States government. They were already on a war footing.

In the summer of 1851 Colonel Mitchell, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, convoked the Fort Laramie Council, at which all the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains were to be represented. Knowing that De Smet's influence over the Indians was more powerful than the promises and threats of any government, Mitchell sought his cooperation.

De Smet accepted at once and on June 7 he took a steamboat going up the river to Fort Union, about 2,000 miles northwest of St Louis. The conference was opened on September 12 in a vast plain watered by the Nebraska. Ten thousand Indians, belonging for the most part to the various Sioux tribes, assembled to hear the propositions offered by the United States Government. Received by the chiefs and invited to their feasts, the Great Black Robe used his influence to assure peace.

The Great Council lasted twelve days. The treaty was signed by the representatives of the United States and the principal Indian chiefs. The atmosphere was one of optimism.

The War of Secession

Not for long. The Senate changed the provisions of the treaty without consulting the Indians. White colonies began to invade the virgin solitudes of the central districts; agricultural land was seized, and other tracts overrun by gold-seekers. With rage in their hearts, the Sioux watched

the steady advance of the colonists and their complaints became more bitter:

"Neither the buffalo nor the antelope can subsist on land trodden by the white man. We must not wait until the pale-face has exterminated the game that feeds our families; let us defend the desert."

When the hostilities broke out between the North and the South, the Indians judged the moment propitious for repelling the invasion. The war-hatchet was unearthed, the tomahawk brandished, the eagle feathers brought forth. In three days they slew nearly a thousand victims.

Forthwith the United States sent an army against them, which dispelled the enemy but did not put down the insurrection. A second army was sent, but the Indians offered a little resistance and then retired. Mounted on fiery horses, the Indians harassed the troops and always escaped pursuit. Although in sight, they were never overtaken.

The campaign of 1862-1863 had cost the United States more than twenty million dollars and yet the end was not in sight. It was proposed that Fr De Smet be appealed to as a mediator.

The proposition did not seduce him.

"I fear to lose forever my prestige with the Indians. Should I present myself as the representative of the 'Chief of the Big Knives' at Washington, formerly their 'Great Father' but now their mortal enemy, it would place me in rather an awkward situation. I will go on my own hook and without any remuneration. I will first visit the Sioux who have remained friends of the whites, and then, in their company, will try to reach their brothers in revolt. I will do my utmost to induce them to make peace and bring about an understanding."

On 9 June 1864 he reached Fort Berthold. Not far there was a village of Grosventres, Aricaras, and Mandans, subgroups of the Sioux, who had not entered into the revolt against the whites. A providential event facilitated his mission — a long drought had destroyed the crops.

"Black Robe, you who have such power, can you not make a little rain come?"

"I do not have that power, the Great Spirit alone is omnipotent. Let us implore him together. I will say the greatest of prayers (the Mass)."

The next day the clouds gathered and rain fell for twenty-four hours.

News of the Great Black Robe's arrival reached the Sioux, and on July 8 they encamped about 300 strong on the opposite side of the river. Their presence terrified the whites who were defending the fort. De Smet went out alone, crossed the river in a boat, and was received with lively demonstrations of friendship.

The warriors declared they had come for the express purpose of an interview with him. The conference lasted three hours. The chief seemed inclined to make peace and received favourably the proposals of the United States.

But General Sully, who had the power in his hands, was of the opinion that the tribe had to be punished before there could be question of peace. Such an attitude rendered De Smet's mission impossible. Rather than compromise his role of peacemaker with the Indians, he decided to return to St Louis and communicate with the government.

In Sitting Bull's camp

The whites went on exasperating the Indians and committed acts of cruelty that provoked them to war. Then a new commission was empowered to conclude a lasting peace. It was composed of generals who had just brought the Civil War to a close, General Sully among them. Once again they counted on De Smet's influence with the Indians, for he alone would be able to overcome their wounded pride.

He was glad to place his services at the disposal of the commission, and on 30 March 1868 he left St Louis in his 68th year to embark on the most perilous undertaking of his life. After 33 days of difficult navigation

he reached Fort Rice, near the mouth of the Cannonball River, where the conference was to be held. Hundreds of Indians were gathered to attend "the great peace council." They welcomed him with a warm ovation. He assured them of the government's peaceful attitude, and on June 1 he announced that he was going to seek the hostile tribes in order to induce the chiefs to attend the conference. They were astounded at his audacity.

"Black Robe, it will cost you your scalp."

"Six lamps are burning day and night before a picture of the Blessed Virgin for the success of my errand."

"How beautiful! We want to accompany you. When will you start?"

"Tomorrow at sunrise."

When he started, many did not expect to see him again. On June 9 De Smet dispatched four men to seek the enemy's camp and provisioned them with a quantity of tobacco, the gift equivalent to an invitation or the desire for a conference on important business. On June 15 a band of Indians appeared on the horizon. They were scouts and were followed by a delegation of 18 warriors who had come to shake hands with him and smoke the calumet of peace.

"Black Robe, your tobacco has been accepted. The chiefs and warriors are eager to know the object of your visit. But entrance to our camp is accorded to you alone; no other white man could come out of it with his scalp."

The camp was three days' journey away, in the valley of the Yellowstone near the confluence of the Powder River. On June 19, when they reached the hills overlooking the river, he saw a detachment of 500 warriors coming across the plain to meet him. After the customary exchange of gifts, they started for the camp. Some 600 families were gathered: Hunkpapas, Ogallalas, Blackfeet, Miniconjous, and others. Four Horns shared his authority with Black Moon, No Neck, and Sitting Bull who was to become the most formidable of the redskins and the one who received De Smet.

Exhausted by his 16-day march, Black Robe asked to be allowed some rest. Though surrounded by 4,000 Indians, sworn enemies of the whites, he fell asleep in the full assurance of Indian hospitality. When he opened his eyes, the four chiefs were standing before him. Sitting Bull addressed him in the name of his tribe:

"Black Robe, I hardly sustain myself under the weight of white men's blood I have shed. The whites provoked the war; I rose, tomahawk in hand, and I have done all the hurt to the whites that I could. Today you are among us, and in your presence my hands fall as if dead. I will listen to your words, and as bad as I have been to the whites, just so good am I ready to become towards them if they so want."

The assembly was held the next day, June 20. It opened with songs and dances in which warriors alone took part. De Smet spoke simply and convincingly. No one interrupted him. When he was done, Black Moon arose:

"Black Robe, you have given us a glimpse of a better future. So be it; let us throw a veil over the past. I express to you my thanks for the good news you have announced. Some of our warriors will go with you to Fort Rice to hear the propositions of the commissioners of the Great Father (the US President). If they are acceptable, peace shall be made.

The next morning before daybreak, De Smet set off on his journey to the fort. The great peace council was held on July 2 with 50,000 represented in it. The treaty was signed, and "peace would have lasted had not the greed of the whites prevailed over the observance of the treaties" *(Laveille).*

"Give me the value of my soul"

De Smet regarded the pacification of the Sioux as a prelude to their conversion. Time and again they clamoured for Black Robes and he was about to found a mission for them. "Two Fathers will accompany me; the head chiefs of

the tribe are expecting me," he wrote to his relatives on 20 March 1871.

But the long-cherished project was never to be realized. The 1870 Indian Peace Policy wrecked the project and even jeopardized the missions already existing. The so-called Indian reservations were placed under the responsibility of an agent appointed by the government from among the religious denominations that worked among the Indians. If the assignment had been made on the basis of the work which the various confessions were already making, the measure would have benefited the Catholic missions, for they had over 100,000 neophytes as against 15,000 Protestants.

It was not so. When De Smet, nominated for the Catholic side, went to a meeting convoked to discuss the plan, he found about 30 Protestant ministers invited like himself to give their opinion. They claimed the lion's share in the partitioning. "Neither my presence nor my demands on behalf of the Catholic missions produced any effect," he wrote later.

Many of the Catholic missions passed into Protestant hands. At one stroke, 80,000 Indians, without being consulted, found themselves torn from the Church or exposed to apostasy. The Catholic agent among the Blackfeet was replaced by a sectarian as debauched as he was malicious. The Indians found it difficult to get along with their new masters and felt like orphans since the departure of the Black Robes. They sent urgent messages to the Great Father at the White House, entreating him to give them back their priests and their Catholic schools, all to no avail.

Despite persecutions, the Catholic Indians remained faithful. A Methodist minister laboured for some time to turn Ignace, the chief of the Yakimas, from his faith; one day he asked him how much he would want for changing to Protestantism.

"A big price," the chief answered.

"Two hundred dollars?"
"More than that."
"Then how much? Five hundred, six hundred dollars?"
"Oh, more than that!"
"Indeed! State your price."
"The price of my soul."

Not all was roses

De Smet received official recognition; he was thrice proposed for bishopric, and his own country made him a Knight of the Order of Leopold. But he did not lack painful misunderstandings and criticism. The occasion was the closure of the promising St Mary's Mission, which must have been a bitter disappointment to him. His Flatheads grew so hostile to the Fathers who followed him that the enterprise had to be abandoned. His successor Fr Ravalli left St Mary's on 5 November 1850.

According to De Smet's critics, he was to blame for their change of heart; he had held out to them promises he was unable to keep. The accusation reached Fr General Roothaan and made an impression on him. "It seems, my dear Father," he wrote to De Smet on 14 Aprl 1851, "that you have made gifts and promises to the Indians which it is impossible to realize." This stricture was accompanied by an order not to open new missions.

That was not the whole story, however. Other reports give us another explanation. The change of heart of the Flatheads was the work of intruders and squatters, mixed-breeds and whites whose names could be given; they had poisoned their minds and estranged them from the missionaries.

The sharpest change occurred in the fall of 1846 on their return from their buffalo-hunt east of the Rockies. They changed for the better and for a period of eight months in 1848-1849 they were a "true consolation" to the Fathers. Then a crisis was again precipitated by dissensions in the tribe. That, too, passed and they became "well-affected

towards our holy religion and towards us;" they were "never better." This good disposition did not last; the two missionaries posted at St Mary's sent frantic appeals to their superior, and nothing effective was done, and the final decision was taken to abandon the mission.

Fr Roothaan acknowledged: "Mysterious indeed is the fall of the Flathead Mission. The reverses of these last years are still a mystery to me. A mystery above all is the change on the part of the Flatheads."

The crisis is understandable. De Smet was a providential man without whom the Mission of the Rocky Mountains would not have come into existence. He was not a "resident" missionary but a pioneer who attracted and gathered the Indians; then he entrusted them to a resident priest. He raised funds; he recruited missionaries; he accompanied them to the field of work and initiated them, teaching them how to deal with the Indians, and left them when he saw them in action.

While Roothaan was dying in Rome (March 1852), the Provincial of Missouri was thinking of naming De Smet Mission Procurator in Europe. Was it a way to take him away from his Indians?

De Smet accepted the assignment. "I assure you that I shall give you full satisfaction," he wrote to the Dutch Provincial on 12 March 1852. But there was a counter-order — De Smet remained in St Louis, and later on realized the missions of peace referred to earlier.

He died in St Louis severely troubled by nephritis, not among his dear Indians as he would have wished. He had a pending invitation for a last visit to the Sioux, but he could not make it. "The doctor says I am 'un oiseau pour le chat — a bird for the cat'," he was forced to reply. He passed away at a quarter past two on the morning of the feast of the Ascension, 24 May 1873, mourned as a man of incredible endurance, coupled with surprising personal gentleness.

4. Expelled from seven countries: Fracisco José de San Román (1811-1886)

San Román sums up in his personal history the vicissitudes of this tormented century in the Latin--American continent: the political swings, the alternating liberal and conservative governments, the successive expulsions of the Jesuits at the hands of the liberals, their identification with the conservatives, their image as storm-troops, ever on the front-line and the target of the first attacks.

First expulsion

San Román was first expelled from his own native country when he was a young scholastic. A son of the Marquis of San Román, he spent part of his childhood in the Duke's Palace in Gandía; on 24 September 1826, aged 15, he joined the novitiate in Madrid. The 1835 decree of dispersion caught him when he was doing regency in Valencia. After theology at Saint-Acheul and Louvain, he was assigned to teach in Brussels. It was the year 1843 and Fr Antonio Marey was recruiting men for the first expedition to New Granada (called Colombia since 1886). San Román was one of the 18 who were chosen.

The group got together in Paris, left for Le Havre on 16 January 1844, and four days later lost sight of the shores of the old continent.

New Granada

On February 26 the Gustavo-Eduardo, the frigate on which they travelled, cast anchor in front of Santa Marta, the unavoidable port of call for whoever was to enter the Republic going up the Magdalena River. The journey used to be made in very rudimentary boats called *bogos,* hollow trunks with a thatched roof of palm leaves. Four or six hefty Negroes pushed the boat up stream by leaning on long and strong poles on the banks or on the bottom of the river. The boats were so narrow that the passengers could not move at all; the sun was scorching, and swarms of mosquitoes harassed them all the time. At Mompós they changed from the *bogos* to the *champanes,* of the same form and construction but bigger and heavier. When the current was very strong, they did not do more than two, one, or at times half a league in one full day. The landscape, on the contrary, was gorgeous.

All along the way, when they had to make a halt, those zealous men assembled the people, and preached and heard confessions. The inhabitants were mostly descendants of the Africans brought in the 16th and 17th century.

After thirty days of travel by boat they reached the "Turn of the Mother of God", the customary disembarking point. There they took mounts and continued their journey by land. About June 16 they entered Funza, close to the capital, to the sound of music and the firing of rockets.

In Bogotá they almost found themselves homeless. They were coming on the initiative of Archbishop Mosquera and the government did not dare to oppose this, but did not facilitate matters either; it did not give them back the old novitiate, much less the San Bartolomé school, then a university. The Archbishop saved the situation by lending them the church and convent of the Third Order of St Francis.

An ambiguous situation

While the Fathers were beginning to have their first ministries, the civil authority took care of drawing a decree establishing the first "College of the Missions" in Bogotá. Some of its 18 articles were openly contrary to the Society's institute because it made the appointment of superiors, the functioning of reductions and missions, etc., dependent on the government.

The ambiguity of the situation notwithstanding, the novitiate opened with five novices on 13 November 1844, within five months of the Jesuits' arrival in Bogotá. A missionary team toured Medellín, Antioquía, Río Negro and the out-of-the-way provinces of Socorro, Tunja, and Vélez. The government softened its stance, but only a bit; for instance, in a strange display of authority, it decided to establish at Popayán "a college for the training of missionaries for the reduction of the savage Indians in that part of the Republic." Rather than offering it to the Society, it imposed it and established the conditions without consulting the party concerned. The president, courteous and warm in his personal dealings, took a very different attitude when acting officially; he disposed of *his* College of the Missions as though it were a military academy. The terms of the decree were categorical: "Once the College of the Missions in Popayán has been established, start functioning as quickly as possible and the Fathers shall leave without delay."

The Fathers learned about the decree on 30 May 1845 and obeyed like little lambs. San Román was named superior of the future college. A new decree was issued a few days later for the transfer of the novitiate to the new College of the Missions — a blunder, for Popayán was too remote for prospective candidates. However, it was heeded, and the Fathers, who were working in Bogotá with great success, made ready to leave.

Second expulsion

Eventually, the anti-Jesuit front prevailed. Persons in the government and the president of the Republic himself held frequent meetings with the superiors of the Society: some exploratory, without revealing their intentions; others threatening, all tense. Accusations were not lacking: the Jesuits favoured the popular, conservative party against the democratic, liberal party; there were fifth-columnists among them, offering support to the government of Ecuador for the annexation of some provinces to that republic; and anyway their presence in the country was illegal.

On 17 May 1850 the Council of the Government met to decide the Jesuit question and all but one voted in favour of the expulsion. On the 18th the senators and representatives who had urged the step were feasted with a banquet. Secrecy was kept until all the precautions were taken. A martial proclamation was published on the 19th to enlist troops; on the 20th General Obando, a zealous promoter of the expulsion, was dispatched to execute the decree in Popayán and Pasto; weapons were distributed to university students.

The decree was promulgated in the official gazette on the 21st and a special issue was printed, adding the president's manifesto: "Fellow citizens, Deeply agitated by the presence of several Fathers of the Society of Jesus in the main cities of the Republic..."

That same day the decree was intimated to Fr Visitor, the highest Jesuit authority in Colombia. Those of Bogotá left at two o'clock in the morning of the 23rd, with the greatest silence, to avoid any trouble.

Their presence in Colombia had lasted six years, 1844--1850.

Ecuador

The expulsion was completed by July 14, within the space of forty days since the signature of the decree. Even the route that the exiles ought to follow was fixed for them.

The obvious route to go to Ecuador was the direct one, the shortest way. Only the Colombians were allowed to follow it; the Spaniards were obliged to make the journey via Santa Marta and the Panama isthmus, then turn and head south to reach a port in Ecuador. San Román was one of these.

The authorities shadowed him even on Panama soil and tried to prevent him from taking a ship to Ecuador, but he managed to escape their vigilance, disembarked, crossed the isthmus, and embarked on a ship that was sailing southward. A cultured young man was on board, who soon struck up conversation with the Fathers. He was García Moreno, the future president of Ecuador.

At the port of Buenaventura, Colombia, a man with a military escort came on board; when he saw the Fathers, he looked at them with unconcealed fury. He was Obando, the one who had thrown them out from Colombia and sworn to throw them out from Ecuador. Now he swore not to let them land in Guayaquil.

García Moreno got wind of his intentions and decided to foil his plans. On August 4, before daybreak, the steamer entered the estuary of Guayaquil; even before it cast anchor, García Moreno approached Don Diego Noboa, when he was still in bed. Noboa was the highest authority in Guayaquil, the one whom Obando would have to contact to achieve his ends. García Moreno won him over and the Jesuits landed within the hour.

But if Obando did not manage to stop the Jesuits from entering Ecuador, he did intimidate Noboa not to allow them to go inside the country. The Spanish ambassador made a formal protest and Noboa allowed them to go anywhere they wished. After a three-month stay in Guayaquil most of the Jesuits went to Quito and displayed an apostolic activity that is still remembered.

The legislative assembly was in session and discussed the return of the Jesuits. The 50,000 signatures that asked for the re-establishnment of the Jesuits proved more

powerful than the opposition of a few, and at the end not only were they allowed to stay in the country but were given back their old church and the houses they had before the previous expulsion.

The news was received with the pealing of bells. A military parade was held on 1 April 1851 to celebrate the event, and on the 2nd, the anniversary of the expulsion of the Society from the Spanish dominions, the government promulgated the decree of restoration and formally returned their old properties to the Jesuits.

Third expulsion

This euphoria was short-lived. After he stayed for a year observing a calculated moderation so as to inspire trust among the population, the new President, Urbina, began to play his cards. The convention that was to examine the decisions of the previous government began its sessions on 17 July 1852. It was expected that its first step would be the legal restoration of the Jesuits, but it was not so. It was not discussed until September 29, and then in a secret session. Charles III's decree was declared to be in force and one speech after another claimed the Society to be harmful to public peace; hence the decree of expulsion. All of it was done in a single session. Urbina obtained what the President of Colombia had not: place the responsibility on the assembly.

He had not reckoned with popular reaction. It was instantaneous. As soon as the news was made public, a huge crowd flocked to the main square shouting. Troops came out to the streets to pacify it rather than to repress it. They did not succeed, and turned to the archbishop; they pleaded with him to come to their rescue. He did so and it earned him the stigma of selling himself to Urbina and opposing the Jesuits, which he did not.

The president resorted to another trick: though the decision to expel them had been taken, the Jesuits would be treated with the greatest regard if they left on their own;

their travelling expenses would be paid, and funds would be ensured for them to subsist for a year. The Jesuits rejected this offer. They would only leave by force.

The legal instrument intimating the expulsion was eventually an order of the provincial governor of Pichincha granting them "safe passport" to leave the city "in the peremptory space of 48 hours." The assembly's decree was sent to the obliging archbishop, with the request that he show it to those concerned, but not for one moment was it left in his hands.

On Sunday 21 November 1852 the Jesuits in Quito had their house surrounded by soldiers. At midnight they were seen coming out between guards. When Fr Blas crossed the threshold, García Moreno uttered this prophetic cry: "Goodbye, Father! Ten years from now we shall sing the Te Deum in the cathedral."

The Jesuits who left Quito in the dark of night were 34. Their stay in Ecuador had lasted no more than two years, 1850-1852.

Prisoners

They set out to go to Peru "by way of Loja," as they not had been told to, and they made the first leg of the difficult journey through the steepest part of the Andes. They had left Riobamba behind and reached Cuenca, and were resting from the exhausting journey when, at one o'clock in the night, an escort led by a desperado pulled them out of bed and forced them to retrace their steps; he then took them to the port of Naranjal, south of Guayaquil, against the orders they had received from Quito. Heedless of their protests, he sent them off to Panama and did not allow them even to get new clothing when passing by Guayaquil.

On arrival in Panama (then Colombia), they learnt that it had all been done with the connivance of the Colombian authorities. Shortly after casting anchor near Taboga, an island close to Panama, a new escort sent by the port's governor stormed the ship and tried to take them prisoner.

The Fathers refused to leave the ship; they claimed that the Panama government had no right to prevent them from going to Costa Rica without setting foot on Panama territory.

The governor boarded the ship in person to urge the execution of his orders and started to harangue the prisoners in defence of his plan of a free passage to Jamaica. San Román answered for all with such reasons and eloquence that the governor was reduced to silence.

But shut as they were in their ship and surrounded by soldiers, they resolved to yield. They were taken to the port at once and led through the middle of the city between a double line of soldiers. Then they were left in the balcony of the central building of the city, exposed to public view. Quite soon countless onlookers ran to watch them famished, dirty, in tatters.

The next day they were taken to Colón, on the Atlantic shore. They were packed in a Danish brig about to leave for New Orleans. Its captain, Peterson by name, had made a written agreement with the government of New Granada to take them to that port.

After a few days, the Jesuits spoke to the captain and made him see they were not criminals, that he was under no obligation to keep an unjust agreement, and that, given the scarcity of provisions, it was good for one and all to allow them to disembark in one of the Central-American ports.

Peterson let himself be persuaded and allowed them to disembark at San Juan del Norte, a port of the Republic of Nicaragua.

Guatemala

Free at last to go where they pleased, they opted for Guatemala, where the Society had just been re-established and offered the best conditions for the time being. They reached the capital in mid-May of 1853, six months from

their departure from Quito. Those belonging to the mission of New Granada began to arrive as well.

This increase in personnel made a rapid expansion possible. The Jesuits began to be present everywhere. They were given the convent and church of La Merced, which got new life with Fr Pablo de Blas as superior; the same happened with the school under the leadership of Fr San Román; the Jesuits not occupied in these urban ministries, started to give missions in the interior of the country.

The success was enormous and the boom lasted long enough to build up a full-fledged province-mission. A novitiate was opened with Fr San Román as Rector and Novice Master. Normal changes in personnel took place to the displeasure of the President of the Republic, General Carrera, when a Jesuit was assigned to another country. He calmed down when the Guatemala Mission was dismembered from that of New Granada, with its own superior residing in the country.

The President had taken power in 1838 through a coup and governed the nation with an iron hand. In 1854 he had himself named President for life. In 1863, after a victory in a war with El Salvador, he had a singular initiative. He summoned Fr San Román, recently appointed Superior of the Mission, and lectured to him about the need to mission the capital and main cities of El Salvador. San Román seconded the presidential initiative. The mission had a bad start but a good end, and enabled the Society to set foot in the neighbouring country.

Fourth expulsion

The fair weather began to near its end with the death of President General Carrera on 14 April 1865. Nothing happened for the moment. He was succeeded after a normal election by Marshal Don Vicente Cerna, who followed his predecessor's policies. But on 3 June 1871 he was toppled in a new coup led by Generals Miguel García Granado and Justo Rufino Barrios whose troops entered

the capital on the 30th and a new regime was begun on July 1.

The Jesuits had become General Carrera's unconditional supporters and were bound to suffer his fate. The first scare took place in the town of Quezaltenango, where the uprising had started and the Fathers ran a school. On August 12 Barrios ordered the municipal council to convene and obliged it to sign a resolution demanding the immediate expulsion of the Jesuits. At nine in the evening they were given an oral order to leave the city at three in the morning. The superior of the small community requested a deferment in favour of a Father who was seriously ill. Barrios gave him this brutal response:

"You must leave with everybody even if he has to be laid on the back of a horse."

San Román submitted a formal protest to the "Citizen President," who gave this cynical reply:

"Father, I owe my post to the department of Quezaltenango and cannot go against their wishes."

"Well, Mr President, if according to the principles of freedom just proclaimed you are unable to guarantee personal security when it is trampled underfoot, I have nothing to say."

What was done to the Jesuits at Quezaltenango was repeated to the letter with those of the rest of Guatemala. On Sunday, 3 September, of the same year 1871, their Superior received an order of the Minister for War *inviting* him to have "all the Fathers, Novices, and Lay Brothers of the Mission assembled at 4 o'clock in the morning in the Tridentine College, where they will find the carriages necessary for their journey to the port of San José, and sail for Panama on the 5th of the current month." They were kindly wished "bon voyage."

The haste proved insufficient because it gave time for the people to assemble and lament the departure of the Fathers.

"And how do they say that the people do not want

you?" the coachmen who were taking them asked in surprise.

The Jesuits' stay in Guatemala had lasted 18 years, 1853-1871.

Nicaragua

The deportees were 72 and had to board a North American steamer, the San Salvador, but the captain refused to accept them; he would take no prisoners, he said. San Román commissioned one of the Fathers to go on board and plead with him to accept them. At last, on 11 September 1871, they left the port of San José.

San Román did not want his men to go out of Central America nor far from Guatemala, and tried to leave some in the port of Acajutla, El Salvador. They were not allowed. Extending their persecution to the neighbouring republics, the Guatemalan government had asked the president of El Salvador to refuse asylum to the Jesuits he had expelled. They were turned away from all the ports of the country.

Those of Honduras were also closed to them. There remained Nicaragua and Costa Rica. A Nicaraguan gentleman who happened to be on board took upon himself to negotiate their disembarking at Corinto and he succeeded. On September 15, the feast of the independence of Central America, San Román disembarked with his 'troops' amid the firing of crackers, the pealing of bells, and the strains of music.

San Román hastened to inform the bishop and the prefect of the department of León, and at three o'clock in the morning of September 18 they crossed the bay singing the *Ave Maris Stella*. The bishop received them without any conditions; the prefect had this remark to make: it would not be a legal and definitive restoration of the Society as such, but a mere political asylum granted on a personal basis.

This instability did not stop them from starting work;

since they were not allowed to establish schools for the education of youth, they preached missions throughout the entire national territory, from the most populous towns to the remotest villages. When García Moreno opened the doors of his country to the Jesuits, some thought that, given the precariousness of their presence in Nicaragua, it would be better to transfer the entire personnel to Ecuador. San Román opposed the idea, and events proved him right. His appointment in 1874 as Superior of the Missions in America placed him at a vantage point from which to overview all those republics he knew so well.

Anti-Jesuit pact

The Guatemalan government was bent on banning the Jesuits from all Central America and made a pact with the governments of El Salvador and Honduras, and later with that of Nicaragua, to expel them from all the Central American republics. The pressure became irresistible.

The first one to give in was that of El Salvador, where there were no more than two Jesuits, with this peculiarity: to escape odium, the bishop was asked to serve notice. He refused; the government feigned to back out, but at nine o'clock in the evening of 5 June 1872, feast of the Sacred Heart, when the Fathers were about to retire after the day's work, they were approached by two military men. One of them showed them this order he had just received: "Since the Jesuit Fathers have refused to leave gracefully... you will force them to leave instantly." "Instantly" meant at 11 o'clock that very evening.

Thus, within three years (1869-1872) ended the insignificant Jesuit presence in the republic of El Salvador.

In Nicaragua the expulsion took place in 1881 and was decreed by President Zavala, based on an absurd accusation that no one believed. On July 7 a 200-strong infantry corps surrounded their house in León and another one as numerous took up position in front of the church

and blocked the streets that led to it. On the 10th they all left for Panama.

The Jesuits' stay in Nicaragua had lasted ten years, 1871-1881.

Costa Rica

Their stay in Costa Rica was less precarious but shorter. They came in 1876 on the personal initiative of President Guardia and opened a school in Cartago; when he died in 1882, his successor could not hold back anti-Jesuit opposition and, after scant resistance, he yielded to the demands. On 18 July 1884 the governor of the province of Cartago received the following telegram from the ministry: "You shall notify the Fathers of the Society of Jesus they must gather at St Aloysius Gonzaga's college and remain incommunicado until further orders."

The Jesuits were taken to the railway station where they boarded the train to the capital, San José. There they were arrested and brought under escort to Carrillo, where they arrived at 10.30 p.m. exhausted, wet, and covered with mud but safe, and took another train that brought them to the port of Limón. Their prison-on-wheels reached its destination at dawn on the 19th.

On the 20th they were met by an individual with an escort of six soldiers marching to the strains of martial music played on a clarinet, a bugle, and a triangle; the music stopped and he served them with the notice of the expulsion decree.

In 1884 not a single Jesuit was left in the whole of Central America; but as the historian who has told us these events remarks, "the Central American Mission became Colombian again." Colombia opened its doors once more to the Jesuits and, among them, to those expelled from Central America."

Tha patriarch

Our old warrior had just laid down arms. As the Jesuits

were leaving Costa Rica that month of July, Anton Anderledy, then Vicar-General with right of succession, relieved him from the post and paid him this tribute in his letter: What good had been achieved in the missions of Ecuador and Central America was due to him more than to anyone else after God.

He was right. San Román had been the dominant figure, especially since 1863, when the Mission remained entirely in his hands. Now he was a venerable patriarch, half-blind, retired in the college of Quito, and spent the time writing a commentary on the Ignatian Exercises, the fruit of his long hours of meditation.

He expired in the early morning of 8 August 1886.

5. Jesuit and poet: Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889)

A Jesuit, yet a poet, might seem a contradiction; for Gerard Manley Hopkins, every inch a Jesuit and every inch a poet, it was not, but he felt in his flesh the electricity generated by the contact between the two poles.

The most original of English poets

Hopkins lived and wrote poetry during the long reign of Queen Victoria (1837-1901), who marked the period to the point of giving her name to almost everything from manners to furniture — everything was Victorian, even a sideboard. Consequently Hopkins should have been a Victorian poet, but was not; he was too original and did not conform. Dámaso Alonso, a great Spanish poet, says this of him: "In the mainstream of Victorian poetry, Hopkins is a miracle, an insatiable artist, a meticulous worker of

wonders, the creator of an intense and fascinating poetic world, with a feeling that goes beyond the words. If there has ever been a sensitivity alert to beauty, a tremor to receive its least vibrations, and a mind to probe it, those were Hopkins's."

Our poet carries the mark of authenticity in everything; this is why he is original and creative. He invents the form of his verse, its rhythm, even its vocabulary; sometimes he does not respect grammar. No rule or convention can tie him.

His poetry is not something to be read but to be heard; it is music. He accumulates alliteration, similar sounds, some times soft like murmur, at other times hard like the crack of a whip.

All this makes him "a maddening poet" and "the most original of English poets."

The student

Sensibility for beauty came to him from his parents and developed with education. His father was fond of poetry, and love of art was traditional in his mother's family. An aunt of his who was both a musician and a portrait-painter found in him an unusually promising pupil and coached the small boy in music and drawing; Gerard began to compose melodies and to paint. When he was five, he read and appreciated poetry, and at ten he won his first poetry award.

This precocity alarmed the family, and this alarm was not in the least dissipated by the originality already in evidence, which verged on eccentricity. But he also possessed other qualities that kept developing: delicacy, compassion, courage, and a staunch loyalty.

In 1863, at the age of 19, the whole course of his life was changed by his winning an exhibition for Balliol College, Oxford. "To come from Highgate Grammar School to Oxford was like changing bread and water for a banquet" (Ruggles). Of all Oxford's colleges Balliol was the most

strongly intellectual; Gerard threw himself with passion to his studies and stood out as one of its best students; he was dubbed "the star of Balliol." He also made deep and lasting friendships. His best and most intimate friends were William Addis, Digby Dolben, and especially Robert Bridges; the former two would become Roman Catholics like himself; the latter, a poet like him, would be the custodian of his poems.

During his first two years at Balliol, he gave the impression of being a rather aesthetic young man, free from worries, taking part in Oxford's social life, full of breakfast, tea and wine parties, and took long walks with a friend in the green countryside.

Problems of conscience

Later on, however, he was assailed by serious problems of conscience. Those were the years of the "Oxford Movement," which began by renewing the Anglican establishment and ended by questioning it. One of its exponents, John Henry Newman, had taken the extreme step of going over to the Roman Church. Hopkins, a passionate seeker of truth, breathed that atmosphere, observed, reflected, and drew conclusions. In the early summer of 1865 he and Addis walked from Hereford to the Benedictine Monastery of Belmont and had a long conversation with Canon Raynal, afterwards abbot, who made a great impression on both of them. "I believe – Addis writes – that from that time our faith in Anglicanism was really gone."

Gerard's diary is filled with hundreds of lines expressive of doubt, anxiety, fear, hope. This laborious process culminated on 17 July 1866; he noted in his diary: "Last night I saw clearly the impossibility to remain in the Anglican Church, but I have resolved to say nothing to anyone until three months have passed, that is, at the end of the holidays, and then to take no step till after graduation."

On August 28 he wrote to Newman, then retired in the Oratory of Birmingham, asking for an interview: "I am anxious to become a Catholic... My mind is made up, but the necessity of becoming a Catholic coming on me suddenly has put me into painful confusion about my immediate duty."

The poor man had to wait because Newman was abroad. "I will gladly see you as you propose, if you will fix a day," Newman replied on September 14.

Enter Newman

In Newman, Hopkins saw for the first time a man who had become a legend. The young visitor had him in front now: a tall old man, stoop-shouldered, slender, gnarled, who welcomed him with words of rapid archaic courtesy and with a "soft, nervous, emotional, electric" clasp.

The old convert and the young spoke for some time. More than once Hopkins rose nervously to go and his host with a swift gesture detained him. "Dr Newman was most kind, I mean in the very best sense, for his manner is not that of solicitous kindness but genial and almost, so to speak, unserious. And if I may say so, he was so sensible."

When Hopkins had reached the end of his arguments, he concluded desperately:

"I can see no way out of them!"

Newman, laughing, replied: "Nor can I!"

The way out he suggested was that Mr Hopkins return to the Oratory in a month and be received — the standard phrase to mean going over to the Roman Church. This went counter to his plan "to take no step till after graduation," but he accepted the suggestion. He informed his parents. "Their answers are terrible: I cannot read them twice." He also informed several of his companions and professors, and their reactions varied from anger to astonishment and impotent resignation. His parents begged him to wait six months till he had taken his degree. Their appeal was impossible to grant. A convert cannot wait. To

prolong his ambiguous situation went against his conscience.

"Would you therefore wish me to come to Birmingham at once, on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday?" Hopkins wrote to Newman. In fact he went on Sunday 21 October 1866 according to this note in Newman's diary: "Oct.21. Mr Hopkins came from Oxford and was received."

There was some question as to when Hopkins should make his first retreat. "It does not seem to me that there is any hurry about it," wrote Newman characteristically. "Your first duty is to make a good class. Show your friends at home that your becoming a Catholic has not unsettled you in the plain duty that lies before you."

The advice bore fruit. In June 1867 Hopkins left the university with a Double First in *litterae humaniores* and the rank of top man for "form". His achievement was distinguished by itself, and extraordinary if his disturbed state of mind at the time is taken into consideration.

He spent that summer abroad and in September he went to Birmingham where he had been invited to teach Greek and Latin for six months at the Oratory School. He had disliked "schooling", but he had no other offer and could not brush aside one from Dr Newman.

He began to think of the direction he should give to his life. His conversion to Catholicism did not prevent him from choosing any profession he liked. For some time in the past, he had hoped to be a painter. But the self-offering he wanted to make to God demanded a total consecration which is not possible in an artist. Art absorbs, he felt, and he wanted to give himself totally to God.

Would he join the Oratory? He knew that Newman would welcome him. The Benedictines? Benedictine stability and communal self-sufficiency did not appeal to him. Newman advised him to go into retreat to determine his vocation. For six months, keeping his distance, he had watched the young instructor. In May 1868 Hopkins informed him that he had determined to become a Jesuit.

Newman wrote back at once: "I am both surprised and glad at your news... I think it is the very thing for you."

Jesuit

For the first time since his conversion he felt in peace. With his new sense of security he assembled his poems and burned the lot. No one had asked him to perform such a holocaust; his decision to destroy these most personal and cherished of his writings was entirely his own. "I saw," he explained to his friend Bridges, "they would interfere with my state and vocation." And he sent him his new address, should he some time go to London and want to visit him: Manresa House, Roehampton, S.W.

Roehampton was a placid suburb in south London with few houses and many meadows where the Jesuits had their novitiate. There he went on the evening of 7 September 1868 and tried most earnestly to assimilate the letter and spirit of the Jesuit Rule. He spared no sacrifice.

On 8 September 1870, Hopkins, now 26 years old, took his first vows and 24 hours later left for Stonyhurst to begin his Jesuit studies. His journal shows the change clearly; his notes become more numerous, take on a richer, more brilliant, and more personal idiom. They are the work notes of an artist, serving as preliminary sketches for a masterpiece to come.

But he still kept to his self-imposed ban not to write poetry unless his superiors asked him. Thus, while the diarist filled pages and pages, the poet kept silent.

Until the Rector of the St Beuno's theologate, Fr Jones, opened the sluice-gates and the water began to flow freely.

It happened this way. On 7 December 1875 five Franciscan nuns, exiles from Germany, drowned in the Thames estuary when their ship, the *Deutschland,* encountered a snowstorm, went aground on the Kentish coast, and was dashed to pieces. The news reached St Beuno's; Hopkins happened to observe to the Rector how deeply the account affected him, and the Rector responded

that he wished someone would write a poem on the subject.

This was the origin of *The Wreck of the Deutschland,* one of Hopkins's masterpieces. "The intensity of his seven years of religious life is all here, in this ode sprung from his silence" (Linares). The episode of the shipwreck interweaves with the central event of his own life, his conversion to Catholicism, in a song to the doctrine of the Incarnation, to the conciliation of the existence of evil with the belief in an almighty and provident God, all of it expressed with passionate emotion. Many consider this poem as a poetic synthesis of the Ignatian Exercises.

His last months at St Beuno's were the most productive of his life as a poet. In 1877 he was ordained priest; he did not forget to inform Newman. The venerable old man had not forgotten his former protegé who sent him a line or two annually, but the young convert's image had faded somewhat. Now he stood at his desk, shoulders hunched and neck thrust forward, his dimmed eyes and beak-like nose dipping into hundreds of old memoranda, letters, and diaries, that rustled between his long, slender fingers. Making an effort he scribbled: "Dear Father, As my hand is rather weak, I hope you will excuse me if I leave your letter unanswered." Then he added a postscript: "I congratulate you on your priesthood."

Years of trial

The remaining years of Hopkins's life were of trial. He met his first grief when he sent the *Deutschland* to *The Month,* the Jesuit monthly, for publication. The first reaction of the editor, Fr Henry Coleridge, was to accept it. Then, on rereading, his taste balked. He returned the manuscript.

This refusal affected Hopkins's future attitude toward the publishing of his verse. His friends admired it and encouraged him to write and publish poetry; the Jesuits did not share this enthusiasm.

Other griefs followed. It looked as though his superiors

did not know what to do with him, as though they said: "What use is a poet in the Society?" In four years (1879-1883) he received nine assignments including tertianship (1881-1882) and had the whole range of occupations: administration, teaching, preaching.

At the beginning of 1884 he was catapulted to Dublin with a double post: professor of Latin and Greek at the University College and examiner of these same disciplines at the Royal University of Ireland. He had been preceded by Newman who was its first rector from 1854 to 1858. In fact it was an honour that was being done him on the recommendation, in the most extolling terms, by a former professor of his at Oxford; but he felt an instinctive revulsion coming from his feeling of incapacity for teaching, and his love of the country did not tolerate the anti-English atmosphere that filled Ireland those years.

He arrived in February 1884 and after a few days, on the 20th, he wrote to Newman: "I am writing from where I never thought to be: in a university for Catholic Ireland begun under your leadership, which has since those days indeed long and unhappily languished, but for which we now – with God's help – hope a continuation or restoration of success. In the events that have brought me here I recognize the hand of providence, but nevertheless have felt and feel an unfitness which led me at first to decline the offer made me and now does not allow my spirits to rise to the level of my position and its duties. But perhaps the things of most promise with God begin with weakness and fear."

Experience confirmed his fears. The poet was too much of an idealist to be a good professor. His eccentricities, already notable, became notorious and the subject of amused conversations. In his lectures his mannerisms of speech and bearing stirred the malice of his pupils and the desire to annoy; but when he was pushed too far he could turn. A story was told that the diffident professor, goaded into action by his hearers' inattentiveness, invited one of

them to lie down on the floor; then, taking the boy's heels in his own hands, dragged him all round the classroom to illustrate the dragging of Hector. It was not the least fantastic of his exploits.

A deep depression seized him and he was on the verge of despair. There were times when poetic inspiration was denied him and others when it imposed itself against his will. Then it was that he composed the "Terrible Sonnets", full of a pathos that touches the terrible. "My condition is akin to madness," he admitted.

His poetic production in the last two years of his life suggests that he had come out of his depression and recovered a measure of tranquillity. A typhoid fever put an end to his life on Saturday, 8 June 1889. After receiving viaticum, he managed to whisper:

"I am so happy, I am so happy."

Posthumous recognition

He had written a little earlier: "I am ashamed of how little I have accomplished, of how I have wasted my time."

The function that was held in Westminster Abbey on 8 December 1975, 86 years after he wrote these words, proved he had not wasted his time; that day England honoured him with a plaque to his memory in the Poets' Corner of the temple.

When he died, very few knew his poems. Revelation to the wider public occurred gradually; it was a kind of pedagogical preparation, the work of Robert Bridges, the poet's friend and custodian of his poems. Bridges was rabidly anti-Catholic and anti-Jesuit and a free-thinker, but a great poet who was named Poet Laureate, the one asked to compose poems to celebrate the great events of court and country. He acted with great care. Hopkins's poetry was novel and difficult; the public was not prepared to understand it. Bridges published it in well-calculated doses, selections for anthologies. Only in 1918, after ten years of

patient waiting, did he publish the collection in a small volume.

The edition took ten years to sell, but during that time people kept discovering the rare value of that poetry, so new and so strange. Hopkins became fashionable and everybody spoke of him. By 1930 there was demand for a reprint; a popular edition was published in 1937; two years later The Oxford Book of English Verse included four of his poems in its selection; this recognition became official and national in 1975, when the plaque numbering him among the best English poets was unveiled at Westminster Abbey.

6. The Apostle of Chotanagpur: Constant Lievens (1856-1893)

The Apostle of Chotanagpur

Lievens's name is associated with Chotanagpur as that of Roberto de Nobili is with Madurai and Matteo Ricci's with China. His missionary prowess has made this Indian region famous.

Chotanagpur was the name given to the mountainous region of eastern Bihar, the one bordering with West Bengal. Its inhabitants (from seven to eight million) — Adivasis (Aboriginals or Tribals) — are descedants of the earliest inhabitants of India, belong to a dozen ethnic groups; the majority are Mundas, Kharias, and Oraons, each group with its own language. Towards the year 500 of the Christian era they were pushed from the Gangetic plain by the Aryan conquerors and took refuge in the jungles and hills of the east – Chotanagpur. Thanks to their isolation they kept their independence, language, and habits, up to the 19th century. There followed a new

invasion, that of the Hindu and Muslim merchants and money-lenders, whom Lievens would face.

The Mission, at first entrusted to the English Jesuits, was transferred to the Belgian Province in 1859. Leaving the Missouri Mission constituted into an independent Province, the Belgian Jesuits generously accepted this new field of apostolate. The pessimists assured that the new Mission would be the Belgian Province's graveyard, and so it was at the beginning. Half of them died within two years of arrival.

Imprudent?

Lievens did not live much longer. He arrived in Chotanagpur in 1885; in 1891, on the verge of death, he was constrained to retire, at first provisionally, with the hope of recovery; but then, definitively, with all hope lost. He had arrived robust and healthy, but now struck down by tuberculosis, he had to retire, looking bent and aged.

The reason was not so much the climate as the ardour with which he threw himself into the work. When they saw the push with which he began to drive himself, the wise warned him:

"Father, at this rate you will not live long in India. Take care of yourself."

"I am not worried about how long I shall live but about doing good to the people. The faster I work, the sooner I shall save souls."

The accusation of imprudence followed him to the last and he had a ready answer: "Let us suppose that someone is drowning," he argued. " 'Do not jump! says human prudence. 'Jump into the water, risk your life! cries another voice. Prudence is the mother of laziness. Better to work a hundred times in ten years than live a hundred years doing nothing or hardly anything."

Lievens fell short; he did not work ten years.

But if he was imprudent and squandered his energy, he was more prudent and calculating regarding the future

of the work begun. "What is the use of converting people if we are to leave them without a priest?" he wondered when the Mission refused to give him men to maintain his conquests. "If we are to leave our catechumens without a priest, it is better not to convert them," he wrote to his Provincial.

A large and united family

His childhood prepared him for a life of sacrifice and generosity. He was born, the seventh of eleven children, in a typical farm in the little Flemish village of Moorslede. If the life of his family was marked by poverty, more profoundly marked was it by the love and generosity it practised.

His schooling in the village school was terminated abruptly with the death of his mother when the boy was eleven. To begin with, the work she used to do all by herself in the house and in the farm was now shared by all; Constant was given charge of taking the cows to pasture. Later on he would remember how he walked behind them, how he called them by their names and looked at their eyes to read their answers when they turned their heads and steaming muzzles to him.

Very soon he was promoted to a higher rank: the care of the two horses of the farm. He gave them the oats and the straw; he helped to harness them, at times he even mounted them. The mastery he thus got of these noble animals would come in very handy later on in Chotanagpur.

"I am only a poor peasant"

The vicar of Moorslede took an interest in that bright boy; he used to stop and chat with him, and was impressed by his wise thinking. One day he fired off a suggestion he had long nursed:

"Constant, wouldn't you like to become a priest?"

The boy's eyes sparkled and he smiled:

"If only I could!"

His father gave his consent; the vicar obtained a freeship, and October 1871 saw Constant in the minor seminary. He was 15. He suffered from certain shyness as a result of his former environment. But he made wonderful progress in studies, especially in languages: German, English, Italian, even Sanskrit.

Back home for the summer holidays, he ran to his dear farm, embraced his father and brothers and sisters, paid a visit to the stable to meet his cows and his horses, and set to help his brothers.

From the minor seminary of Roulers he passed over to the major seminary of Bruges and pondered about his future; he felt the call to a greater dedication to God. Only the fear to disappoint the hopes of his benefactors detained him. With this difficulty out of the way, he chose to join the Society of Jesus, for "only in the Society he could satisfy the zeal for souls that God was inspiring him."

He bade goodbye to his dear ones and on 22 October 1878 he entered the novitiate of Drongen (Tronchiennes for the Walloons). His companions showed him a special respect on account of his more advanced age (21 years) and his theological studies. He protested:

"But I am only a poor peasant!"

This strong peasant identity and the qualities he inherited with it made him the missionary we admire today.

In Chotanagpur

Lievens arrived at Doranda, Chotanagpur, at midnight on 18 March 1885 and was welcomed by Fr Sapart. The next day he mounted his horse again and went to the neighbouring post of Jamgain. There he met Fr De Cock, who was starting to make his first conversions among Mundas and Oraons.

Lievens was sent to Jamgain not to remain but to be initiated to missionary life. The Archbishop of Calcutta, Mgr Goethals and the Jesuit Superior of the Mission, Fr Grosjean, had thought of him as the most capable to

"launch a movement." "A crazy idea, like asking someone to produce rain," says Ponette. "The fact that the superiors proposed it to him indicates their being in tune with with God's plans as well as their knowledge of the young missionary's character."

Lievens did not need more than four months and a half to get initiated. A readjustment was made on July 31; De Cock was transferred to Doranda, Sapart took over Jamgain, and Lievens was given "the south"; it was known where "the South" began but not where it ended.

In September 1885 he settled in Kanti in a hut he himself built with branches from the forest. From this headquarters Lievens the Imprudent carefully reconnoitred his territory; when he knew it thoroughly, he informed the bishop and his Jesuit superior, obtained their authorization on November 23, and without the horse, which he ought to cede to Fr De Cock, he fixed his residence at Torpa.

His residence! "For the moment I only have a poor hut that the rains have just knocked to the ground. I have neither a house, nor furniture, nor money, except the 25 rupees to be sent me every month from Calcutta. I usually walk barefoot. It is easier and more economic, though somewhat troublesome when the ground is stony. I sleep where I can. I have spent many a night under a tree or in a stable."

By January 1886 his 50 Christians had risen to 300; in April they were 500; and when Grosjean visited his miserable residence at Torpa, he found him surrounded by 900 Christians. "The Christians adore him," he wrote. The Lutheran missionaries, who had been masters of the territory, were agitated and took the offensive calling him the devil's missionary. The number rose to 1,200 within a year and in May 1887 it went over 10,000.

His penury was such that the *Manki* or police official at Torpa took pity on him and, though a brahmin, he allowed him to use the outhouse behind his bungalow. With the lodging he gave him a cot, a small amount of rice and

eggs, and – something very precious – information about the intricacies of British colonial law.

In each village there was a tax-collector, called Tikkedar, who invariably rose to be a landowner; in each two, three, or four villages, there was a police chief, the Manki; and the region was under a Rajah. The Tikkedar handed over the money of the taxes to the Manki, the Manki to the Rajah, and the Rajah to the British colonial authority.

Given the people's ignorance, extortions abounded. For instance, the Tikkedars used to take payment of the tax without giving a receipt. After a few months, they demanded it again.

"I have already paid it."

"Where is the voucher?"

If the unfortunate peasant insisted, he was given a good beating. Any pretext was good to put them in jail, and his cow and goats were confiscated, reducing him to misery.

The struggle for justice

Lievens had a passion for justice and proposed to put an end to these abuses. When he received the first complaint, he said:

"We shall go to court!"

"Do not do that, Padre Saheb. The Tikkedars are very wicked."

"What? Do nothing? Is it not your right?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll see how the Padre Saheb does not back out even before the Tikkedars."

The complaint went up to the provincial court in Ranchi and Lievens won all along the line. The English judge was all admiration for the courageous missionary and struck up a sincere friendship with him. The rumour that there was a priest at Torpa who took up the Adivasis' defence spread from village to village. Appeals to the courts multiplied and

he won them all because he never took up a case if, after a preliminary investigation, he was not convinced of its justice. This was one of the secrets of his success.

The tide kept rising. Adivasis in their thousands ran to his outhouse at Torpa. When Grosjean visited him in 1888, he counted over 4,000 around the house, patiently waiting for the Padre Saheb's arrival.

This popularity facilitated his religious work but it also aroused hatred and persecution on the part of the Tikkedars. A certain Budhu made arrangements for the coming of a missionary. The Tikkedars got to know about it; they contracted some thugs and gave Budhu such a beating that twenty days after the event he could neither walk nor stand. Lievens rushed to the village, gathered information about what had happened, and lodged a complaint. As a proof of the facts, Budhu was brought to court on a stretcher. Three Tikkedars and two of the thugs were arrested and brought to Ranchi for trial.

The Tikkedar of Karandajor was an outright thief. He had a right to three rupees per *powa* of land, but demanded 16 and gave no receipt. Lievens came and assembled the whole village. The Tikkedar came with two brahmins as his advisers. The interrogation began:

"What tax can you charge for so much land?"

The Tikkedar and his advisers had no alternative but to answer this and other questions correctly. A formal statement was drawn up which the Tikkedar and his retinue could not but sign, and they left in shame, while the Adivasis rejoiced.

The great Tikkedars of Chotanagpur swore vengeance. One day they thought their hour had come. Over 250 Christians were summoned to court for the same case and on the same day. Lievens realized that it was a matter of life or death. He brought in two of Calcutta's best lawyers. He won a crushing victory; hardly two or three Mundas were condemned to a small fine.

Irresistible advance

Lievens seemed to multiply. He was everywhere. His letters reflect this unstoppable advance and the effort it implied.

"I am overwhelmed by work. It is regrettable that the supervision of the buildings takes a large part of my time" (15 March 1886). "This morning I received the visit of 25 new families" (17 July 1886). "I alone cannot cope with the work I have in hand. I have on occasion collapsed to the ground in my long journeys" (July 1886). "Yesterday 116 people came asking for baptism and the missionary's protection" (2 December 1886). "This month of June (1887) brought me a thousand new converts. Eleven Mundari villages came over to the last man, something unheard of to date." In May 1887 the Torpa mission reached 10,000 Christians and in October 15,000.

He was given a companion, Fr Gengler, who fell ill and was followed by Fr De Smet, a childhood friend of Lievens's, but he too succumbed, exhausted. Then came Fr Cazet and a scholastic, Seitz, but they did not last a month. De Smet recouped and returned to Torpa.

On 27 August 1888 Lievens was appointed Superior of Chotanagpur, with residence in Ranchi, which was becoming the effective centre of the mission and where the courts were located. He would be in charge mostly of defending the cases of the Adivasis, direct the missionary activity of his companions, but be free to visit the villages.

What an illusion! The Lion of Flanders, as his friend De Smet used to call him, needed open space; he needed to run about in the jungle. His room was full of maps, like a staff office; he gave directions to his companions, accompanied them, rushed to their aid in difficult moments, but he took the "Lion's share" in their missionary tours.

Puran Parsath was an Oraon employed in the court of justice of Ranchi. Tall, eloquent, he seemed to be born to command. Though a Protestant, he had for long been attending the religious services of the Catholic chapel. One

day he met Lievens and told him he wanted to become a Roman Catholic. All the Oraons south-east of Ranchi had the same desire, Puran Parsath assured Lievens; just one tour would suffice to reap the harvest.

Lievens asked him to get all the leaders of the villages so disposed to come first to Ranchi to meet him. They agreed on the date, Sunday, June 1. All came. They represented 40 villages. Lievens promised to visit them in their villages. The great tour began on June 7.

On September 8 Lievens wrote to his sister Amelie: "This year I feel very well."

Against the current

On 16 October 1889 he paid his first visit to the Barway, about 160 kilometres to the west, with a population of some 35,000, mostly Oraons. "I've been to Putrungipat," he wrote on the 30th. "On a single day I have baptized 1,557 men, women, and children. They come as people in Belgium do to attend High Mass. I am very satisfied; this is why I write. By the year's end the Christians of Chotanagpur will be close to 100,000."

The task required 170 priests of Lievens's mettle. He made up by placing a catechist at the head of each centre to conduct the prayers and teach catechism. Never had a priest set foot before in the Barway and Lievens found the crowds well instructed and ready. Hardly had he crossed the gorges that led to the territory when the news made the rounds:

"The Saheb with the long robe has arrived!"

The abundance of conversions caused a stir among landowners and police alike. They agreed among themselves and a complaint was lodged in the Ranchi court charging the Christians with rebellion and blaming the missionaries, particularly Lievens. By the time the matter was cleared, the harm to the Chotanagpur Mission was enormous. But Vice-Governor Sir Steuart Bayley came to Ranchi in March 1890 and he severely criticized several

officials for their arbitrary and unjust conduct. One, Mr Benny, received a reprimand for inserting in his judgments, with no reason at all, malicious remarks about the Catholic missionaries.

But there came the setbacks. The first was the death of his father at the end of February 1889. This sorrow was followed by a glimmer of hope: the Belgian Province sent 18 new missionaries; Lievens hoped that some would be appointed to the Barway with its 40,000 neophytes. None was.

Then he received an order to stop, to consolidate the conquests already made, to stick to the centres already founded. In 1891 the "Superior of the Mission" became the "Moderator" of the same, a subtle balance of power to offset his impetus.

No one managed to stop him. While doing full justice to his work in Ranchi, he tried to cope all by himself with that of the Barway. He saddled his horse and rode away. He spent many a night riding so as to gain one day. If he was overcome by sleep, he made a halt, tied the rein to the branch of a tree, removed the saddle, laid his head on it, and slept, protected by the angels.

The shadow of the cross

His steely nature gave way. When he returned to Ranchi on 5 June 1891 he was so ill that he was sent to Kurseong, the theologate perched in the Himalayas, close to Darjeeling, to repair his damaged health.

While he was in Kurseong, he was replaced by Fr Bodson, known for his opposition to Lievens's missionary methods. The tactlessness of the new man scared away the converts. They started to go over to the Lutherans. Lievens rushed to Ranchi, terrified. On December 20 he went to the Barway for the last time; he was ordered back to Ranchi. It was a kind of punishment because he had made the journey against the wishes of his superiors. When he returned to Ranchi, he learned that Bodson had been

appointed Superior of the West Bengal Mission in place of Grosjean.

In Belgium, too, there was talk of "the methods of Lievens", "the movements of grace" in Chotanagpur, the quick and mass conversions. The Apostolic Delegate, Mgr Zaleski, wrote to the Congregation of Propaganda Fide complaining about the young Belgian Jesuit who baptized Aboriginals without sufficient previous instruction. Lievens replied to these charges. He had lured no one to baptism by offering material advantages; he did not have to because people came to him in their thousands. As for instruction, he baptized no one without instruction about the most essential Christian beliefs.

Lievens finished his days in Flanders. He left Chotanagpur on 28 August 1892 hoping to return, but he did not. That is, he did not return alive but has returned after death. Lievens belonged in Chotanagpur; his heart had always been there; the population held him as their own and claimed possession of his mortal remains, which were returned to them in 1933, the centenary year of his death.

God's horseman

He is also present in his native village, Moorslede, in a beautiful monument erected in his honour, an equestrian statue resembling that of a warrior, but with the unmistakable features of the missionary. Raising the crucifix, he seems to be still preaching. The horse has an attitude that indicates its total identification with its rider; it, too, preaches — it is a missionary horse: it bows its head with reverence as though inviting the onlooker to submit to the Christ Lievens is raising in his hands.

Because if Lievens was deprived of his horse for a while he did not take long to get one, or rather several, because one was not enough, one alone did not bear what he did in a day. There were days when he wore out three horses one after another. His real residence was the

saddle. How often he mounted a horse, his legs shaking with fever!

He had a special knack of taming the most recalcitrant horse which his companions complained they could not manage. His superior once asked him to cede his horse to a Father who was particularly clumsy. The example spread and that year Lievens gave away three horses.

Once a Mission Superior made his annual visitation and, inspecting the accounts, noticed that Lievens alone had purchased four horses in less than a year. Such a poor mission and so many horses for one man alone! Lievens bore the reprimand without uttering a word.

He was identified with his horses; rather than servants, they were his faithful companions; he took care to feed and water them; the last pieces of bread in his knapsack would often be for them while he went hungry.

They did not let him down. "Last month a band of thirteen villains tried to break my head. I owe my life to my horse, who is a first-class runner," he wrote to his family.

On another occasion he was sent word that one of his catechists was in danger. He left at once at a gallop and arrived just as the man was being dragged to the village square to be slaughtered. With a cry, he rushed to the middle of the assassins; they turned against him but, before they realized it, Lievens got hold of the catechist, laid him on his horse, pressed the spurs, and the stouthearted animal jumped over the criminals taking him and his catechist to safety.

He was riding one night in the forest during a terrible storm and his horse, worn out and exhausted, refused to go any further. Though his destination was only three kilometres away, Lievens did not force him and alighted; the horse dropped and went to sleep. Its rider decided to imitate it; he lay on the ground and fell asleep. When the light of day awakened him, Lievens saw that his horse was dead.

7. With the Malagasies in Madagascar: Jacques Berthieu (1838-1896)

The Great Island

Madagascar is larger infact than the whole of France. The people, a mixture of Indonesians and Africans, speak a language of the Indonesian group. The first European to sight the island was Diego Dias, captain of a Portuguese ship that strayed on its way to India. A den of pirates at the end of the 17th century and beginning of the 18th, it was eyed by both the French and the English. The former eventually prevailed and Madagascar has been a French protectorate from 1896 to 1946.

Inside the country, the 19th century was a succession of kings and queens who opened or closed its doors to the Europeans, recognized Christianity or banned it, favoured England or France by turns. This explains why the missionaries of the London Missionary Society were the first to arrive, in 1820, and that France did not establish itself as a colonial power without using force.

The first Catholic missionaries were two French priests; they arrived in 1831, but in spite of ten years of efforts they could not settle anywhere. The one who survived, Abbé Dalmont, was appointed Prefect Apostolic and solicited the help of the Jesuit Province of Tolouse, recently established. Its Provincial, Fr Maillard, made a historic *Appel aux Braves,* an invitation to go to the missions of Madurai and Madagascar entrusted to the new Province. The response was magnificent, and so has been the history of the two missions.

Peasants' son

Jacques Berthieu's case confirms this. He joined the novitiate on 31 July 1873 and on 26 September 1875 he

sailed from Marseilles towards the Suez Canal, recently opened, and Madagascar as his final destination.

He was well prepared. A peasants' son like Lievens, he had inherited the virtues of those who cultivate the land and the ones that are learned in a deeply Christian family. He was not fiery like the Fleming, but somewhat lifeless, submissive, self-sacrificing; but he had the tenacity and industriousness of the peasant; if he lacked creativeness, he easily accepted established structures and readily backed the initiatives of others; he would not shine at first, but at the end he stood out for his calm efficiency. Nor did he have the facility to learn languages like Lievens, but with perseverance and effort he managed to master Malagasy.

He had a trait that made him alike to Lievens: the affection for his family. Like Lievens, he maintained frequent correspondence with his people to keep his roots alive. Lievens lost his mother when he was small and adored his father; Berthieu lost his father and developed a tender affection for his mother. This love was returned in large measure. When her Jacques fell ill, his old mother was bent on moving to Madagascar; her son had trouble to dissuade her.

Born at Monlogis, a village 15 kilometres from Aurillac, in the department of Cantal, he grew in an austere environment of hard work. His father was a competent administrator of his lands and held the post of municipal councillor for many years. Jacques learned the three Rs in the small school of Maruéjol, half a kilometre from home; at the age of 16, in 1859, he entered the minor seminary of Pléaux; six years later he passed to the major seminary of Saint-Flour, and on 21 May 1863 he was ordained priest.

Assistant Parish Priest

His first assignment was to be Assistant to a parish priest, Abbé Jalengues, who expected one of his choice and who therefore did not want and never accepted him. Berthieu armed himself with patience and adjusted

to the situation with the flexibility that would distinguish him through life.

Abbé Jalengues was finally replaced by Abbé Lascombes, and the new parish priest and his assistant got on very well together, even though the former did not tolerate to be contradicted. A man of duty, Berthieu worked silently and meticulously as was his style and used the free time to read and to study.

Nine years passed and he seemed to be definitively settled. Neither the parish priest nor the parishioners seemed to want any change. But what of Berthieu?

He knew for certain that the diocesan authorities contemplated his promotion to head a parish. In fact, he was told twice about a change, but the change never took place.

He was well thought of; he lived close to his home, close to his mother and his family. How to uproot the tree to transplant it to new soil and a different, unknown climate?

God did the uprooting. On 31 October 1873 Jacques Berthieu, 35, a priest of the diocese of Saint-Flour, knocked at the door of the novitiate in Pau.

A Jesuit

A new adjustment to a new environment, to the company of fellow novices much younger than him, and to a meticulous schedule. But he adjusted wholeheartedly; most of all he opened his soul to "the grace of his vocation" which called him to the Ignatian ideals: the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

After one year in Pau, he was transferred to the flourishing scholasticate of Vals-près-le-Puy with its 90 philosophers and theologians for a review of theology. There he knew Fr Ramière and received the impact of his ideas. "Excellent Fr Ramière," he wrote to a friend, "has come to Vals. We are delighted. He has given us the triduum for the renewal of vows. He has spoken about the

theology of the Heart of Jesus and has developed it with a mastery, abundance and liveliness of expression and action that enlightened the mind and reached the heart."

His encounter with Ramière was decisive. Berthieu realized that his future apostolate had to lean on the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

He was also caught up in the missionary atmosphere of the great scholasticate. A scholastic coming from Syria preached once in the dining room. Berthieu was deeply impressed not so much by the preacher's oratorical fire as by the thought that he was the son of a martyr for the faith.

The Provincial visited the scholasticate towards the end of the year. Some time later Berthieu gave the news: "I have been appointed to be apostle of the Malagasies."

A missionary

A disappointment awaited him. He could not enter the Great Island; he was forced to remain on the tiny island of Sainte-Marie, a French possession hugging the bigger island at its northeastern end. He arrived on 14 December 1875 and worked zealously until 20 March 1880, when the French authorities decided to apply to that distant little piece of French soil the decree of expulsion of the Jesuits issued in the metropolis. As a matter of fact they did not leave till 3 o'clock in the afternoon of 30 September 1881.

His next assignment took Berthieu to the mission of Ambohimandroso, in the central plateau around Fianarantsoa, inhabited by the Betsileos. But on 16 May 1883 France declared war and Madagascar retaliated expelling the French from its territory. The missionaries were arrested and escorted to the western port of Tamatave, where a kind of concentration camp was set up.

In spite of the persecution laws in their mother land, the French troops wanted chaplains and Berthieu was one of those chosen. He took over on 31 July 1885 in the north of the country, which was in French hands, and he combined his chaplaincy with missionary work. When peace

was made he received orders to return to his former post and on 11 June 1886, three years after his departure from Fianarantsoa, he started on his return journey.

He did not go back to Ambohimandroso but to the more important mission of Ambositra, and not as assistant but as the parish priest, with two assistants under him.

Ambositra, half way between Tananarivo and Fianarantsoa, gave a royal welcome to the one who was to be their *Rayamandreny,* their "father and mother," and his new parishioners filled the presbitery with their gifts: rice, chickens, lambs, even a calf. Not so Rarivo, the city's first authority, who raised all the difficulties he could. Berthieu paid him a visit, showed his desire to cooperate, but also his decision not to allow injustices nor abuses; he started to appear in court to defend his frightened Christians. Rarivo protested:

"But, Father..."

"If you bring them to court, it hurts me; they are my children, and if you touch them you touch the apple of my eye."

In 1892, when he was at his peak and the mission stations had risen from six to fifteen, his schools were packed with students, and the people were attending the Sunday catechism regularly, Berthieu was transferred to Andrainarivo, north of Tananarivo.

It was not easy to replace Fr Campenon, charming and cordial, who had won the hearts of the people. Berthieu braced himself and, guessing the feelings of his new parishioners, he told them:

"You feel sad; but do not lose heart; after a while you will love me as much as you have loved Fr Campenon."

And so it turned out. Berthieu showed all his qualities; besides being a pastor of souls, he revealed himself as a renovator of farming methods, a social worker, and builder.

A martyr

But the winds of war blew once again. In 1894 France

gave an ultimatum to Madagascar and the missionaries had to leave their posts. On 1 October 1895 a new agreement was signed establishing the French protectorate while preserving the country's institutional framework. Berthieu returned to Andrainarivo in November 1895.

Peace did not return, however. A rebellion broke out in May 1896, a month after the signing of the agreement. Berthieu learned that the northern part of his own district, inhabited by the *Menalambas,* was in ferment and that its leader had incited the people of Rabozaka, not far from Andrainarivo, to kill all the whites and attack all those who attended a Christian church. Berthieu became his primary target.

Then the French army intervened and obliged the Malagasy population to cluster in protected zones; Berthieu did not abandon his flock and shared its sufferings. There was one among the French military chiefs, Colonel Combes, who behaved like a cruel despot and showed open contempt for the Malagasies. Berthieu spoke up for them. He would pay very dearly for his bravery.

On June 6 his people received orders to move south, towards Tananarivo, away from the onslaught of the *Menalamba.* They left at daybreak on the 7th, Berthieu with them. The Colonel and his soldiers went ahead of the two thousand Malagasies whom they were supposed to protect and who inevitably lagged behind, with their encumbrance of luggage and children.

The attack by the feared *Menalambas* came without fail. To escape being caught, they took refuge in a nearby village, Ambohibesamoandro. They were welcomed with the proverbial Malagasy hospitality. But there were traitors who laid an ambush. When they were about to depart after Mass (which Berthieu had managed to celebrate), they were stopped. Someone had let the enemy in.

"Where is the *Vazaha* (White)? Hand him over; if not, we shall burn your houses."

They looked for him everywhere without success.

They were leaving empty-handed when a young man shouted:

"Come back; he is here."

Final Way of he Cross

They gave free vent to their cruelty. One struck his forehead with a hatchet, but he missed and caused him a superficial injury. He was not allowed to wipe off the blood that was flowing profusely. He was jostled and pushed around, struck all over with the butts of their guns, then handcuffed and taken towards Ambohitra, eight kilometres off, ill-treated and mocked all the way. Ambohitra was one of his mission centres and Berthieu would have liked to die there. Some of his captors thought of killing him on the spot; others got the idea of presenting him to their chief and dragged him towards Ambiatibe, some three kilometres north.

The sun was setting and the rebel camp was about 800 metres off. Father was exhausted and could hardly walk. What to do? Who was ready to guard him? All refused, except two or three who wanted to get hold of his clothes. Two *Menalambas* stripped him leaving him with only the shirt, pants, and shoes, they knocked him to the ground, and mutilated him.

"Do not dare to outrage me," he pleaded.

He was forced to resume the march. It was beginning to get dark and Father was unable to go further. One of the leaders, Rainimiarivelo, posed the question:

"What shall we do with the prisoner? Who is going to keep him here?"

"We can't. The *Vazahas* will come and capture us."

"Then let us kill him."

Rainimiarivelo and the other leaders gave their consent and it was decided to shoot him then and there, fifty metres from the village of Ambiatibé.

Bertieu knelt down and prayed:

"Holy Mary, pray for me; Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on me."

He turned towards the squad, which was readying to shoot him. The captain gave the signal and two of his men fired at the same time but missed the target; they fired a second time and failed again. Finally Rainizanakizafimbelo struck him at the fifth shot. As Father continued on his knees, the captain fired a shot at closed range. The victim was already dead but seemed to be still looking. To make sure, Rainizanakizafimbelo smashed his head with a club.

8. In China, at the hands of the Boxers: Léon-Ignace Mangin (1857-1900), Paul Denn (1847-1900), Remi Isoré (1852-1900), and Modeste Andlauer (1847-1900)

"Fu Ts'ing, mie Yang"

That was the war-cry that electrified the Chinese population from 1897 to 1900: "Let us support the T'sing [dynasty], away the foreigners."

Xenophobia was traditional in China, as was its isolation and the typical expression "foreign devils", but it was whipped up by humiliating military defeats, the cession of territories to half a dozen countries, and the interference of these same foreign powers in the nation's economy. For example, the inspector general of the maritime customs had to be a British citizen. How not be roused?

The government adopted a programme of wide reforms which were expected to usher in modernity; in 1898, in just a hundred days, Emperor Koang-Siu issued 27 reformist edicts, but he crashed against reactionary forces. In

September, Empress Widow Tseu-Hi took the reins of government and sided with the anti-European movement. Among other measures, she created popular militias that were soon dominated by the Boxers, an approximate translation of the Chinese name of the secret society to which they belonged: *I Ho Ch'uan* (the fist of virtue and harmony), itself a corruption of *I Ho T'uan* (society of virtue and harmony). The Boxers practised rites claimed to make them invulnerable and were known for their ferocity. Their movement originated in the province of Shangtung, northeastern China. That is where on 1 November 1897 two German missionaries of the Divine Word, Frs Nies and Henle, were assassinated.

Their movement rose to national importance overnight and found sympathisers all over China. Cells of Boxers sprang in all the provinces and wall posters appeared everywhere, even in the smallest villages. In Peking alone those being trained for the final attack against the foreigners were calculated to be 40,000.

The persecution was extended to the Chinese Christians because they were "secondary foreign devils."

The victims

The Jesuits of the French Province of Champagne ran the Vicariate of Southeastern Tche-li (today Hopeh). When they took over in 1857, it had eight million inhabitants, 9,000 of them Catholics, descedants of those converted before 1724. In 1900 it had 50,000 and thousands of catechumens organized in 54 centres. The missionaries were 60: a bishop, 48 priests, and 11 brothers.

Missionary work proceeded smoothly and the Christians lived in peace with the rest of the population. The rumours of persecution circulating since 1898 came from quite far and did not scare them; it was directed against foreigners and the authorities would soon restore order.

But in the spring of 1899 the Boxers invaded Hopeh, reached Hokien, and later entered Kingchow,

Fr Mangin's district. The wall posters, the magic sessions, the assassinations and the pillage, left no doubt about their intentions. Their forces were divided into more or less autonomous bands; they were ill-armed, undisciplined, and did not know the country well. One single regiment could have dispersed them like a flock of sparrows.

But the authorities' reaction was very weak. Neither the mandarins nor the army nor France's diplomatic pressure did anything effective. To protect themselves, the missionaries "fortified" six of their centres. Fr Mangin's in Tchu-kia-ho was one of them and hundreds of his Christians took refuge in it.

They were unlettered farmers and craftsmen, used to yield to the demands of the rich and the powerful. They were of every age-bracket, seven and eight-year-old children and old people of 70, men and women. All that was required of them was to say one word: *Pei kiao,* I renounce my religion. Some, very few, gave in; the majority stood firm. They might not have been very fervent Christians; now grace steeled and inflamed them and they died for the faith, convinced that their supreme testimony opened to them the doors of heaven.

Four ordinary Jesuits

As much may be said of the four Jesuit martyrs. They might not have distinguished themselves much from their companions, but the grace of martyrdom came their way – they had in fact desired it and were aware of the possibility when they came to China – and found them ready.

Léon-Ignace Mangin, tall, of vigorous features and military bearing, a tireless animator, was 18 when he reported at the Saint-Acheul Novitiate on 5 November 1875. He had applied for the missions but had been forgotten when, at the end of the first year of regency, his Provincial proposed to him the China mission. He was taken aback,

but regained control at once. "I have been accepted," he told a companion; "I only need the grace of martyrdom."

In 1890, shortly after concluding tertianship, he was placed at the head of the Hokien district with its 20,000 Christians scattered in 240 sub-centres under nine Fathers. In 1897 he was given the district of Kingchow, a little further south. This is where martyrdom awaited him.

Paul Denn was impulsive, exuberant, and devout. He lost his father when he was two, worked till he was 14 at a bank, but he also visited and helped the poor as a member of the Society of St Paul. He joined the Apostolic School at 20 and the Society at 25. In China he was successively assistant parish priest, director of a Teachers' Training College, and in 1897 he was named parish priest of Kucheng, in Fr Mangin's district. On 10 October 1899, when martyrdom had become a distinct possibility, he wrote to a nephew: "Good news! You will very soon have a martyr in the family." He remained courageously at his post and moved only because Fr Mangin ordered him to take refuge at Tchu-kia-ho.

Remi Isoré, the eldest of many children, entered the major seminary of Cambrai at 19, but heard the call to religious life and on 20 November 1875 he knocked at the door of Saint-Acheul fifteen days after Mangin. When he was studying theology, he asked to be sent to Zambeza with the hope of martyrdom.

"You do not know what you are asking for. You have better chances for martyrdom in China. You will go to China."

Remi was overjoyed.

He was a born teacher and spent his first nine Chinese years as prefect in the school of Changkiachwang. In 1897 he started a new career, that of pastoral ministry, as Vicar Forane of the district of Kwangpingfu. The bishop wanted him to be superior of the mission, but God had other plans.

His companion in martyrdom, Modeste Andlauer, was quite different. He was shy, but courageous and hard-

working. His few extant letters reveal the simplicity of a straight and childlike soul who thinks only of the performance of his duty. In 1881, after teaching German in several schools in France, he left for China. He discharged his duty "without distinction" in the centres of Oukiao and Ou-i when martyrdom pulled him out of his anonymity.

Martyrdom

The spring months of 1900 were relatively calm, but June, July, and August, knew a real paroxysm.

The first to fall were Frs Isoré and Andlauer in an isolated incident, without any other victims. Isolé was in the central residence of Sienhsien and hastened to return to his post at Chaokiachwang. He did so via Ou-i, where Andlauer was the parish priest. He left at 1 a.m. and arrived at about 9 without accident. He had hardly come in when the Boxers of a neighbouring city entered the town. The two missionaries found themselves hedged in on all sides and spent the 18th and the 19th, up to 5 p.m. full of apprehension. The contingent surrounding the mission increased between 5 and 6. The Boxers had come to know that there were two Europeans inside and wanted to finish them off. They broke down the gate and rushed inside. The Fathers waited for them kneeling in the chapel. Their death must have been a matter of seconds; they were found close together, pierced through with a spear.

A catechist brought the news to Fr Mangin the night of June 20. It was a warning. His residence at Tchu-kia-ho was surrounded also; he had "fortified" it in order to protect his 3,000 refugees. On July 14 the situation seemed to be satisfactory; the walls and the pits had been finished; they had enough rice, and an abundant provision of gunpowder. A thousand combatants could be posted on the walls.

At daybreak on July 15 the tam-tam sounded alarm. The women ran to the church and the men took up their

positions on the walls. The first engagement was hard and long, but they repelled the assailants. The attack was repeated the following day, and that too was repelled.

Left to their own resources, the Boxers would not have taken Tchu-kia-ho. But on July 17 they received the help of a corps of the imperial army on its way to Peking, 2,000 men and some cannons.

Frs Mangin and Denn were about to sit at table when they were told about the presence of troops. Mangin went up to the roof of the church and saw two thousand guns shining in the sun and clouds of Boxers yelling and brandishing their swords and their spears. He came down less confident than when he had gone up. From that moment he was not concerned with "military" matters; only with his priestly ministry.

The Christians kept their optimism and repelled soldiers and Boxers all afternoon. Some, however, had fled during the night. The Fathers were given an opportunity to flee, but they did not want to abandon their parishioners.

The final assault

On the 18th the soldiers began using their cannons, but they handled them so clumsily that the shells passed over their target and landed in the neighbouring fields if not among the Boxers. On the 19th they corrected their aim and destroyed several buildings; one shell reached Fr Denn's room and another went through the wall of the church. But the defenders had not ceded an inch.

An old trick was to get the better of so much bravery. During the night of the 19th the Boxers built six towers over some carts so as to reach the height of the walls, and at 4 a.m. of the 20th, while the heavy and light artillery entered into action, they drew up the towers, full of soldiers, to the walls. Now the shots began to hit their target and any resistance was in vain.

At 7 there was a general firing, and the last defenders abandoned the walls, assembled in the centre of the

mission and smashed their guns. The two Fathers conducted the morning prayers with the people who filled the church. Fr Mangin was seated on the epistle side (the left hand side being the place of honour in Chinese etiquette) and Fr Denn on the gospel side, both facing the faithful. Around them the catechists filled up the sanctuary on their knees, facing the priests and the cross. The crowd, half of they women with 200 to 300 babies, one thousand persons in all, occupied the nave. The last defenders joined them when they realized the uselessness of any attempt to resist.

Towards 9 in the morning the Boxers stormed into the courtyard and reached the wide open door of the church. After a moment of surprise, they emitted a cry of fury and began shooting indiscriminately at the crowd; there was an instinctive reaction of panic, for had accepted death, they did not want to die. Then Fr Denn got up and with his stentorian voice, dominating that din, he intoned the *I Confess,* followed by the act of contrition and the general absolution imparted by Fr Mangin. No one budged.

The church was full of smoke and the attackers were firing at random; this explains the fact that the missionaries were shot relatively late. Besides, a courageous woman placed herself on the communion rail to shield Fr Mangin. A shot knocked her down shortly before 10. She was followed by Mangin; he fell from his seat and a catechist lifted him, but he knelt down – or rather he prostrated – facing the cross. Fr Denn was shot next, but he managed to get up and went to kneel down close to his superior.

At about 11 the mats that served as roof caught fire and the air in the church became unbreathable. The men preferred death by the sword to a slow suffocation and one by one began jumping over the sacristy window, and one by one they were shot down as they came out. Except for some 50 whom the Boxers kept, to kill them that same evening outside the village.

In a few hours Tchu-kia-ho became a graveyard with 1,800 dead bodies.

SOURCES CONSULTED:

LIGTHART, C.J.: *The Return of the Jesuits. The Life of Jan Philip Roothaan* (London, 1978). — KANTAK, Kamil: *Le Père Maximilien Ryllo. S.J.* (Beirut, 1950). — LAVEILLE, E.: *The Life of Father De Smet. S.J.* (Chicago, 1981). — GARRAGHAN, Gilbert J.: *The Jesuits of the Middle United States, 3 vols.* (New York, 1938). — PEREZ, Rafael: *La Compañía de Jesús en Colombia y Centro-América después de su restauración*, 3 vols. (Valladolid, 1896, 1897, 1898). — RUGGLES, Eleanor: *Gerard Manley Hopkins. A Life* (London, 1947). — LAHEY, G. F.: *Gerard Manley Hopkins* (London, 1930). — VAN TRICHT, Victor: *De pastorcito a apóstol: P. Constantino Lievens* (Bilbao, 1941). — TETE, Peter: *Constant Lievens and the Catholic Church in Chotanagpur* (Ranchi, 1993). — PONETTE, P.: *The Dawn of the Ranchi Mission, 1869-1885* (Ranchi, 1992. — SARTRE, Victor: *Le Bienheureux Jacques Berthieu, Martyr à Madagascar* (Lille, 1996). — BURNICHON, Joseph: *La Compagnie de Jésus en France. Histoire d'un Siècle 1814-1914* (Paris 1914, 1916, 1919, 1922). — RENAUD, Rosario: *Le Bienheureux Ignace Mangin et ses compagnons, martyrs* (Lettres du Bas-Canada, Vol.IX, No. 3, Sept. 1955, pp.133-157).

II

Consolidation and flowering

The storm has subsided, the governments have become more stable, and in the new climate of freedom the Jesuits are able to carry out their activities unhindered. Their schools are packed with students and their churches with worshippers; their sodalities, observatories, retreat houses and popular missions, are flourishing.

Community life follows the monastic model. A curious fact: all the Spanish scholasticates are housed in former monasteries: Oña, Veruela, Granada, Murcia; those of other countries choose out-of-the-way places: the Germans, Valkenburg; the Americans, Los Gatos, Weston, and Woodstock; the Indians, Kurseong and Shembaganur. These scholasticates are like little townships, with facilities that make them self-sufficient: orchard, stables, bakery, garage, workshops, slaughter-house. All of it efficiently run by an army of excellent Brothers.

Formation is "solid", the standard term that enfolds the academic aspects and those referring to practical life and implies an iron discipline. But the results are there for all to see: they produce men ready for self-sacrifice and able to fill up the entire front of the apostolate; side by side with the old-fashioned are the modern-minded who break moulds and look to the future, not to the past.

1. A missioner: Francisco Tarín (1847-1910)

Christ's Lion

This is how his biographer, José M. Javierre, calls him; for historian Manuel Revuelta Tarín is "a hurricane, a blaze". Such was Tarín's passage through the southern half of Spain in the last ten years of the 19th and the first ten of the 20th century. He brought in a Pentecost wherever he went.

He created a school; he initiated a style that was as demanding and methodical as it was fruitful. Everything was directed to ensure an impact on the whole population, to submerge it in that tide of grace: children and youth, men and women, rich and poor, illiterate and professionals, the sick and the prisoner. No one was left out. Tarín was in his element when he missioned towns that were neither too vast nor too small, neither so vast as to be unreachable nor so small that they could provide no crowds. The religious experience he produced in his audiences reached its best moments with crowds of about 5,000 persons.

To attract people he used two means that were well known but which he exploited to the best advantage. The first consisted in a grand arrival. An impressive welcome – with a music band and all – was the best start; it was worth four days' work, he would say. The cortège would cross the town singing, attracting onlookers; when it reached the parish church, the missioner preached his first

stirring sermon, and that same evening he prepared his second publicity stunt: the rosary at dawn. "On with the rosary at dawn;" he used to say, "it will usher in the sun."

The morning hours were devoted to the children. He assembled them and taught them hymns; he entertained them. During the mission he tried to have a Children's Mass and Communion that might attract their parents.

He spent the early hours of the afternoon visiting the sick of the hospital, the jail if there was one, and the convents of religious who helped him with their prayers and their needlework and embroideries.

Late evening was the time for the central act of the mission. First, a moral lecture as an aperitif by his assistant; then the sermon on "eternal truths" as the strong dish; the dessert was a "lecture" for men only.

His sermons were long, but he "never wearied, one liked him more each time," said one of his more regular companions. "He preached with great novelty and passion; he did not have written sermons learnt by heart; they were beautiful improvisations."

His oratory was seasoned by a life consecrated to God. Long hours of prayer, much penance, little sleep — hardly three hours which he spent seated on a chair — and one mission after another without respite.

"My true centre"

Against what all this could lead one to believe, Tarín was sickly. He was the bright boy of the family, destined to study, but a weakling, unfit for physical work. His father, a prosperous farmer of Dodelleta, moved to Valencia and opened a thriving shop.

Francisco Tarín attended the Piarist school and did very well, but health problems delayed his university studies. At the end of the third year he had a relapse and was in danger of death. He returned to normal life in the summer of 1871 after one year's convalescence.

In the beginning of 1872 two Jesuits preached a great

mission in town and Francisco Tarín, fond of listening to speeches, did not miss one sermon. In November he met Fr Merlín and became his friend. A little later he resolved to become a Jesuit like him.

But he also had another friendship, that of Quico Llosá, war name of his sister Teresa's brother-in-law and liaison of the Carlist troops in Valencia. Tarín let himself be enkindled by his ideals and before enlisting in the Society of Jesus he wanted to serve for a while in the troops of Don Carlos. Knowing that his father would oppose his plans, he ran away without telling him.

He left Valencia on 31 August 1873 and made the journey to Madrid on foot. He arrived on September 8, exhausted. Quico helped him to get a safe-conduct to travel up to Burgos by train. From Burgos he went to Estella, in Navarre, where Don Carlos had his court and the Carlist army its headquarters. Tarín's offer was rejected. But he met two Jesuit chaplains who encouraged him to become a Jesuit.

Tarín did not waste time. The Jesuits had just opened a house at Poyanne, close to Dax, southern France, and he set out. He arrived on October 9 and wrote enthusiastically to the family: "What a monastery, what Fathers, what Society of Jesus! God be praised who has finally allowed me to reach my true centre after going round and round so much."

His pilgrimage had lasted exactly 40 days and he had travelled more than 1,200 kilometres, mostly on foot.

Years of preparation

The Jesuits had been four years in Poyanne. They had purchased the estate on 3 May 1869 and it now housed more than 200 people for it concentrated in one place all the stages of Jesuit training, from novitiate to theology. It was provided with everything; besides the château, it had several sheds, a large orchard and a hill with a vineyard and various kinds of trees. "It looked as though they were

to make Poyanne a permanent abode, not temporary quarters," observes Manuel Revuelta.

The new novice plunged into novitiate life and adapted himself, at his 24 years of age, to all the demands with the docility of the youngest novice. Some of his companions would become famous: Lino Murillo, Antonio Astráin, Ignacio Aramburu, Francisco Gárate. Their testimonies speak of his abnegation, cordiality, eagerness to take the hardest chores, humility, devotion, charity. His own letters bespeak the happiness he felt: "I am afraid I shall be unable to convince you that one can live happily away from one parents, friends, all those persons one has known since childhood."

Within three months he received an unexpected visit, that of his friend and relative Quico Llosá, who painted a rosy picture: the Madrid government was crumbling; Don Carlos's troops had just defeated those of General Morriones. The Carlists were living hours of glory.

The Poyanne community was delighted to hear the news. We may take it, however, that the former soldier-candidate was not too concerned. He was serving another king who claimed his allegiance.

The study of rhetoric after the novitiate began to prepare him directly for preaching. He had a disastrous beginning, however. He was entrusted to preach the sermon that the leading student used to deliver in the refectory, in the presence of special guests, on the feast of the Sacred Heart. Tarín prepared it conscientiously, learned it by heart, practised it. He started somewhat nervously and half way he went blank. "I got lost," he wrote to his sister Ursula, "I had to get down from the pulpit."

In October 1877 he started the study of philosophy, which took three years, but the return from exile took place in the course of the first year. The Carlist war was over; Cánovas was securing the Spanish monarchy in the person of Alfonso XII, and little by little calm was coming back. The Jesuits understood that the time of repatriation had

come and at the end of 1876 began to look for houses that could accommodate their scholasticates. They chose Carrión de los Condes, San Jerónimo in Murcia, Oña (all of them former Benedictine monasteries), and Loyola.

The first to return were the philosophers, to Carrión. They did so in very small batches, to pass as unnoticed as possible, during the month of February 1878. Tarín found a chance to teach catechism to the children. He also convalidated his philosophy degree in the University of Salamanca appearing for supplementary exams on 4 and 6 June 1880.

News was received in the summer that the house at Poyanne had been occupied by the French police. The government had decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits. The theologians moved to Oña, and Tarín joined them to continue his studies without the interruption for regency. This was done in view of his 33 years of age.

Practical training

Oña turned out to be an excellent training-ground for Tarín's future apostolate. He did, of course, study theology most seriously. But he used his free time for the practice of priestly ministry and obtained successes that revealed the great popular missioner he was soon to become.

The rumour that he did not take the night rest in bed but seated on a chair dates to this time. The rumour would keep spreading and become stronger; many would want to find out for themselves.

The people of Oña were ill-disposed against the Jesuits and the youth was uncouth and unlettered. Tarín found a companion ready to cultivate them, Juan Conde, of his age and the same temperament, who was to become "the most famous missioner of the Province of Castile in the last two decades of the 19th century" (Ayala). They began by founding a cultural centre which they pompously called academy. It functioned after sunset, when the youths had returned from work in the fields, and they were taught to

read and write and do arithmetic, history, geography, and catechism.

The academy was a huge success. The people of the village lost their hostility and began to look at the Fathers with new eyes.

The next step was the foundation, within the academy, of a Sodality of Our Lady, and that too was a success, as was a campaign against blasphemy. Those rough young men who looked so fearsome were in fact big boys, good at heart.

Tarín kept nostalgic memories of the dawn rosaries of his native town and thought of applying the formula in Oña. His sodalists welcomed the idea. But the plan was kept secret so as to spring a surprise, and the commotion at the first morning was tremendous. The showers of rain that fell at the end of the dawn rosary on the feast of the Ascension in 1881 and saved the harvest helped to make the practice popular.

At the end of the first year, 1880-1881, Tarín wrote to his family: "The people of this village are about the best in Spain, without disparaging other regions: old Catholics, but mean old like vintage wine."

The esteem was mutual and his boys showed it at his first Mass on 31 July 1883. His father Don Miguel came for the occasion from Valencia and all of them were in attendance. At the end of the Mass the new priest addressed the audience: "I do not consider myself worthy of such a high office, for I am a great sinner. Pray to God for me."

The accolade

His first assignment, to an elite school, was an unfortunate mistake; it only served to prove that "the eagle is not born to be kept in a cage" (Ayala). But he soon received the one that suited him best, the one that the Jesuit catalogues used to express by the term "missionarius excurrens" – roving missioner.

In September 1886 he was posted to Talavera for a year, before tertianship. He devoted the first five months to the city and environs, and the other seven to an exhausting programme of missions, in a trial of what was to be his life.

At 10 a.m. on 4 October 1887 he arrived at the old San Jerónimo Monastery of Murcia, which had been turned into the novitiate of the Toledo Province. He was to make his tertianship working as Socius to the Novice Master.

After the long retreat, an essential part of the tertianship programme, he undertook a plan of action for "La Huerta", the fertile, irrigated area around Murcia; it would be useful to him as an experience for his future work, and to the novices as a training opportunity.

The plan had two stages: a preparatory stage to create a rapport between the Fathers and the people. The "huertanos" responded very well, delighted by the friendship offered them. After the thaw, the second phase, during Lent. Two Fathers spent an entire week in each village preaching and hearing confessions. This was done in thirty villages, half a dozen of them by Tarín, the others by other Fathers of San Jerónimo. The crowning event was a great festive gathering of all thirty villages at the popular shrine of La Fuensanta on May 21.

He spent the following year missioning other regions but he returned and repeated the experience on a larger scale. Once again he prepared the ground by visiting each one of the thirty villages. He came and conquered. As soon as he was known to be in town, said a woman, one would think that everyone had lost his head. When he came, his clerical overcoat on his shoulders and the crucifix at the waist like a revolver, all followed him.

The final rally took place on 10 June 1889, Pentecost Monday. On the previous day all the belfries of the region pealed their bells to announce the departure that evening. The rally was to be held at the shrine of Our Lady of the Light with two, minor, nearby shrines as subsidiaries in

order to facilitate the administration of the sacraments. Each town or village had its place assigned.

The number of pilgrims reached 35,000. The organizers surmised that half of them, almost 25,000, went to communion; 7,000 could not receive it for lack of hosts.

For Tarín, it was the accolade that consecrated him as a missioner.

A living legend

From Murcia he went to Cartagena; he had been called for the inauguration of a parish church, a mere pittance for the lion. It was not a fitting time for a mission and the city was not ready for one, but Tarín looked for a truly apostolic ministry and hit on the jail. Every sensible person tried to dissuade him, most of all the director of the jail. But he insisted and the wards were opened to him – with warnings about his personal safety.

When he entered the first courtyard, he approached the inmates as though he was one of them, just arrived. He chatted amicably with everybody and even visited the high security cells. When lunch time came, he lined up with the rest, received his tin plate and wooden spoon, and ate with his new friends. After lunch he continued his conversation with a circle that kept growing and began to teach them religious hymns. By sunset the whole prison was listening to him.

Then he mounted a table and gave free rein to his eloquence. Even the toughest oaks gave way; the most hardened criminals softened and bowed in repentance. When night fell, the patrol guards, the prison staff, and the director from his office, heard a murmur coming from the courtyard. They pricked up their ears and realized with astonishment that the prisoners, now an immense choir, were singing a popular penitential hymn.

The prison chapel had only a miserable paper picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. When Tarín said goodbye, one of the prisoners was already carving a statue.

After missioning Extremadura in the first half of 1891, he spent over a year (October 1891 to February 1893) missioning Granada and Sierra Nevada, "enkindling its snows with God's fire."

He began his tour by Motril, on the coast. He and his companion made the journey from Granada by stagecoach and during the night. Around midnight the coachman uttered a blasphemy that shook the two missioners. Tarín's companion fell soon asleep. When he woke up with one of the jerks of the carriage, he missed Tarín by his side and, in his alarm, asked the coachman to stop. But when he leaned over the window he saw Tarín seated by the coachman and chatting with him. There were no more blasphemies.

The year 1895 took him to Sanlúcar de Barrameda, to twelve towns of five different provinces, and on June 1 he went to Carmona, where he made a famous conversion, that of Notary Mariano Trigueros, well known in town for his professional competence and no less for his ideas and conduct. Don Mariano attended the mission and grace struck him. He was not content with confessing his sins to the Father amid tears and sobs; he asked to be allowed to make a public confession at a session of the municipal council.

Not only the meeting-room but the whole building was packed. The mayor and the councillors took their seats; Fr Tarín was seated by the mayor, and Don Mariano at one end. The Notary rose in a hushed silence, and with a sure voice but great humility and feeling, he confessed and retracted his errors and begged pardon for his evil ways and the scandal he had caused. Then he asked for absolution.

Loja in 1896 was a bastion of spiritism, Masonry, and free-thinking. Tarín thundered from the pulpit, but the fortress was not capitulating; people filled the church but were not converted. Tarín decided to go into the open air. He announced that he would be leaving within three hours

with sorrow in his heart because he had not been able to soften their hearts; he did not blame them but himself and his sins; he loved them all, he would like to embrace them all.

An eleven-year-old boy was listening to him from under the balcony from which he was addressing the crowd and started to climb through the railing of the window. A policeman tried to pull him down.

"What are you doing, boy?"

"Father says he wants to embrace us and I want to embrace him."

"Let him come, yes, let him come," said Tarín.

When the boy reached the balcony and stretched his arms to cling to the Father and the latter bent down to receive the boy into his, a long, heart-rending cry came out of that mass of humanity. The fortress had capitulated.

Said a priest from Cádiz: "Tarín was not one missionary; he was a legion of missionaries." Extremadura was reminded of Pizarro and Hernán Cortés; in La Mancha he was compared to Cisneros, in Andalusía to "el Gran Capitán", after the celebrated war hero. His capacity for hard life included him in the catalogue of the great ascetics. Moving constantly from town to town meant no end of hardships which Tarín accepted minimizing the inconvenience:

"Do not worry; any little corner is good for a poor of Christ."

For a meal he had enough with a piece of bread, an egg and a tomato.

"Please do not give me these Italian dishes; they remind me of King Victor Emmanuel, the one who has grabbed the papal states."

He was very often seen queuing up at the door of the convents that served meals to the poor. He would take his plate and sit with them. He cured his stomach ailments with a 24-hour fast.

The ire of the Cardinal Primate

Tarín had his *via dolorosa* thanks to the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Antolín Monescillo, Primate of Spain, a known anti-Jesuit, effectively goaded by his private secretary, Juan Arjonilla, more hostile to the Jesuits than his master. Tarín had dared to set foot in forbidden ground; he had given an exhortation in a city convent without the Archbishop's authorization. Half way during a retreat he was preaching in another convent, he was summoned to Archbishop's House and was told to leave the city forthwith.

Tarín obeyed, but went to meet the Cardinal, who complained bitterly about the ingratitude and pride of the Jesuits.

"The children of Dominic and Francis come humbly to kiss my feet; you hard Basques (i.e., the Jesuits, children of Ignatius, a Basque), will not? Well, I will humble you."

And how he punished them! Their residence at Talavera de la Reina was the only one the Jesuits had in the Archdiocese of Toledo. In December 1896 the Women's Sodality celebrated the novena of the Immaculate Conception with their traditional solemnity and, as was always the tradition, the singing was done by the girls. This was against the established norm, kept by no one, that forbade women to take part in liturgical singing.

When the novena was at its height, the Talavera Jesuits received an official letter from the Archbishop's curia suspending all of them *a divinis*. The suspension included Tarín and his faculties to preach, hear confessions, and celebrate Mass, were withdrawn.

All the papers gave the sensational news. Tarín learned about it on January 5 while in Córdoba and rushed to Madrid to clear up matters. He arrived on the 8th and, after taking full information, he thought he ought to visit the Cardinal. His plan was approved, but he was advised to wait for a while until the storm had subsided.

On the 25th he travelled to Toledo and His Eminence, sick in bed, received him gruffly; not moved at all by Tarín's

humble attitude, he thundered against him and against the Society. Tarín, on his knees by the bed, heard him say:

"You Jesuits poke your noses into everything, even the kitchen."

"Your Eminence, what you may say against me will come short of the truth; but my mother the Society is innocent and holy and I must stand by her honour. If she ventures into the kitchen, it will surely be for ensuring the observance of abstinence, not to mix fish and meat when the Church forbids it."

He realized it was useless to insist and left without getting back his faculties.

As he was coming out, he met the private secretary, the hidden mover of the plot, who said affecting pious sorrow:

"What a blow this has been for His Eminence!"

Tarín refused to accept a role in the comedy and cut him short:

"I listen to the Cardinal on my knees; but I shall brook no recrimination from you."

The lion in chains

Should we want to draw Tarín's travels on the map, it would make an undecipherable blot covering the whole southern half of Spain. Tarín made reality Nadal's beautiful definition of a Jesuit: "His ideal residence is his apostolic journeying;" in his case it was a third-class compartment in those primitive trains, coal-dust and all.

He did have a nominal residence, a base, and belonged to a community: Madrid (1889-1896), Córdoba (1896-1898), Seville (1898-1904), Ciudad Real (1904-1909), and again Seville (from 1909 up to his death in 1911). With a significant difference: during his first stay in Seville he was the superior of the house. This did not allow long absences, as had been his habit.

Was it an attempt to chain the lion? His incessant coming and going, the absolute lack of care of his health,

the untended sore in his leg, all this might have moved his superiors to try and keep him at home. The fact is that the superiorship obliged him not to move from Seville.

Tarín observed this duty scrupulously. He only left Seville six times during his six-year term of office, all of them justified. He spent the mornings in the confessional and devoted the evenings to ministries in the city, preferably in the suburbs. He avoided dealing with persons socially prominent.

But he did not give up reducing his hours of sleep to less than was necessary. Fr Sánchez Prieto who was preaching the novena of the popular "Cristo del Gran Poder," fell sick, and had to be replaced in a couple of days. Tarín took the burden upon himself and did so well that the audience wanted him to go on until the end of the novena. But it so happened that once, when he came out of the sacristy to preach the sermon and knelt down before the Blessed Sacrament, as was the custom, to make a short prayer, he slumped and fell to the ground. The members of the confraternity rushed to raise him up but he rose by himself. He was not indisposed — he had fallen asleep.

Sickness came to him later and was such that he spent most of the time seated on an easy chair. He improved, but it was plain he would not take the rest he needed in Seville, and on 12 August 1904 he left for Madrid. A large crowd turned up at the station to bid farewell, "the whole of Seville, the high and the low, aristocrats and beggars; well before the train's departure it was impossible to move on the platform."

Trial and sunset

He improved as soon as he reached Madrid on 14 August 1904. "Hardly had I set foot in the residence when I felt much better. Fr Provincial does not want me to think of anything else than getting well; I think I soon will," he wrote.

The Provincial was Fr Pagasaurtundúa (Paga for short),

"an upright man and perfect gentleman," who was receiving complaints about Tarín's dashing about and penitential excesses. His concern did not stop at advice and recommendations; it was translated into fast orders. He transferred Tarín to Ciudad Real and gave him back his former office of missioner but with limitations: he should not widen the radius of his travels too much nor accept jobs in certain provincial capitals that wanted to monopolize him.

"Paga" was first Tarín's Provincial for six years (1903-1909) and later his superior in Seville the last year of his life, 1910. "All through this period, sometimes more, some less," the missioner's biographer, Pedro M. Ayala, ventures to say, "Fr Tarín found himself harassed by his superior, who would either stop his missions or upset his plans."

It was the second attempt to tame the lion. Fortunately his superior at Ciudad Real, Fr Herrera, urged him to make a clean breast of his troubles with Paga and he himself wrote to the latter to try and find an honourable way out of the impasse.

Tarín must have thought it over and come to the conclusion that he ought to talk it over with Paga. He did so on Monday 18 September 1905 and the result was satisfactory. So he told Herrera in a postcard with words that could not be understood by a curious reader: "I did not want to return without settling the matter with the man in Madrid, who was satisfied with my explanations. Now I am free to carry on my business."

Freed from shackles by the man in Madrid, the lion resumed his travels unhindered. The years 1906 and 1907 were typically Tarín's. The balance of 1907 was: 18 missions, 15 novenas-cum-missions, 11 retreats, 5 triduums, 13,268-kilometre travels, close to 30,000 confessions.

His life was now coming to an end. His programme of missions took him to Seville in May 1909 and the townsmen plotted not to let him go. On June 25 Tarín wrote

to a friend: "As from tomorrow my residence will be in Seville."

Though he went on moving about and working as in his best years, the lion was tired, his organism worn out. A knock in his leg on the fourth day of the mission he gave at El Coronil (11 to 19 November 1910) obliged him to preach with the wounded leg resting on a chair. Two days later he would have had a fall were it not for the assistant parish priest, who rushed to hold him up when he saw Tarín deathly pale; so serious was he that the priest gave him absolution.

When he arrived at the residence in Seville, he was unable to walk; he was carried to his room on a chair and was put to bed. He grew worse. The end came at 1 p.m. on December 12 as he peacefully surrendered his soul to God.

2. The embittered Jesuit: Miguel Mir (1841-1912)

We could hardly find a man farther away from Tarín than this vindictive and self-conceited ex-Jesuit. Now, after the waters he ruffled have calmed, we can make an objective assessment of his personality and the episode he brought about. He was not the genius he thought himself to be, but his fellow Jesuits (and his superiors, too) could have been more tolerant and less niggardly and have taken him less seriously. With the greatest sympathy and a touch of humour, historian Batllori views him as "a passionate historian and reader of the Spanish classics, a discreet spiritual author, an indiscreet researcher of clandestine texts, and a meritorious editor of Spanish works

of the 16th and 17th centuries." Luis Martín, General of the Society, reasonably moderate in his judgments, does not think of him so kindly.

A controversial man

Born in Palma, Majorca, Miguel Mir grew in a family atmosphere that blended the religious spirit of the traditionalists with the more open attitude of the liberal-conservatives. This experience – exceptionally valuable in the midst of the divisions that confronted Spanish Catholicism in the last quarter of the 19th and the beginnings of the 20th century – should have led him to play a conciliatory role within the Society. It was not so; his punctiliousness, pride, and belligerence, made him aggressive. He found many and continuous opportunities. "Mir was an eternal problem for his superiors," says Revuelta.

His first assignment after concluding his studies in 1871 was that of collaborator with Frs Torre and Cabré in the edition of the letters of St Ignatius, a prelude to what was to become the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Iesu*. But his contribution was null because he was busy with work that might get him entrance into the Academy.

Working on his own he prepared a new edition of spiritual texts and refuted Draper's work, *History of the conflict between religion and science* in a book he entitled *Harmony between science and faith,* which earned him a prize from the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. According to Luis Martín he contrived to be awarded the prize "using means that displeased his superiors." His Provincial, that of Aragón, Román Vigordán, came to know that Mir was trying to become a member of the Spanish Academy and called him back to his Province, but Mir resisted. He asked to be transferred to the Toledo Province, which he obtained, but he was packed off to Puerto Santa María in 1882. He managed to return to Madrid the following year to continue work on St Ignatius'

letters, but "he did nothing in three years," says Luis Martín. Through his contacts in the conservative party (in power again, 1884-1885) he obtained a place in the Spanish Academy with new displeasure on the part of his superiors. General Anderledy was duly informed and Mir was called back to the Aragon Province. In 1887 Luis Martín met him in Zaragoza and found him "very sad, isolated from the community, and spying on their words, actions and behaviour."

Denunciations

In the fierce opposition that separated Spanish Catholics at the time, the Jesuits were officially neutral; they refrained from speaking in favour or against the various currents. But there were other forms to show one's adherence — the newspaper received by the communities, for instance. The fact that every Jesuit house subscribed to the ultra-conservative *"El Siglo Futuro"* was eloquent enough. Their conversations and letters were as eloquent. This gave rise to complaints by bishops and by Leo XIII himself; in a letter to the bishop of Urgel dated 20 March 1890, the Pope complained that "some religious with an old tradition of loyalty and love to the Apostolic See" (an evident reference to the Society) should have taken sides in the quarrels that divided the Catholics.

Mir took advantage of this situation not to correct these deviations charitably, but to viciously attack the superiors he so heartily loathed. It could even be said that his denunciations contributed to give a distorted and false image of the Society.

He made his first denunciation in November 1886. In order to stop his transfer to Zaragoza he alleged the political partiality he saw in the Provincial and in the leadership of the Society. The Nuncio, the future Cardinal Rampolla, tried a compromise advising Mir to give up his plan and the superiors to revoke his appointment to Zaragoza. Anderledy rejected the accusation that Mir's

appointment to Zaragoza had a political motivation and abounded in Mir's systematic disobedience, though he showed himself ready to do whatever the Pope might determine. The Nuncio advised benevolence to Mir again, exculpated him from disobedience, and added some biting remarks about the political leanings of the Jesuits: they were not as impartial as the General claimed; they were committed to support the Carlist cause; it was a well-known fact that their local superiors did not allow any other newspaper in their communities than the *"El Siglo Futuro".*

Mir found an opportunity to vindicate himself and shine at the second congress organized by the Spanish bishops to achieve the union of the Catholics, the one held in Zaragoza at the beginning of October 1890. Named a member of the steering committee, he gained the confidence of the Archbishop of Zaragoza, Cardinal Benavides (Luis Martín tells us), worked to be elected for drafting the conclusions, and took advantage of the post to blame the Society in many of the resolutions and to make specious suggestions against the Society.

The accusations sent to Cardinal Rampolla, who had by then become Secretary of State, and the protection the latter extended to Mir delayed Mir's expulsion from the Society. In fact he himself asked to leave on 5 February 1889; on the 26th of that month Anderledy exhorted him to follow his vocation selflessly. That was asking too much. "He hates us," wrote of him Fr Videllet (5 November 1890). "Everything in the Society, persons and matters, revolts him," he hammered on 20 January 1891. At last, after one last, fruitless attempt, on 24 December 1891 Fr Anderledy released him from the Society.

The pamphleteer

Videllet wrote again a few days later: "I think that Mir will not publish his notes, even though he has privately given them to someone; but should he do so, he will do more harm to himself than to us."

This prediction was not realized. The notes in question were those of his pamphlet, "The Jesuits from inside or the garbage of the Society of Jesus exposed", which he published anonymously in Barcelona in 1896.

Every page is priceless in this pamphlet, says Revuelta; Mir's garbage collected every Jesuit sin. Today we would find it amusing, but then it provoked an enormous indignation in his former confrères. Many of his remarks contain some truth and should have made them reflect: their pride to think they were the best, their quest of independence and prominence, their lack of warmth and family spirit, the excess of rules and regulations, the impersonal way to enforce obedience. The most piercing arrows were reserved to the superiors in a chapter significantly entitled "The Mandarins".

For Fr Juan José de la Torre, Mir's former colleague in the edition of St Ignatius' letters, the book was "a diatribe full of bile and of poison," with totally false allegations and exaggerated and distorted reports so that the entire Order was exposed to the execration of the entire world.

The book did cause harm to the Society but it also damaged its author. Many of his friends condemned its publication as a dastardly act. One of them returned the book without reading it; the newspapers to which he sent it for review kept silent. One sent him this reply: "Dirty linen is washed at home."

It was not in circulation for long; on 17 April 1896, the year of publication, at the request of Nuncio Serafino Creoni, it was placed on the Index. Fr Martín, then General of the Society, tried to make Mir retract. He stopped the sale of the book and ordered the destruction of the remaining copies.

Don Miguel Mir went on writing against the Society, notably his *"Internal and Documented History of the Society of Jesus"*. As the title indicates, it is no longer a playful satire but pretends to be a serious scientific book. "My

History will kill the Society," he used to say to his closer friends.

The book was printed in 1905 but its author could not get the ecclesiastical approval with which he wanted to back it, destroyed the edition, and undertook a new one with some corrections. He could not see this second edition; he died on 29 December 1912 and his "definitive book against the Society" saw the light at the beginning of 1913.

This time the Society did not keep silent as it had about the 1896 "garbage". Fr Ramón Ruiz Amado wrote a conclusive refutation of the serious historical errors it contained, both of detail and of perspective. The Royal Academy of History also intervened and issued a severe judgment: Mir's book could not be called History neither for its coordination of facts, nor for its critique, nor for the documentation it contained; he took from history what he found convenient for his particular purpose.

3. A war chaplain: William Doyle (1873-1917)

Humour and heroism

If Miguel Mir was all gloom and gall, William Doyle was all sunshine and charm. "Merry in God" is the title that his brother Charles gave to his biography, and he knew his subject. He was very popular among his school companions; for his brother-in-law he was "the nicest schoolboy I have ever met."

Joy was in fact his most outstanding characteristic. But not a superficial joy; his apparent simplicity hid a rare strength made of generosity and fighting spirit. The instincts

of the knight and soldier were strong even in his baby days. Nothing pleased him more than to play at being a soldier. His mother had to make a soldier's suit for him with red stripes down the sides; when he won a great victory, a stripe had to be added to the sleeve of his tunic. When he reached the age of seven it was decided that he should emerge from the stage of velvet suit and long curls. On his return from the barber's, his mother did not hide her sadness at seeing him with his shorn locks, but he was delighted: "The soldiers do not wear curls, Mum."

This "military spirit" would lead him to the conquest of self through sacrifice.

The child

William — or Willie, as he was called at home — was the last of the seven children of Hugh Doyle, Chief Clerk of the High Court of Bankruptcy, and Christina Mary Byrne. They lived in the little town of Dalkey, some eight miles south of Dublin, and their house, Melrose, was a spacious building, standing on in its own grounds.

Playful and affectionate, Willie was a happy child in a happy family. But the happy child had his mysteries. At the beginning of Lent, when he was quite a little boy, an old aunt, chancing to go into his mother's bedroom, found him gesticulating and talking in front of the mirror. "You villain, you wretch," he kept saying to his reflection, "I'll starve you, I'll murder you! Not a sweet will you get, not a bit of cake will you get!" and he shook his fist at his pale little face in the glass.

This harshness, however, was only for himself; his thoughtful kindness to his parents, brothers and sisters, to the maids, and to the poor who lived in a neighbouring hill, was remarkable.

He helped the housemaids in their work. Sometimes, after a big dinner, they would leave the kitchen in an untidy state, but when they entered it next morning with the unpleasant prospect of an hour's work of washing and

sweeping, they found everything clean and in its place. It was Willie's doing.

On Dalkey Hill, at whose foot Melrose stood, a colony of the poor had made their home. "Master Willie" was very well known here. He visited them often, kept them company when they were sick, and procured food for them. One old woman who lived all alone was very fond of a pinch of snuff, nor did she disdain a whiff when she thought no one was looking. Willie soon discovered these little weaknesses and saw that a supply of tobacco and snuff was always at hand for her. This old woman was very infirm and could do little to keep her house clean and tidy. Willie noticed its neglected condition; he went off and bought lime and a brush and whitewashed the whole house from top to bottom. Then he went down on his knees and scrubbed the floors amid the old lady's protestations and benedictions. No one knew of this except the cook and parlourmaid who lent him their aprons to save his clothes.

Fr William Doyle's subsequent record is already contained in these early samples of his personality. Losing none of his winning charm, he will stretch his generosity up to heroism.

The schoolboy

In September 1884, at the age of eleven, Willie went to Ratcliffe College, Leicestershire, conducted by the Rosminian Fathers. It was a beautiful college, and he spent six pleasant and profitable years there. He was not brilliant, but he made up with his application and every year brought home one or more prizes. Then he was an excellent sportsman, loved by his companions, ever ready for a prank. If he did not organize one, he willingly seconded another's initiative.

One day a companion invited him to share, along with two other friends, a young duck he had got. But where and how to cook and eat the bird? The only possible place seemed to be the furnace of the heating-system. But the

furnace-house was always locked and Jasper, the furnace-man, never allowed any boy get near his kingdom. Willie found the solution: to slide down an iron chute that ran from the ground outside to the bunker inside, down which supplies of coal and coke used to be shot. The opening was narrow but big enough for a small boy to squeeze through. A time was chosen when Jasper, having banked up the fire for the afternoon, would lock the furnace-house and not re-visit it until nightfall. When the duck had been roasted a beautiful brown and the boys were about to enjoy it, they heard a key being inserted in the lock, the bolt shot back, the door opened, and Jasper walk in! He surveyed the startled lads with a nasty grin.

"Wot are you a-doin of 'ere? Young gents, I'm horff to the Prefect straight and springwise."

"Oh, be a sport, Jasper," said Willie. "Here take a bit of duck; it's great stuff!"

"No, no, young mister, I've my dooty to do and that dooty I does."

"Would you like some baccy, Jasper?" asked Willie in his most winning tones.

And so the bargain began. Jasper's final words were:

"I'm too soft-hearted, that's wot I be. I oughter 'have reported yer to the Prefect. Too soft-hearted, too soft-hearted I be."

He went out and locked the door.

The call

In 1889 Willie's brother Charlie joined the novitiate at Tullabeg. He knew that Willie intended to be a priest; but was it a secular priest or a religious? In the summer of 1890, when he had been ten months in the novitiate, Charlie invited Willie to spend a few days at Tullabeg. Before parting company, he asked him about his plans for the future.

"I hope soon to enter Clonliffe (the seminary)," said Willie.

"Did you ever think of the religious life?" asked Charlie.

"Never. But in any case I would never come to this hole of a place!"

On Christmas Day 1890 Willie was alone at the piano when his father came in and asked him if he had made up his mind as to his future career.

"Yes," he answered, and played his joy and happiness into the piano after thus giving himself openly to Jesus.

On 31 March 1891 he entered the Jesuit Novitiate of Tullabeg running up to the hall door three steps at a time to the astonishment of Father Socius, who was not accustomed to see novices coming in such a merry mood.

A real vocation it proved to be without a doubt or wavering, with an ever-growing steadfastness and love to the end. On 1 May 1893, towards the end of the novitiate, he made a "pact" with the Blessed Virgin Mary, which he wrote with his blood: he wanted to commence his life of slow martyrdom and obtain from her "the one favour I wish and long for: to die a Jesuit martyr."

The Jesuit

Owing to his delicate health, Mr Doyle, as he was now called, did not continue his studies but was sent for regency to Clongowes Wood College, a large boarding-school near Dublin. He showed considerable ability as a teacher but it was as prefect that he was most successful and popular. He was a good organiser; he excelled in all outdoor sports; he was very kind and very just, two qualities that appeal to boys. Yet there was a certain awe mingled with their affection.

Here, too, there was an incident that revealed his heroism. He was called in to arbitrate in a dispute on the doubtful result of a cricket match; the junior club won by a narrow margin and the beaten side declared that the victors had doctored the score. Fr Doyle gave the case against the defeated eleven. The verdict so exasperated one of the boys that he called Fr Doyle a 'damned cheat!'. Everyone

expected an immediate reaction, an exemplary punishment. Doyle remained calm. Two or three days passed and nothing happened. The culprit began to grow sorry. At last he apologized, offering to accept punishment, but Fr Doyle only laughed good-humouredly and treated him to biscuits and lemonade and some sound advice.

After he had worked in Clongowes for four years, he was sent to the philosophate of the French Jesuits in Enghien, Belgium. But his health grew steadily worse and after a year, in September 1899, he was transferred to Stonyhurst for the remaining two years of his philosophical studies. His simple, unassuming character, his high spirits, above all his readiness to sacrifice himself for others, endeared him to everybody. "I don't remember his appearance even," said one of his English companions many years later. "But I do remember this, that when an act of kindness was to be done, Willie Doyle was there to do it." Those were the years of the Boer War and feelings ran high among the different nationalities that formed the community. Though he took a different view from most, he never lost the respect and esteem of any. Thanks to his playful vivacity, he could venture to joke about matters that touched national sentiment and diffuse tension.

After another stint of prefecting (1901-1904), Willie went to Milltown Park, Dublin, to begin the study of theology. He found it hard. "You know I was never intended by Almighty God to keep my nose buried in books all days. Climbing up chimneys, or walking on my head across the roof of a house, is more in my line." But he worked courageously and on 28 July 1907 he was ordained priest. In October he went to Tronchiennes for his tertianship.

The priest

During tertianship Fr Doyle was sent to Aberdeen, Scotland, and to Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, for his Lenten ministries. His companion at Aberdeen was Fr Matthew Power, an experienced and successful missioner, who gave

this opinion of his young colleague: "Young and inexperienced at the start of our great mission some years ago, he proved conclusively that he was a Jesuit missioner to the manner born and this from the very first sermon he preached. Every day he grew in the affection of the Aberdonians until we parted, to his great grief and mine."

During the mission in Yarmouth he was returning home late one night from hearing confessions when he happened to meet a prostitute. Moved by a sudden impulse, he stopped her and said:

"My child, aren't you very late? Won't you go home?"

Then looking at her earnestly he added very gently:

"Don't hurt Jesus. He loves you."

He passed on and soon forgot the incident.

Two years later, when he was giving a retreat in a convent near Dublin, the governor of an English prison sent this telegram to his Provincial: "Please send Father William Doyle, S.J., to D. Prison. Woman to be executed tomorrow asks to see him."

Doyle reached D. Prison and asked:

"Who is this woman and why does she want to see me?"

"Her name is Fanny Cranbush. She is a girl of the unfortunate class who was convicted for her part in a poison case. When brought here she was asked in the usual way if she would like to see some minister of religion. She replied that she had no religion and had no need of priest or parson. A few days ago, however, she sent for me and said she had changed her mind, and would like to see a certain priest. What is his name? I asked. 'I don't know. All I can tell you is that he was in Yarmouth about two years ago. I was told he was from Ireland and was giving what is called a mission in a church there".

The enquiries led to Fr Doyle, but he was still in the dark as to who the woman could be and why she wanted him. The governor took him to her cell and left him alone with her. She explained:

"Of course you don't remember. Two years ago you stopped me in the street one night in Yarmouth. I was a bad girl, have been all my life, and was out on my work of sin. You said to me, 'My child, aren't you very late? You won't go home? Don't hurt Jesus. He loves you.' You said this so gently, so appealingly, and then you gave me a look that seemed to go right through me."

Father Doyle nodded.

"I remember now," he said half to himself.

The rest of the story may be easily imagined. Doyle catechized the girl, baptized her; a tiny altar was erected in the cell, and Fanny heard her first and last Mass and received Communion the first and last time. As she walked to the scaffold with Father Doyle by her side, she whispered to him:

"I am so happy, Father! Jesus knows that I am sorry for having hurt him, and I know that Jesus loves me."

The apostle

At the end of tertianship Doyle offered himself for the Congo Mission but his offer was not accepted. Instead he was once more placed on the teaching staff of Belvedere College. Though he discharged his duty faithfully, he longed for pastoral work, and within the year he found himself assigned to the mission staff.

He had many of the natural gifts which go to make a successful missioner; an impressive appearance, a clear and vibrant voice, considerable fluency, great earnestness, painstaking preparation, and indomitable energy. He was even more successful outside the pulpit. His breadth of view and patient sympathy made him an ideal confessor and his confessional was always besieged. As a "slummer" he had few equals, he loved to hunt out the hardest cases, and once he found them there was no escape. "He can do whatever he likes wih men," said one who knew him well.

The real secret of his success, however, did not lie in

his natural gifts but in the supernatural grace he endeavoured to obtain through prayer and penance.

The ascetic

The little boy shaking his fist at his reflection in the mirror was now carrying out his threats; the novice who longed for a slow martyrdom now set to putting it into practice. How?

We know a little from the notes in his diary and his confidences to trusted persons.

"During a mission I walked one night barefooted over the stones two miles to the chapel. I brought a razor with me, for I am longing to shed my blood for Jesus as his victim. Kneeling at the altar, I made a deep gash on my breast."

"During the winter I have done a penance which I shrink from and dread in a way I cannot describe. I have had to drive myself by vow to perform it. I set my alarm for three o'clock when it was freezing, slipped out of the house in my night-shirt, and stood up to my neck in the pond, praying for sinners. I got in and out two or three times till petrified with cold." (The pond was that in the Retreat House of Rathfarnham, in Dublin.)

"Several times I have undressed and rolled in furze bushes. The pain of the thousands of little pricks is intense for days afterwards."

We have detailed knowledge of one of these incidents because he described it in a confidential letter dated 7 May 1914. "You may remember my accident at Delgany some time ago when I was badly stung by nettles and, according to the doctor, should have lost my life. It really was not an accident. That day the love of Jesus Crucified was burning in my heart with the old longing to suffer much for him, and even give him my life by martyrdom. This thought was in my mind when, crossing a lonely field late that evening, I came across a forest of old nettles. Here was a chance! I undressed and walked up and down until my whole body

was one big blister, smarting and stinging. Words could never describe the sweet but horrible agony from that moment till far into the next day. Not for a moment did I close my eyes, for as the poison worked into the blood, the fever mounted and the pain increased. Then began what I can only call a flogging from head to foot with red-hot needles. It started at the feet and crept up to my face, and back again so regularly that I almost thought that some unseen hand was at work. More than once I knelt by my bed and offered him my life, as I felt I could not live. Then suddenly when the pain was greatest, an extraordinary peace, happiness and joy filled my soul; I had the conviction that Jesus was standing by me. It seemed to me as if he was thanking me for trying to bear the agony for him. When I tried to rise, my legs felt paralyzed. I staggered like a drunken man to the convent (where he was giving a retreat), I could only mumble the words of the Mass. But the moment his sacred Body touched my lips, I felt a change come over me and I was actually able to give the morning lectures as usual."

The one who longed for martyrdom found an opportunity to satisfy his desires in the battlefront.

The military chaplain

World War I broke out in the summer of 1914. On November 9 Fr Doyle volunteered for the front as military chaplain but did not receive his appointment as chaplain of the 16th Division till 15 November 1915. His regiment would be the 8th Royal Irish Fusiliers.

On 17 February 1915 they received orders to cross the Channel. After a tiresome day at Le Havre, the rain never for a moment ceasing, the men entrained for their base. After twenty-one hours in the train and a march of twelve miles, they finally arrived at their destination, Amettes, and on February 28 they left their comparatively snug quarters and began moving towards the trenches.

The hardships and dangers of the firing-line were

eventually followed by the gas attacks, several very hard battles with many losses, and for the military chaplain the task of assisting his men before going to the front-line and when they fell under the German guns. From the Loos area, north of Arras, he went down to the Somme and took part in that important chapter of the war. As a matter of fact, he was awarded the Military Cross for his bravery at the Somme.

On the other side of the line, another Jesuit, Rupert Mayer, displayed the same bravery among the German soldiers. Doyle spent the Christmas of 1916 in the front; the month of January 1917 kept him stiff with cold; at the beginning of March he was given a ten-day leave and could pay a visit, his last, to Ireland.

He had five months left to live. The end would meet him in the bloody battle of Ypres, one of the fiercest of the whole war and so important that the 80th anniversary of the end of the war on 11 November 1998 was celebrated at Ypres with the Queen of England and the President of Ireland in attendance.

"We shall have desperate fighting soon," wrote Fr Doyle in a private letter on 25 July 1917. On the dawn of Thursday, August 16, Irish troops occupied a post totally dominated by the Germans from their "pill-boxes." No supporting waves came up, for no living beings could get through the transverse fire of the Germans. Fr Doyle was speeding everywhere like an angel of mercy.

When on August 16 the fighting became desperate and retirement inevitable, all non-combattants, including the doctor and chaplain, got orders to retire. Fr Doyle did not retire but continued to go round ministering to the wounded. Around 3 p.m. he came to the Regimental Aid Post. With him was Private McInespie who acted as his "runner." While in the Aid Post word came that a wounded officer of the Dublins was lying out in an exposed position. Fr Doyle left the Aid Post at once, crawled out to the wounded man, and ministered to

him. Then he proceeded to half-drag, half-carry him to a safer place. McInespie, who had followed, came after a while and helped him with his burden. They got to a Pill Box, out of which came three officers who stood round. The wounded officer was still alive, and Fr Doyle asked McInespie for his water-bottle in order to give him a drink. McInespie was in the act of handing the bottle, when a shell dropped in the midst of the group, killing Fr Doyle and the four officers instantaneously and hurling McInespie stunned to the ground. When he recovered sufficiently, he struggled to his feet and seeing that his companions were dead, he staggered back to the Aid Post, and gasped out:

"Fr Doyle is dead!"

Fr Doyle was given a hasty burial and no trace of a grave has ever been found.

The hero

William Doyle was an ideal chaplain: joyful and charming, in love with his soldiers whom he never ceased praising as the most courageous that had ever been.

"One cannot help feeling proud of our Irish lads. Everyone loves them – the French girls naturally, that goes without saying; the shopkeepers love them for their simplicity in paying about five times the real value of the goods they buy. Monsieur le Curé would hug them each and every one if he could, for he has been simply raking in the coin these days, many a one putting three and five franc notes in the plate; and surely our Blessed Lord loves them best of all for their simple unaffected piety which brings crowds of them at all hours of the day to visit him in the tabernacle. Need I add that the Padre himself has a warm corner in his heart for his boys, as I think they have for him, judging by their anxiety when the report spread that I had got knocked out in the gas attack. They are as proud as Punch to have their chaplain with them in the trenches. It is quite amusing to hear them point out to

my dug-out to strangers as they go by: 'That's *our* priest,' with a special stress on the 'our.'"

They were conquered by the fact that he shared their life in everything. He marched with them on foot walking through rain, slush and snow, rather than riding his horse (Flunkibrandos by name) like the other officers; he shared their life in the trenches with rats, fleas, mud and humidity; he shared the risk of the firing-line to attend to the dying and, going well beyond duty, to bury the dead under enemy fire.

He received moving proofs of gratitude. "One young soldier seized my two hands and covered them with kisses; another looked up and said: 'Oh, Father, I can die happy now, sure I'm not afraid of death or anything else since I have seen you.'"

"A dying soldier opened his eyes as I knelt beside him. 'Ah, Fr Doyle, Fr Doyle,' he whispered faintly, and then motioned me to bend lower as if he had some message to give. As I did so, he put his two arms round my neck and kissed me. It was all the poor fellow could do to show his gratitude that he had not been left to die alone and that he would have the consolation of receiving the last sacraments before he went to God."

Fr Doyle deserved the highest awards. Besides winning the Military Cross, he was recommended for the Victoria Cross (the V.C. for the initiated) by his Commanding Officer, by his Brigadier, and by General Hickie, all his immediate chiefs. "Superior autority," however, did not deem it fit to grant it to him and no posthumous award was given him.

This refusal aroused widespread astonishment and disgust; it was resented as a blatant discrimination. "If ever a man earned the V.C. in this war, it was Fr Doyle," said Lieutenant Galvin. "Everybody says Fr Doyle has earned the V.C. many times over," wrote a sergeant of the Dublin Fusiliers.

The reason? He was disqualified on three counts: he was Irish, he was a Catholic, and he was a Jesuit.

4. Two Brother Porters: Francisco Gárate (1857-1929)

Transition

Francisco Gárate lived through the aftermath of the 19th-century revolutions. He was eleven when, between 3 and 13 October 1868, 300 Jesuits flocked to Loyola, fleeing southern Spain. He could see them from the door of his farm-house, about a hundred metres from that of the Jesuits. On the 21st of the month the order of expulsion reached Loyola and the boy saw them depart, leaving the house empty.

In a gesture that was an act of defiance against the national authorities, the municipal council of Orduña, by a decree dated 8 February 1870, offered their former school to the Jesuits and entrusted them the education of their young. The founding group was headed by Fr Domingo Landa, a kindly and wise man who knew the Gárates from his days at Loyola; he can be supposed to have invited their boy to be a member of the domestic staff.

Francisco Gárate was already thinking of joining the Society. His piety, the virtues inherited from his parents and carefully nursed in family life, the attraction of the Founder, born at a stone's throw from his home: everything made him a fit candidate. Landa wrote to Poyanne, the large scholasticate-in-exile we already know, and it was agreed that Gárate would spend the Christmas holidays of 1873 at home and set out for Poyanne in mid-January 1874. On

January 16 he left Azpeitia with his father who accompanied him to Poyanne.

"I came to this house of probation with a joyful heart and with the resolve to live and die in the Society of Jesus," the young candidate wrote with rare expressiveness when officially applying for admission.

At Poyanne he received the stamp that distinguished the so-called generation of Poyanne: toughness and a spirituality deeply marked by piety and by aversion to the evils of their time.

Infirmarian at La Guardia

The boarding school at La Guardia, in the north-western tip of Spain in idyllic surroundings, his first assignment after Poyanne, was a version of the Jesuit scholasticate for schoolboys — the same isolation, the same concentration on studies. It was called Noah's Ark because it housed three institutions: a secondary school, a seminary, and a centre of higher studies.

The founder and soul of all three was Fr Tomás Gómez, a man of grandiose plans but a hopeless organizer, a blend of efficiency and utopia, who never understood that the isolation and remoteness of La Guardia rendered his plans impossible to succeed; for him those difficulties were advantages. Eventually all three were transferred elsewhere: the school to Vigo, the seminary to Comillas, the centre for higher studies to Bilbao. This meant a death-blow for poor Fr Gómez who got seriously ill.

Gárate was the infirmarian, with no other training than the notions he could learn in the Poyanne infirmary. Blissfully unaware of the tensions between the higher-ups, his immediate problem was how to care for the health of his 120 charges. Was there a doctor in the vicinity? Where was the closest? How long did it take to reach him in cases of emergency? These questions were among the complexities that the charismatic founder did not think about.

The disposition of the buildings was another difficulty. All were scattered, and there was no place where to keep the patients together. Gárate had to run from one wing to another through open space in the rain and the wind coming from the Atlantic.

He sacrificed himself and did as he was told. We do not know whether the Rector unbosomed himself to his young infirmarian in the days of his malady, but we do know how the latter gave of himself when a schoolboy was seriously ill. He would neither eat nor sleep nor think of anything else but his patient. In a case of a typhoid epidemic that hit the schoolboys, he did not go to bed even once throughout the time it lasted. Night after night he was seen by the patients, seated on a chair, still and recollected.

This absolute dedication – and no doubt the need of a competent man – led to a change of occupation and of place: to Deusto (Bilbao) and as doorman or porter.

University "graduation"

The University of Deusto had opened its classrooms in September 1886. Gárate arrived in March 1888 but did not get his "graduation" until ten years later in an incident that shook the authority of the Rector and sanctioned that of the doorman.

Studies and discipline became a formidable system that soon proved to be impracticable. Seven years of studies, with philosophy as their backbone, and, in order to foster study, an iron discipline with silence between lectures, moving in ranks inside the building. These were remnants of La Guardia and, it must be admitted, an effort to apply the pedagogical principles of the Jesuits of those days.

Things went fairly well during the initial years, but became worse dissatisfaction mounted until it exploded in 1898. That was the year when Spain lost what was left of her former colonies – Cuba in the west and the Philippines in the east, both at the hands of

the United States, suffering a humiliating defeat; it also turned out to be the year of the collapse of discipline in Deusto.

On April 29, 18 days after the declaration of war on Spain by the U.S., the students of Bilbao organized a demonstration against the Americans. Those of Deusto wanted to join them. Fr Casado, "one of the most feared rectors in Deusto's history," refused them permission but allowed them to have their own demonstration inside the university building.

Gárate, who had been ten years minding the door and had an inkling of the stirrings among the students, took the precaution of calling two hefty policemen to reinforce his own authority. As he had guessed, the orderly demonstration envisaged by the Rector got out of hand. Someone managed to produce an effigy of an American marine and another pulled out a U.S. flag. The students assembled in the court, hanged the marine, and burnt the flag to boisterous applause. Then they stormed the door to try and join their companions in town. Gárate stopped them on his own authority and the imposing presence of the two policemen. The tension subsided when some of them began to cheer the policemen and cry "death on the Yankees."

Unable to go out through the main door, they did so through the hill behind and joined the demonstration that was taking place in front of the city's Town Hall. When they returned, they received stern orders to retire to their rooms. Still in a defiant mood, they organized a pantomime of the 1868 anti-clerical disturbances and sang couplets making fun of the Rector and several other Fathers. Order was eventually restored thanks to Fr Echevarría's fists.

It was a bitter lesson but it went home, and things began to change. The former iron discipline was softened somewhat and within a more reasonable framework the atmosphere improved.

Gárate and the students

The more serene atmosphere brought in some small changes in Gárate's duties. Yet, he still had the unpleasant duty for some time, to prevent the smuggling of forbidden articles such as liquor, etc., to the extent of frisking the boys. Even then he kept his amiability and courtesy; the fact that he was soon nicknamed Brother Courtesy proves his popularity and the affection in which he was held.

They knew well that; for all his humility and simplicity, nothing escaped him. "Brother Courtesy is a saint," they said, "but he is sharp also." It often happened that, when they arrived later than the appointed time, they tried to slip in unnoticed. When they reached their rooms they would find that Gárate had already informed the higher authority.

One day Isidoro Valverde wanted to have dinner with a friend in the city. In order to obtain the Rector's permission he, pretending to be the boy's uncle, telephoned and asked Br Garate to inform Fr Rector that his nephew, Isidoro, would be having dinner with him.

"But, Isidoro, how badly you imitate your uncle's voice," he heard at the other end of the line.

More than once, however, his sense of justice made him shield the students from the unjustified ire of the Rector. Julio Lastagaray, from Bilbao but a boarder, had received permission from the Rector to have lunch at home on his mother's birthday, but on this condition: he should return by such a time not to miss class. When he was returning as agreed, he met a group of companions who told him there were no classes. Julio thought this annulled the condition imposed on him. When the time of his re-entry arrived, a zealous Rector enquired from Gárate whether the student had returned at the time agreed. Informed that he had not, he said:

"When he returns, tell him that he stands dismissed."

Convinced of the student's innocence, Gárate judged that he ought to interpret the Rector's orders benignly.

When Julio returned, he let him go to his quarters. Later on the Rector asked him if Julio had returned.

"Yes, Father; it is a long time he is back."

The Rector showed him his displeasure because he had not obeyed orders. Gárate allowed him to let off steam, and then said with as much modesty as calm:

"Well, Father, it has all been a misdunderstanding of mine."

There had been no misunderstanding but a great deal of common sense and uprightness.

The visits

Deusto's parlour was a very busy place and many of the visitors belonged to high society. The peasant's son was equal to the task; kind but not obsequious, with a kindness that came from his natural goodness and was hence unwavering and the same for all.

"The same kindness for all," say the witnesses; for the chatter-box who got on your nerves with his (or most often her) endless talking, and for the high-society lady who came to see her confessor. Courteous with the high, without flattering; with the low, without condescension.

His simplicity was like the dove's but hid the serpent's shrewdness and a perspicacity that did not permit deception. He could guess at once the purpose of certain visits and more than once he saved the Rector from embarrassment. When someone asked to see the Rector, Gárate would first find out the purpose, then he would consult the Rector and tell him of his suspicions. The Rector would leave the matter in his hands and Gárate handled it with the skill of a professional diplomat, without giving offence to the importunate visitor.

One day one of these visitors asked to meet the Rector. The way he walked from the foyer to the parlour was enough for Gárate to enter into suspicion. He spoke to the Rector and told him that, in his opinion, the matter could

be settled by him in the parlour. He was right; the individual was a swindler.

He showed the same discretion, but in quite another way, when he once opened the door to Prime Minister Eduardo Dato who came unannounced and asked for the Rector. Gárate recognized him and enquired discreetly "whom he should announce." A sign of respect slightly mingled with surprise was all that he allowed himself to show. He accompanied him to the V.I.P. parlour and entertained him pleasantly until the Rector's arrival. The domestic chronicle adds that the community and the student body alike commented on the incident with admiration and some amusement at the ease with which their Brother Porter, a peasant's son, had handled the ticklish situation.

His favourite clientele

His favourite clientele were the many paupers who called at the doors of all religious houses those days.

At the beginning he had fixed days, one or two per week, and they used to be between 30 and 40, sometimes 100. They came in long lines, with ill-smelling tatters and dirty bodies. He gave each a piece of bread with a smile.

That spectacle was not to the liking of some, and a Rector suppressed the practice. From then on they were helped whenever they came so as to avoid the crowding of beggars at a time when visitors were most numerous. Gárate was pained by the decision.

The new system had the advantage of greater discretion and the possibility of personal attention. Gárate made the most of this advantage. He always had something to give, and if it was crumbs of bread he prepared them in such a way that they did not look crumbs. He was not satisfied with helping them materially. He listened to their stories and consoled them; "he was like a mother," according to one; "the hours he spent with the poor were a pleasure to him," says another.

There was a class of paupers he cared for with special attention: those ashamed to beg. He spared them the shame they would feel if seen receiving alms; he made them pass to the parlour as any other visitor and went to the kitchen to fetch food. No one came to know. No one except the cook who was his townsman and mumbled a complaint but gave him whatever he wanted.

Cheers and claps

The anecdotes around Gárate multiplied and the Porter became the most popular and best loved man in the university.

One of its old students who became the Minister of Finance in the twenties visited his Alma Mater and was feasted by his companions with a banquet. When he arrived and saw the Brother, he proclaimed in a loud voice for all to hear:

"Here comes the saint."

"You haven't changed a bit. You are light-headed as ever," was Gárate's retort.

At the end of the banquet the Minister asked the Rector to send for Brother Gárate. The Rector issued the order and a mighty chorus seconded it.

Brother thought it was only a joke by his light-headed friend and played for time. But when he learnt that the order had come from the Rector, he made for the hall. He tried to reach the head table from behind, but they barred the passage and he was forced to cross the whole length of the hall amid cheers and claps. He suffered the ordeal with head bowed and eyes downcast until the Rector told him he could leave. He did so with haste amidst new cheers from the public.

This scene was not like the 1898 gradutation; it was the recognition of a veteran who had earned the esteem, love, and veneration, of generations of students; it was the acclaim given to a master, *Doctor Honoris Causa.*

The man of God

A master, no doubt, but not with words. "He hardly spoke, much less in the guise of a preacher, on religious topics," states a lay witness. "We were good friends, yet he never gave me advice." It was with his life and without pretence that he did his teaching.

All could see that he was possessed by God. When he went about the house – and he had to go up and down all day doing errands – he was recollected in prayer. Whenever he had a little free time, he liked to retire and pray more calmly.

He had in fact arranged a kind of oratory by the porter's booth and adorned it with a picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary and a statuette of St Alonso Rodríguez, his model. He usually prayed standing, arms crossed. If he was caught on his knees, he showed embarrassment. More than once he was seen there, praying in the dark.

In the chapel he used to choose a place where he could pass unnoticed and usually prayed on his knees, motionless, arms crossed, head slightly bent forward, in a reverent attitude. But it would seem that his intense sense of reverence made him prostrate himself, and several caught him prostrated, his forehead touching the ground, or raising himself awkwardly trying to dissimulate.

No one could find out for sure how many hours he slept in that tiny and uncomfortable room he took for himself close to the main door and which has been preserved as he left it. The earliest he is thought to have been habitually retiring was around 11 p.m. and rising at 4.30 a.m. at the latest. The Brother who did duty as night-watchman once saw him at four, climbing the stairs that led to the chapel.

"Brother, what were you doing today at four in the morning?" he asked Gárate later that day.

"I was already dressed and not knowing the time I went up to the chapel."

Of course he was dressed already. It was common knowledge that he did not sleep in bed but seated on a

chair. His bed linen remained intact. And of course he did not know the time; he did not have a watch, and in order to know the time he had to go and look at the clock in the main staircase. The night-watchman saw him doing so on more than one occasion between two and three of the morning.

His official time-table started with Mass at 5 a.m., which he invariably served, and ended when he could lock the main door, which could be as late as the last comer might happen to arrive. However late a member of the community was to arrive from a journey, Gárate waited for him, kept warm food for his supper, and gave him pleasant conversation while he supped.

The last and longest day

Gárate had been suffering from certain ailments but in silence. The last day came to him on 8 September 1929, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was also his longest day.

For those who lived with him it began when, at the usual time, 5 a.m., he opened the door of the public chapel. For him it had begun much earlier; he had been suffering from urine retention for several days together, and the excruciating pain had surely not allowed him to sleep.

During the day the signs of his illness recurred and became more intense; he was eventually persuaded that he had to retire to the infirmary. About 5.30 p.m., stooping and pale, he left the porter's booth for good. Very much against his simple and reserved self, he made a symbolic and spectacular gesture none would have expected from him.

He turned towards his "oratory," the cubicle of his devotions, the place of his encounters with the Lord, and made a profound inclination, a liturgical gesture as though to emphasize that the High Mass of his life was ended. Then he started to climb the main staircase slowly and laboriously.

His face betrayed his serious condition. Fr Rector happened to pass and Gárate told him:

"Father, I have been told to go to the infirmary."

"Yes, Brother; do go to the infirmary."

But there was the chapel on the way, which he could not pass by. He had never passed it by all through the 41 years he had been in Deusto. He entered for his last visit to the Master he had so faithfully served.

The infirmarian ordered him to bed. He made his confession and received viaticum. The doctor came towards midnight and examined him. He had a huge urine retention and dilatation of the bladder. Three litres of urine were extracted, yet the patient's general condition did not improve; on the contrary it grew worse, probably due to a prostatic tumour, according to the doctor.

In the small hours of the morning he asked for, and was administered, the sacrament of the sick. He complied with the last couple of duties still pending: an umbrella that had been sent for repairs had to be collected, and Masses should be said for the 15-peseta stipend that could be found in the drawer of his desk in the porter's booth. Fr Rector read the last prayers, and he followed them with eyes closed and deep recollection.

Death came just at the end of the last prayer. He expired without the least convulsion, as though he was falling asleep. With his usual reserve, he said nothing and did not pray aloud, even though he was lucid to the end.

José Marcos Figueroa (1865-1942)

A historic place

The *Colegio de la Inmaculada* in Santa Fe, Argentina, is a historic monument dating back to 1610. Before the suppression of the Society it was a prestigious educational institution and also the centre of the mission. Closed down at the time of the Jesuits' expulsion, it earned a place of

honour in the history of the new Republic when, in 1853, the people's first representatives assembled to adopt a new constitution in one of its halls, which was henced named "the hall of the *Constituyentes".*

The college was re-opened for teaching in 1862 and catered for the seminarians of the Paraná diocese in addition to the usual lay students. In 1878 it was given provincial status and put on a par with those of the state. In 1884 a hostile government withdrew this autonomy, and a more favourable president restored it in 1891. Then students began to flock not only from Santa Fe but also from Entre Ríos, Córdoba, Corrientes, and even Paraguay and Uruguay, and the college kept growing. In 1902 a meteorological observatory was set up in the southeastern block of the building.

The seminary, too, had its own history. It functioned quite well side by side with the college and in the same building until in 1900 a bishop thought he ought to apply to the letter the dispositions of the Plenary Latin-American Council and demanded a complete separation between the college and the seminary. This involved building work and increase in personnel, innumerable complications, and great uncertainty, which was solved at the end of 1906 with the transfer of the seminarians to Guadalupe.

In the midst of these transformations and of the repercussions they had by way of expansions and changes in the building, there was something that kept unchanged: the face of José Marcos Figueroa, who manned the door for 54 years, from 1888 to his death in 1942. Always calm and smiling, he presided over the entrance with the natural ease of a king.

From the Canary Islands to Argentina

Yet the king was the child of humble peasants who cultivated an arid land on Lanzarote Island, one of the Canaries. In 1873, "the year of the famine," Nicolás Zoilo Figueroa, 35, his wife Rafaela Umpiérrez, 28, with their

children José Marcos, 8, María de los Dolores, 5, Isabel, 3, and Juan Secundino, just a few months, obtained licence to embark and migrate to Uruguay along with many of their compatriots.

The Canelones area in Uruguay received this name through a deformation of the word "canariones" with which those who had come from the Canarian Archipelago were contemptuously referred to. The Figueroas landed in Montevideo, from where they moved to a farm close to Santa Lucía, in the Canelones department.

José Marcos attended the local school four months to learn the three Rs. That is as far as he got. His memory and intelligence helped him to make do with that much schooling.

On Sundays he used to attend Mass at Santa Lucía. The parish priest, Fr Arróspide, was impressed by the regularity with which he covered the long distance on horseback, the devotion he showed, the fervour he maintained through twelve long years, and the transparency of his soul, and started to initiate him in the spiritual life. The priest's mother, equally impressed, ventured to suggest to him the possibility of entering a religious order.

José Marcos followed the suggestion: he met the Jesuit Superior of the Chile-Uruguay Mission, on 30 January 1886 bade farewell to his parents, and joined the school-cum-seminary at Montevideo as a postulant. On August 12 he entered the novitiate in Córdoba. He was received by Fr Bustamante, the Novice Master, who was transferred to Santa Fe as Rector the following year.

In May 1887 smallpox attacked Figueroa with such virulence that no one except the infirmarian was allowed to get close to him. The infirmarian was Br Rojas, who did not leave him for a moment. Figueroa got well but Rojas contracted the disease and died. This experience marked Figueroa for life. He learned what heroic charity means.

Porter of Santa Fe

He did not complete his novitiate in Córdoba. On 20 May 1888 he left for Santa Fe and was received by his former Novice Master Fr Bustamante. After the vows he worked as Assistant Infirmarian and Assistant Buyer; after a year he was made Buyer-in-chief and Assistant Porter; in 1892 he monopolized both jobs; from 1893 onwards he was only Porter. He had evidently been tried in several offices until he proved his qualities for one. He would retain the post until his death in 1942.

In those first patriarchal days the job was not as complicated as it became in time. Emergencies were not lacking, however. During droughts, for instance, the people of the neighbourhood used to fetch water from the school's well and it fell on Br Porter to enforce order.

The care of the gardens was another occupation that took his time. The "orange-tree courtyard" with its bower of wisterias was also the object of his care and his vigilance lest the schoolboys fell into the temptation of plucking the oranges; Brother would catch them red-handed as they hid in the foliage.

One of the colourful features at the time was the school band. Its members were called "bandits" and used to play not only at the solemn school functions but also to mark the pace when there was an outing and the students came out of the school in troop formation.

Those good old times passed never to return. The growth in numbers and the Observatory required enlargements that the school authorities were encouraged to undertake when on 29 July 1907 the property passed into the Society's hands. The general transformation of the building included that of the porter's location and – as though to try his patience – its temporary transfer to a number of locations which had to be given up in turn as the building work proceeded. He eventually found himself installed in the middle of the main façade, facing the square. He no longer enjoyed the view of the orange-tree

courtyard, but the foyer had a new charm. A white statue of the Sacred Heart, standing out against the creepers of the wall of the historic "hall of the Constituyentes", welcomed the visitors with its open arms.

Ever active, ever smiling

In the *Colegio de la Inmaculada* "the art of education began in its very entrance," its historian Guillermo Furlong says beautifully. It began with the contact with a man of God who had attended school for only four months but possessed true wisdom, the one coming from God.

Figueroa knew the students, all of them, by their faces and by their names. Years passed and no old boy would visit the school without meeting the Brother and being greeted back by his own name by a man who did not forget because he loved.

He opened the school door at 6 a.m. and shut it at 8 p.m. He attended to three telephones. Since the Observatory received the official time and the city did not yet have public clocks, many people used to ask for the exact time. Figueroa answered each caller with the kindest courtesy and replied to a number of questions about the weather forecast.

His extraordinary memory and mental agility allowed him to fulfil his duty as porter without losing his calm. Sometimes his delicate conscience would not allow him to tell what he considered to be a lie, and that created problems. To say that the Rector was indisposed, not to be found, at a meeting or absent, when he was not, was to tell a lie. He found the way to come out of such straits without resorting to lies. If someone insisted, he would say simply but firmly:

"I am sorry, but it is not possible to see him."

As though he did not have enough work, he took up other jobs. In 1923, when the Brother working at the Observatory was taken away, his work fell on Figueroa; from then on, he climbed to the tower at the appointed

times in order to write down and communicate the observations. In 1925, together with a Father and a former student, he founded a society to raise funds for improvements in the school. His signature was enough to move the Alumni to contribute. He also became a shopkeeper; in order to make books, notebooks, pencils and pens, more easily available to the students, he bought them wholesale and sold them at cost price.

That was not all. He became an "apostle of the good press." In Santa Fe it was difficult to get good books. Figueroa contacted over 25 publishers and bookshops at home and abroad. His accounts, which have been preserved, are a model of book-keeping. In order to be able to recommend good reading material to his many clients, he spent his free time reading and he became quite an authority in bibliography.

The demolishing pickaxe

But there came one day in 1940 when a new auditorium began to be built right at the entrance of the school, taking a portion of the orange-tree courtyard and of that of the community. When the demolishing pickaxe knocked down the historic "hall of the Constituyentes", it also did away with the creepers that covered its wall and formed a canopy over the statue of the Sacred Heart. Figueroa had watered those creepers so lovingly for over 35 years; their disappearance seemed to produce a similar wreck in his own person. He had had no major health problems throughout the 52 years he had held the post, only a boil which he cured with his favourite remedy — papaya leaves, which plant he began to cultivate with real gratitude. He cured his colds and sporadic stomach troubles with an infusion of the same leaves, which had become his panacea; when his heart troubled him, he munched them with devotion.

Now his favourite remedy worked no more. At the beginning of 1942 he was unusually low. He felt so tired

that he remained seated on a chair, doing nothing. Fr Rector got alarmed and sent for the cardiologist.

The analysis and the electrocardiogram revealed a distressing picture: high blood pressure, polysclerosis, dilation of the aorta, aortic unrolling, chronic myocarditis, and circulatory deficiency. Since nothing could be done, it was decided to let him continue in harness.

In mid-June he contracted a pneumonia that nearly killed him. He was given the last sacraments, but he picked up and at the beginning of August he returned to the porter's office. He knew that the end was near and tried to put things in order: pending accounts with bookshops, correspondence, the forthcoming prize distribution.

The death of another Brother in the community impressed him strongly and he was quite despondent on the evening of November 19. He was ordered to bed. He was given a stimulant and took an infusion. Br Infirmarian had absented himself for a while to attend to another dying member of the community; when he returned, he found him dead. He had expired quietly, giving trouble to no one.

5. An exceptional candidate: István Kaszap (1916-1935)

The childhood years

The head of the post office of Székesfehérvár, a historic town in Hungary 52 kilometres southwest of Budapest, was a good-natured and easy-going man; but his third child was not shaping in his father's likeness — he was ill-tempered. If he was teased, the child, István became so angry that he would start kicking and throw whatever he could at the culprit. When it was time to go to school, he refused. He

yielded only when he was told that the police would come and take him forcibly.

Later on, István drew a sharp distinction between his childhood and his youth. His youth had been calm; his childhood, agitated. There had been a change, then. And the change was noticed; he became kindlier and more obliging. To alleviate the economic difficulties of the family he began to earn some money baby-sitting for a neighbour. He loved the poor; one day a beggar asked for a shirt and he gave him his own.

The school years

Like his elder brothers, he attended St Stephen's High School, which was conducted by the Cistercians.

He was not a brilliant student; he ended up among the first, but he began as a very average student, with many pass marks, some second class and one or the other first class marks.

He touched his lowest level in his sixth form; but he reacted and completed the course with better, but still mediocre marks. He finishned his seventh form with first classes in all but two subjects. In his eighth and last he came out with flying colours: his mark-sheet contained only first classes.

If he did not shine in class he was a splendid boy; somewhat retiring and sparing in words, but an excellent companion; obliging and pleasant, but courageous. At home he helped in domestic chores without any complex; he cut wood, took the bread to the public furnace, prepared the meals, and washed the dishes. Everything gracefully and joyfully.

He liked to serve Mass and was not satisfied with serving one; he wanted to serve as many as he could. He got up at six and darted to the sacristy there to wait for the priest to come.

He was also a Boy Scout and one of the most active. He kept his diary faithfully; in his seventh year he was

named head of a patrol; the little ones adored him, spoke of him at home and brought their dads to meet him. When he organized an outing, the latter knew that they were in good hands.

Love of nature is an important feature of the Scout movement and István was a lover of nature. The annual camp was held in a beautiful forest; it was at its most beautiful in the early hours, when "the forest begins to awake and the singing of birds fills the forest." It was the time István chose to walk among the trees, admire nature, and do his half-hour of prayer.

He was one of the best disciples of Professor Denkinger, the Athletics Instructor, who had an extraordinary ability to bring up young athletes. In his final year István trained and practised doggedly and came out as the school champion. He also took part in a national competition and won the fourth place and a number of gold, silver, and bronze medals.

Yet 7 March 1934 was the day of his most brilliant exploit. At the championship held in his native town he got the highest marks in all the events and was declared the districts' youth champion.

Vocation to the Society

His vitality allowed him to be active in every sphere of life and the student, boy scout and athlete, was also a leading member of the school Sodality and in time its secretary.

He was the strongest in his class, but he did not show it. He did not raise his voice, but his authority was tacitly acknowledged by all; any discussion was settled if someone could say: "István Kaszap has said so." His word was final.

He was held as a model of purity; he felt the rebellion of the flesh and resisted "with youthful energy" (in his own words), with the strength he received in the Eucharist. His father must have noticed his struggle; he gave him Marcell-Koszterszitz's book entitled "The hard command." "I read

it with great interest, one chapter every morning after dressing, and drew strength for the day's temptations."

The mere fact that he had temptations made him consider himself as a sinner and thus got a very poor opinion of himself. For a long time he thought he was a useless boy, unfit for any achievement. This state of mind cost him a painful crisis in his eighth and final year of school.

István wanted to be a priest from a young age and his vocation grew in strength with the passage of years: "I have for a long time desired to become a priest, but I have not been able to take a decision yet about the order I must join."

He made a retreat to solve this uncertainty and the crisis that gripped him and it was then he came out of his doubts. As he was reading Ottokár Prohászka's authobiographical book "The way and the stages", he read the chapter "In the Germanic-Hungarian College" in which the author relates his memories of his studies in Rome. He was struck by the thought: "Jesuit life suits me best. The thought became a decision."

He found it easier to study during the remaining months of the year, his last in school. With his school leaving certificate full of first classes, he made all the arrangements, informed his parents about his plans, and obtained their leave, signed on 20 June 1934.

The next day he left for Zugliget, a beautiful forest outside Budapest, where the novitiate was situated. He met the Novice Master; he was accepted, and they settled the day he should join, July 30.

That day, then, he went with his mother, as he wrote down in his diary on the 31st: "Yesterday I entered with great noise, caused by my boots without heels."

Sickness

That was also the day, 31 July 1934, feast of St Ignatius, when the sickness that was to bring about his death made its appearance. As though it had been lying

in wait, awaiting the right moment; as though his entrance into the novitiate had given the signal.

He was hoarse when he got up and kept losing his voice; when he recovered it, his tonsils became inflamed; then his ankles got swollen. He developed festering boils, first in his fingers, then in his neck and his face; his tonsils swelled again; when he recovered from this inflammation, he contracted pleuresy and the festering boils recurred.

The fever returned after a slight improvement and he felt pain in his legs; he had a smudge of vivid red in his left thigh, close to the groin, of the size of an egg. It turned out to be a tumour. It was cut off, but the fever went up and the red smudge became larger; the doctor widened and deepened the previous day's section, pressed the tumour, and the pus came out like lava from a volcano.

He was administered the last sacraments and an ambulance took him to hospital; it was on 17 March 1935, one year to the day when he won the youth athletic championship. God was calling him to another championship, to another test.

The surgery was very serious. Six long cuts were made in different directions, so wide was the purulent inflammation. He spent several days between life and death. The six cuts festered a great deal and the dressings were extremely painful. The pain made him tremble all over, but his courage rarely flagged. Then he moaned softly. Doctors and infirmarians were astonished by his patience.

He improved slowly and was able to return to the novitiate. He was welcomed with the joy and affection that can be imagined and everybody sought his company. But after the first euphoria he began to feel that he was not cured; he was surprised to notice that he got tired very easily. And not only physically; also spiritually. As his tiredness increased, his spiritual suffering also increased. On 26 July 1935 he wrote: "Everything, absolutely everything is a cross, a huge cross, to me."

The festers returned and multiplied. Little by little he

found himself unable to follow the novitiate life, and a day came when the truth had to be faced: he could not continue his novitiate; he was told he would have to leave. He gave the news to his parents that very day, 31 October 1935.[1]

His mother went to Budapest to fetch him. She was very worried, but her son consoled and encouraged her. The most difficult moment came when he said goodbye to his companions. When he finished shaking hands with all, his eyes were filled with tears. And he did not know he had a five-month lease of life.

The last trial

His return home took place in the first days of November. On the 8th he ran a fever. The doctor was sent for and he observed the old red smudge in the place of the surgery. An ambulance carried him to hospital, to his mother's great sorrow.

"You are leaving us again!"

"It does not matter, Mum. It is God's will. Do not be afraid."

They diagnosed erysipelas, and hence he was placed in the contagious disease block. He was discharged at the end of November, after only two weeks.

The erysipelas was gone, but the cause of the disease, his tonsils, remained. They would have to be removed. István preferred to undergo surgery as soon as possible, before Christmas; then he would convalesce, and in March he would return to the novitiate.

On December 4 he reported to the Budapest hospital, where his tonsils were removed, and on Saturday the 14th he returned home convinced that the cause of his ills had finally been done away with.

That very night he felt strong shivers. He had a

---

1 This decision is criticized today as juridically correct but humanly cruel; justifiable in the hypothesis that the patient could get well, but not so if an early death could be expected, as it actually happened.

swollen throat and the fever had risen to 40°C. On the 16th, when the doctor came, István begged him (in writing) to remove the sediment he had in his throat. The doctor took him close to the window, examined his throat, and said sadly:

"My poor boy; it is not a sediment; it's a tumour!"

István was dismayed to hear the news. Then he went to bed in silence and began to pray. He was seen by a throat specialist, who sent for an ambulance. István was to be hospitalized at once; if the tumour burst on its own, no surgery would be performed; if not, it would have to be cut off.

He was unable to breathe and gasped spasmodically trying to get some air. Towards 3 a.m. he lost consciousness, was taken to the operation theatre, and the incision was made.

"Had we delayed it by ten seconds," said the doctor on duty, "he would have suffocated on the operation table."

When the patient came to, he asked for a priest – again in writing. The Sister, knowing that most patients get well after a throat incision, did not call the chaplain, who would certainly have come at once.

István insisted discreetly: "Is Father coming?" The Sister read the note, smiled, but did not move. István, who knew he was dying, looked at her beseechingly and showed her the note. The Sister, certain that the patient was not in danger, refused to comply with his request.

István turned his eyes to the crucifix he had brought from the novitiate and did not release it from his grip. Jesus Crucified was his only company. Everyone else seemed to have abandoned him.

At 5 a.m. there was a change in the staff. When she made the round of the ward, the new Sister came along. István looked at her and realized she was a different nurse. He wrote in a weak and unsteady hand:

"I cannot make my confession; I only ask absolution. I

cannot take communion for I cannot swallow. I ask for extreme unction."

"I'm going at once to call the priest."

István looked at her with gratitude and the Sister hurried off to fetch the chaplain. What happened in the meantime? In his last lucid moments, István took up a pencil and a sheet of paper from the table and with unsteady strokes, from the threshold of eternity, he wrote his last message:

"Goodby, we shall meet up there. Do not cry; this is the day of my birth unto heaven. God bless you."

When he arrived, the chaplain found him with his eyes open and fixed on the crucifix, but unconscious. István was dying. Within half an hour he breathed his last, he was "born unto heaven." It was 6.10 of the morning of 17 December 1935; his earthly life had lasted 19 years and 8 months.

6. Martyr of Christ the King: Miguel Agustín Pro (1891-1927)

The stage

The religious persecution of the first quarter of the 20th century in Mexico was not less fierce than that in Rome at the beginning of the Christian era, nor were the Mexican Catholics less heroic than those of the catacombs and the Colosseum.

The 1857 Constitution, prepared by Benito Juárez, already contained anti-clerical clauses. The worst came in 1914 when Venustiano Carranza seized power and his troops entered Mexico City (August 20) hoisting banners that read: "The clergy means obscurantism; freedom is

light." The soldiers stormed the churches, snatched the ciboria from the tabernacles and threw the hosts to the ground, organized balls, riddled tabernacles and crucifixes with bullets, and once removed the monstrance during an exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

Carranza reformed the 1857 Constitution and promulgated a new one, that of 1917, which fostered agrarian reform and curtailed the rights of the Church. This Constitution turned out to be a declaration of intent than a programme to be realized and never came into force, but was invoked to persecute Catholics.

Since Carranza did not fulfil his promises, he was deposed in a coup d'état headed by General Obregón, who was formally elected president on 1 December 1920. But he was a virtual dictator; he governed by force and elected his own successor. The elections were a mere formality.

Plutarco Elías Calles, a former schoolteacher, elected president at those of 6 July 1924, resolved to enforce the 1917 Constitution fully. Catholic schools were closed down, leaving thousands of children in the street; priests were barred from performing their ministries; the Archbishop of Mexico was tried in the courts, accused of treason against the motherland; the soldiery parodied religious processions wearing religious habits and pronouncing obscenities and blasphemies.

Pius XI wrote to the Mexican Catholics exhorting them to present a united front in the struggle; the Mexican bishops asked for a reform of the Constitution. Calles replied with a new law establishing lay education, dissolving religious orders, forbidding criticism of the laws, the authorities and government generally, establishing that any religious service be performed within the church and under the authority's vigilance, and nationalizing all the religious buildings.

This law came into force on 31 July 1926. Six days earlier the eight archbishops and twenty-nine bishops of the country had issued a disposition whereby "in the

impossibility to perform the sacred ministry in the conditions imposed by government..., as from July 31 any public service that may require the presence of a priest be suspended. The churches shall not be closed, so that the faithful may continue to pray in them, but the priests in charge of them will withdraw from the same."

It is in that precise moment that our man comes on stage.

The man

Miguel Agustín Pro seemed to combine two persons in one: the one of the jokes and the joy, and the one of prayer and sacrifice, both equally outstanding. The chatterer and prankster Pro became a Carthusian during the annual eight-day retreat. The teasing Pro who entertained and put pepper into every conversation spent more time perhaps in the chapel than anyone else.

His father Don Miguel was an engineer in the mines of Guadalupe, eight kilometres from the mining town of Zacatecas, in the very centre of the country. Miguel Agustín was the eldest of his male children, perhaps more inclined to mischief than the rest. His parents took good care to check his excesses. When he reached the age of 15, he spent more than five years with his father helping in his office work. But whenever he had free time, he went down to the galleries to chat with the miners. This is how he enriched the vocabulary he would find handy in his future ministry. He also learned to play the guitar and the mandoline and to sing a vast amount of popular songs; this and his skill as a story-teller and mimicker made him an irreplaceable element in family gatherings then and thereafter.

On 10 August 1911, when he was 20, he joined the Jesuit novitiate at El Llano. He had been struck down by the words of the preacher when he entered a church: "Jesus Christ suffered all this for us; what do we do for him?"

The month he was going to take his vows, on the night of 4 August 1913, 22 soldiers of Carranza's army encamped in front of the novitiate. Miguel took his vows on the 15th, the dispersion of the community became inevitable. It began on the 15th by threes and fours, on foot and across the countryside. On October 9, after a thousand incidents, the 14 exiles reached Los Gatos, California, where the American Jesuits had their famous house of formation.

In the impossibility to do his studies in his own country, Br Pro did all his training abroad: rhetoric and philosophy in Granada, Spain; regency in Nicaragua; theology in Sarriá, Barcelona, and Enghien, Belgium. Everywhere he left the memory of a witty and joyful man, able to keep his companions amused while he suffered interiorly. He suffered because back home, his family was persecuted and reduced almost to destitution; if he appeared to be jollier than usual, it was a sign that he had received distressing news from home; it was his way of reacting. He suffered almost continuous stomach pains and it often happened that he went away from recreation writhing with pain while his companions were still in splits of laughter. He underwent surgery three times. His third was in Brussels and while still in the clinic he learned of his mother's death. "I do not know whether I was calm or dazed," he confided to a friend. "I had no tears. But when I was left alone in the evening, I took hold of the the crucifix and wept without end." This was the inner Pro.

Into action

Pro was quite surprised about how easily he made his re-entry into Mexico when he returned at the beginning of July 1926, "with government being what it is, throwing out priests and friars from its territory; not even the health autorities raised any objection; no one looked at my passport nor was my luggage examined at customs."

At 2 p.m. on the 8th he was eating his favourite dish, which he had not tasted for twelve years. He could

embrace his father, sister Ana María, and younger brother Roberto; his other brother, Humberto, was in jail.

Those were the last days when there still was public worship in the churches. "I started an uninterrupted series of ministries when I was still half-sick from the journey. My confessional was besieged as if it was jubilee time; twice I fainted and had to be carried away. At the same time there began the talks, the sermons, and the panegyric of our Father St Ignatius."

This feast of St Ignatius, 31 July 1926, was the day of his last public Mass. The tabernacles remained empty, their lamps were extinguished, the bells fell silent. The fact made him cry in a poem he composed: "Lord, come back to the tabernacle!"

But neither did he seek relief in poetry nor was the Mexican people cowed down by the repressive measures of its government. That very day it began a general boycott that hurt government in its most sensitive spot, its finances. Calles reacted by closing down 129 Catholic schools, 50 churches and a number of welfare centres. The Catholics were not intimidated. They intensified their boycott; they flooded the country with handbills: "On with the boycott!" Pro had his pockets filled with them. He was arrested but kept chatting with the driver who was taking him to the police station and kept throwing handbills all along the way.

His strictly priestly activities were plenty. He heard confessions, celebrated underground Masses, distributed 200 to 300 communions per day, received the night visit of the Nicodemuses who wanted to consult him or settle their accounts with the Lord, gave retreats to teachers and workers (which was when the language he had learnt as an adolescent in the mines came spontaneously to him):

The League for the Defence of Religious Liberty named him chief lecturer and he organized training courses. A committee had the task of distributing them throughout Mexico City while other persons secured a hall and an

audience. A radio transmitter was bought and a number of talks were broadcast before it could be located.

He also did charitable work. With the help of a small team of unconditionals he gave relief to 39 families in need; the number kept rising to 46, 70, and 100. He himself carried large sacs of flour through the Mexico streets or got on a public bus carrying six hens amidst the laughter of all around.

Tracked down and caught

The one who mixed with drunkards as one of them, vendors winked at, urchins and vagabonds considered a bosom friend, made himself the most wanted person of President Calles's sleuths. The warrant to apprehend him was issued in October 1926 and he had several very narrow escapes.

One morning the police arrived as he was giving holy Communion in one of his *Eucharistic Stations.* "Keep calm," he told the congregation. He ordered away whatever could betray the religious nature of their assembly, put on his dirty cap, took out a cigarette and lit it, and awaited the intruders.

"There is public worship going on here."

"Not at all."

"I've seen a priest enter."

"I bet you a glass of whisky that there is no priest here."

"We have orders to search the house. Follow us."

"Go all over the house as you please and when you come across 'public worship' let me know so I may also go to Mass."

Of course, the priest was not to be found anywhere.

Another time, at the end of 1926, two police officers were following him in a blind alley and were about to catch up with him. On turning the corner, he saw a young lady he knew. A wink was enough to make her understand his plight and they strolled down the street side by side like a couple of lovers. The police turned the corner within ten

seconds, but Father Pro was nowhere to be seen, only a happy couple whiling away their time.

Pro had an ardent desire of martyrdom. On Saturday, 21 September 1927, he celebrated Mass in a convent and asked the Sisters to pray to the Lord that he accept him as a victim for Calles, the priests, and the good of Mexico; he would apply the Mass for that intention. He wept throughout the Mass; at the end he said:

"I do not know whether it will be pure imagination, but I feel clearly that Our Lord has accepted my offer."

A most serious event provided the occasion, the frustrated conspiracy againts General Obregón at 2 p.m. on Sunday, November 13, a folly committed by four Catholics, which infuriated the authorities. Three of the conspirators were arrested, the fourth was being sought, and it was found convenient to blame the Pro brothers.

The circle kept closing until Pro fell in at 4 a.m. on November 18.

Immolation

Miguel Agustín was staying with his brothers Roberto and Humberto in the home of Mrs Valdés, well hidden at the end of a patio. The three shared the same room. When the soldiers began to force the door open, Mrs Valdés gave the alarm:

"The police!"

"One moment," said Fr Pro. "I'm going to dress."

The door of his room was thrown open and the police entered, their pistols pointed at him.

"Keep still!"

"But who are you?"

"Alvaro Basail, a police inspector. Are you the Pro brothers?"

"Yes."

"You are under arrest."

"Boys, we have been caught; let us offer our lives for

peace in Mexico and let us all three ask God to accept our sacrifice," said Miguel Agustín.

By then the fourth cospirator had surrendered and stated that the Pro brothers had nothing to do with the conspiracy. Obregón himself was convinced of their innocence, yet on the evening of the 22nd he went to meet President Calles and demanded the immediate execution of the detainees. Calles agreed and issued orders to do so.

Fr Pro and Roberto's cell, a damp, foul-smelling dungeon, faced a central hall where the other prisoners had been placed. Fr Pro was in his usual good form. On Sunday, the 20th, he organized a little religious service with prayers, readings, and hymns.

At noon on the 22nd a few journalists came to interview them. Fr Pro made this one statement: "I emphatically deny to have taken any part in the conspiracy."

The statement was published that same day in the paper "Excelsior". The official version, however, continued to be the same: "Whereas the accused have admitted to be directly responsible for the attempt against General Obregón's life, and whereas their responsibility has been established, it has therefore been decided that they be executed forthwith."

During the night of the 22nd, photographs were taken of Fr Pro and Roberto. A great hubbub began to be noticed from 8 a.m. at the police station and around. Photographers and journalists kept arriving, and a crowd of onlookers flocked to the nearby streets.

Around 10.20 an agent went down to the cellars and called out:

"Miguel Agustín Pro!"

The Father came out without his jacket and the agent told him to put it on and follow him. On the way, one of the agents responsible for Fr Pro's capture approached him and begged him to forgive him.

"Not only do I forgive you, but I thank you."

The garden of the police station was literally occupied by troops, with some space in the middle for the four squads in charge of the executions. Fr Pro advanced with eyes cast down, hands joined, walking very calmly. He stood where he was ordered, facing the squad; asked to be allowed to pray, knelt down, slowly made the sign of the Cross, kissed the crucifix he held in his hand, and prayed for a few moments. He stood up again, refused to be blindfolded, turned to the representatives of the government and to his executioners, and said:

"May God have mercy on you; may God bless you."

He held his crucifix in one hand and his rosary in the other; he opened his arms wide in the form of a cross, and repeated Jesus' words at his death:

"I forgive my enemies with all my heart."

Then the words that the Mexican martyrs used to repeat when they died:

"Viva Cristo Rey!"

The troops took aim; the rifles crashed, and Fr Pro fell, still with his arms outstretched; the squad sergeant gave him the coup de grâce. It was just 10.36 a.m. of 23 November 1927.

Humberto was executed five minutes later. Roberto was spared, thanks to a last-minute telephone call. His sister Ana María moved effectively to get the bodies but had to wait for the post-mortem examination to be over. Miguel Agustín's face was disfigured; Humberto did not look the same. Ana María was weeping bitterly, kneeling by the bodies, when she heard her father's voice:

"Where are my sons? I want to see them."

The coffins were opened for him and, without uttering a word, without shedding a tear, he kissed his Jesuit son's forehead first and then that of Humberto. Ana María threw herself into his arms sobbing uncontrollably; he released her firmly but gently:

"My daughter, we must not cry."

They went back home with the two bodies. What followed was a spontaneous popular canonization.

7. Two opponents of Nazism: Rupert Mayer (1876-1945)

A pillar of strength

We are going to witness a new encounter between David and Goliath. Like the biblical David, our David is fearless and stands alone, whereas the Nazi Goliath shows a disproportionate fear and sets all its machinery in motion to crush him.

Rupert Mayer is like a colossus that remains unmoved in the midst of the whirlwind that theatens to engulf him. Everyone else submits; he does not yield an inch; he does not deign to refer to Hitler as the Führer; to Mayer he continues to be Mister Hitler. Reason is on his side and this is his chief weapon. He has other titles that place him above his opponents, the Führer included: the Iron Cross, First Class, he won in World War I (as against Hitler's Second Class), and his condition of war cripple. The award he wears on his chest when he appears in court allows him to hold his head high before the pigmies who try him.

His best asset in the fight, however, is his incredible grit, typically teutonic, tempered only by the Christian love he practises, spreads and defends. This is his true greatness.

Preparation

Rupert Mayer was born in Stuttgart in a well-to-do family, the second of two boys who were followed by four

girls. Each one played some musical instrument and made a little orchestra together. Rupert was first violin.

Vocation to the Society came to him in an unusual way. His father sent him to Ravensburg to complete his high-school education; there he found a number of former students of the Stella Matutina Jesuit School in Feldkirch, Austria, who – just imagine – spoke well of their Jesuit masters. He was intrigued, visited the famous school, made a retreat, and when he next went home for vacation he announced:

"I'm going to be a Jesuit."

His father tried his best to dissuade him but all he could achieve was a compromise: first, Rupert would get ordained; then, if he persevered in his desire, he could become a Jesuit.

He did not go to any seminary; he passed through the universities of Fribourg, Munich, and Tubingen, studying one year in each, did his fourth year of theology in the Rottenburg seminary, and was ordained on 2 May 1899. After a year as curate in the tiny parish of Spaichingen, Würtenberg, he told the bishop he wanted to join the Jesuits. The bishop's first answer was negative but later, when Fr Mayer repeated his request, he consented, and on 1 October 1900 Mayer strode into the novitiate in his brightly-polished riding-boots.

After an eight-year Jesuit formation (1900-1908) and three as a member of the missionary team (1908-1911), he received his life's appointment.

Munich, Phase 1

Industrial development attracted thousands of people from the rural areas to the city. Most were Catholics and the 30 parishes of Munich were at a loss. The Archbishop asked the Jesuit Provincial to assign a Father who could take care of these immigrants, and the Provincial chose Fr Rupert Mayer. On 8 January 1912 our man was in the capital of Bavaria.

He first studied the situation very carefully. He learned that the migratory flow was of 23,000 persons per year, that their most pressing problem was finding work and a house in a city that had 10,000 unemployed. Secondly, in the great city they lost contact with the Church.

Mayer realized that he alone could do very little. He set out in search of thousands of helpers and got 5,600 volunteers ready to look for immigrants quarter by quarter, house by house, in attics and basements, make friends with them, and guide them. He preceded them with his example climbing up stairs, visiting hovels, befriending immigrants not always very approachable.

Within a year and a half, on 2 August 1913, he could produce the first results. The problem had not been solved, far from it; but it was more thoroughly known and it was possible to set the policy to be followed. Bureaucracy alone would not be sufficient; personal and human contact was needed: newcomers should be welcomed and helped to enrol in a trade union (without which they would be unable to find work); they should be put in touch with the Church; anti-religious propaganda should be counteracted. The people of the villages should be made aware of the difficulties that awaited them in the big city; if there was unemployment already, the problem would be aggravated with mass immigration; as for their religious identity, they should be taught to detect the fallacies of the press.

Mayer did something extremely practical for the girls: since none of the existing religious congregations was willing to look after them, he founded one with just this aim and he took up their formation beginning in August 1913.

On the war front

As soon as the 1914 War was declared, Rupert Mayer volunteered to become military chaplain. He thought of the thousands of young soldiers who would be wounded or killed and felt he should be at their side. For him a military

chaplain had to share their dangers and hardships and risk his life like them.

This desire was not immediately fulfilled. In August 1914 he was posted in a field hospital, but in January 1915 he was appointed chief chaplain of the newly-created Eighth Bavarian Reserve Division. As soon as he arrived, he walked to the front-line together with the soldiers.

"What do you want to do here? It is not possible to assemble the men for divine service," objected Dr Robert Bandorf, captain of one of the companies.

"It does not matter. I will just go with you into the trenches and talk with the soldiers."

Bandorf was pleasantly surprised at the warm welcome he got all along the line. When eight days later they were told that there would be Mass, no one failed to come. Mayer knew it was personal contact that mattered. "Every soldier must know that the chaplain is his best friend," he used to say.

Then, in 1916, there was the battle of the Somme, one of the fiercest in the war, with William Doyle and Rupert Mayer on opposite sides. "During this fearful battle, from 29 July to 13 August 1916, Fr Mayer was constantly with us in the most exposed positions," Bandorf relates. "Night after night he joined the medical corps in transporting the wounded from the battlefield." One day during an intense artillery barrage a wounded soldier was left on a stretcher while the stretch-bearers, frightened, took shelter in a shell hole. The soldier had lost both legs and could not move. Suddenly he saw the chaplain shielding him with his body:

"Don't be afraid! If a shrapnel comes, it will hit me first."

Mayer received a number of awards, notably the highest of all, the Iron Cross I Class. The reason given: "We were able to hold on to a very important position only due to the example of fearlessness given by Fr Rupert Mayer." The fact was all the more surprising because the Jesuits were still under expulsion as "enemies of the State"

and the General of the Eighth Division who recommended him was a Protestant.

In autumn 1916 the division moved to the Rumanian front; after Christmas it was ordered to capture a hill overlooking an entire valley. On December 30, while trying to cross a bridge, Rupert Mayer was wounded by a shell. He lay for a while in a pool of blood; he was eventually picked up and brought to a field hospital, where his leg was amputated just under the knee. On 6 January 1917 he was transferred to a military hospital in Hungary, and on the 23rd, his 41st birthday, he was informed that there was an infection above the knee. A new amputation reduced his leg to a small stump.

In post-war Munich

Mayer needed all his will-power to adapt himself to his artificial leg and learn to walk again; at last, on 27 October 1917, he had the joy of celebrating Mass.

Munich faced difficulties to return to normalcy. In addition to the discontent at the effects of the war in daily life, there were convulsive political changes. Monarchists and republicans, rightists and leftists, nationalists and anarchists, were at each other's throats; the communists grabbed power and established a "Soviet Republic" in the likeness of Russia, but they were deposed by the military.

This was the Munich that Rupert Mayer found when he limped back to the city. In spite of his handicap, he made it a point to attend the fiery communist meetings, listened to the speakers, and asked to be allowed to speak. The audience clapped or at times booed at him. Occasionally the organizers invited him to address the audience. His main points were that the salvation of the German people could not be obtained with the help of other countries; the best formula for national reconstruction was the practice of the Christian faith; each party fostered hatred; he preached love.

The prestige he was gaining catapulted him to organizing a great city mission from 8 November to 14 December 1919. As he had earlier done for the immigrants, he resorted to lay volunteers; he recruited 3,600, divided and sub-divided the 30 parishes of the city into units of four or five blocks. The whole population was reached that way.

Mayer had already become Munich's "super-apostle". To consolidate and continue the work of the mission he took over the Sodality of Our Lady which existed since 1610 and had 2,500 members. He raised this number to 8,000. The Sodalists were the active core of each parish, in close cooperation with its clergy; their solid spiritual formation went hand in hand with city campaigns and mass meetings, which made them feel they were part of a powerful organization.

Face to face with Nazism

It was right at that time and precisely in Munich that Hitler's National Socialism came into being and developed. The Apostle of Munich had to take a stance.

Nazism was going to make German patriotism into religion, but did not show its true face at the beginning and Hitler took good care not to betray any animosity against the Church or against Christianity; on the contrary, he posed as the promoter of "positive Christianity". Both opponents, Mayer and Hitler, had a casual encounter at a communist meeting in 1919. After the communist speaker's address, Mayer asked to be allowed to speak and explained the objections of Catholicism against the communist doctrine. Hitler rose immediately after him and said:

"Father has explained the difficulties he finds from the religious point of view; I shall do the same from the political point of view."

Then began the fortnightly meetings of the new party and Mayer attended them as he had those of the

communists before. He was not interested in its political aspect but in its stance regarding religion; he discovered that its only moral principle was the German motherland and that they were blindly anti-Jewish. He did not fail to see that Nazism aimed at establishing a totalitarian state and incited to a hatred incompatible with Christian love. Attending his meetings, he felt a strong revulsion against the personality cult openly promoted by the Führer. "I was confirmed in my opinion that Hitler is very self-centred and typically hysterical."

As he used to when he attended communist meetings, now too he did not hesitate to speak. In one of them the main speaker was convinced that Hitler promoted "positive Christianity"; the speakers who followed him asserted that National Socialism was compatible with Catholicism. Then Mayer rose to speak and he was greeted with a tremendous applause.

"I am afraid your applause has been premature. I am going to disappoint you. I shall explain why a Catholic may not join the National-Socialist party."

On 9 November 1923 Hitler tried to seize power in Munich through the so-caled "Hitler Putsch", but failed. His followers blamed Mayer and his sermons. A little later a highly placed person informed him that some people had planned to kill him. Nothing happened. The Nazis probably realized that, given Mayer's popularity, the murder would have been counterproductive. When he celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination on 2 May 1924, Hitler sent him a congratulatory letter. Mayer tore it up and threw it into the wastepaper basket.

Open battle

After the failed *putsch,* Mayer stopped attending Nazi meetings; he knew the danger that Nazism meant for the Church. He was alarmed because the new party was gaining more and more adepts among the Catholics. "Four fifths of my parishioners," a parish priest told him.

During his first two years in power, Hitler shrewdly cultivated the image of the promoter of positive Christianity, respectful of the rights of the Church. The troubles began in 1935 in connection with the traditional collection in favour of its works of charity. That year it took place on July 18, with due official permission. When the volunteers came out to the streets with their collection boxes, they were attacked by groups of Hitler's Youth. Mayer complained to the police but nothing was done. At 3 p.m. the police ordered the collection to be stopped. On the following Sunday Mayer devoted his sermon to comment on and denounce what had happened.

The next battle was concerning Catholic schools. Since they were guaranteed by the Concordat, the government could not abolish them and tried another means: an active propaganda to establish common or non-denominational schools. Mayer launched an intense campaign in defence of Catholic schools. He attended two mass meetings in favour of common schools; he asked to speak at the first, but he was not allowed; at the second, Hitler's storm-troops surrounded him "in order to protect him," they claimed. He was able to come out escorted by his sodalists.

The third round was a malicious propaganda campaign against the clergy. Thousands of agents were sent out to spy on priests and sisters, and the Nazi press blew up the scandals they discovered, giving the impression that thousands of priests were guilty of all sorts of crimes and the monasteries were cess-pools of corruption. The Apostle of Munich denounced the insinuation in his sermons. "The time to believe what is said by the official press has passed."

He did all he could to counter Nazi propaganda. He preached about 70 sermons per month all over the country, six or seven times on Sundays. His sermons became very popular and huge crowds came to listen to him; the church became too small and he preached in the public square.

The Nazi authorities could not wait long to reduce

him to silence. The Gestapo had no scruples in getting rid of opponents by killing them or dragging them into concentration camps, but could not do so with Rupert Mayer; he was too popular. It tried another means: to forbid him to preach. On 7 April 1937 it issued this order: "Since Fr Rupert Mayer's preaching is harmful to the State he is forbidden to speak in public." On May 28 two Gestapo officials informed him of this prohibition. He acknowledged receipt but added that he would continue preaching.

Just in case, he informed Cardinal Faulhaber and the Jesuit Provincial Fr Roesch, both of whom studied the matter and the consequences that would follow should he comply or not. The final decision was to allow Mayer to defy the order.

"Fr Provincial, I thank you with all my heart for this permission. I am most happy."

The die had been cast.

In the Gestapo's hands

Mayer continued preaching not only in Munich but also in the neighbouring towns, but nothing was done to him. His arrest had to be prepared, and it was prepared by a spate of nasty articles accusing the Jesuits of various crimes. When the Gestapo thought the ground had been sufficiently prepared, on the morning of Saturday 5 June 1937, he was met by two officials and told they had to arrest him. The next day, a Sunday, the news was given in all the Masses in all the churches of Munich. There were demonstrations and the riot police intervened to disperse the crowds.

On Monday the Provincial, Fr Roesch, met the Gestapo chief, Dr Stepp, and found him very annoyed. He asked to be allowed to see Mayer.

"Why do you want to meet him?"

"To see how he is getting on and inquire about his needs."

"I assure you he is getting on well; you may say that everywhere."

"People will not believe it."

"And if you see him, they will believe it?"

"If I do meet him people will believe it."

"You will not see him."

"I shall see him."

"How?"

"He is a war cripple and his mother is 80. Shall I tell her that her son is in jail but I was not allowed to meet him?"

Stepp got up, slammed the door, and darted out. After a quarter of an hour the door opened and Mayer appeared with the Gestapo chief behind.

"Oh, Father Provincial! This is wonderful!"

After mentioning the articles he needed, Mayer said he would like to make his confession, but Stepp bluntly forbade it. After a friendlier discussion, a somewhat softened police chief tried to strike a bargain:

"What if you are allowed to preach at St Michael's (the Jesuit church in Munich), but nowhere else?"

Mayer rejected the offer.

"What if I allow you to preach in all the churches in Munich but not outside Munich?"

"I have to follow my conscience and go on preaching."

"Then you remain in prison."

At the authorities' request, Mayer wrote down a statement (dated 9 June 1937) expressing his resolve to continue preaching in the whole of Bavaria notwithstanding the prohibition imposed on him. With this statement in hand Dr Stepp got a warrant of arrest, dated June 10. Mayer was no longer a prisoner of the Gestapo but an under-trial prisoner and was therefore transferred from the Gestapo prison in Wittelsbacher to the common jail in Stadelheim.

Unbending

The Gestapo urged the Special Court to proceed

speedily and the trial was held on Juy 22. When Mayer arrived at the Palace of Justice, his defence lawyers asked him to sign a statement which said as follows: "No matter my manner as a popular preacher, I shall be careful to observe all the prescriptions of the law."

Was it an implicit admission of guilt?

Mayer showed reluctance to sign the statement. He agreed only when his lawyers assured him that Fr Provincial had approved of it, but he added his remark: "Insofar as this is in keeping with the dictates of my conscience."

Fr Mayer was sentenced to six months in prison; but on the strength of his latest statement the court withdrew the warrant of arrest and suspended the sentence. He came out as a free man. The Gestapo was very annoyed, aghast at the thought that he might return to Munich be acclaimed as a hero. The Provincial, Fr Roesch, proposed a compromise: that Mayer retire to the retreat house of Rottmanshoehe, 30 kilometres from Munich. He also promised that Fr Mayer would not preach during the following seven weeks. The Gestapo accepted this solution.

When the seven weeks had passed, Fr Mayer quietly returned to Munich and resumed his former apostolate, except preaching, as the Cardinal desired and the Provincial agreed. But Mayer was very sad about it. He told the Provincial that people would interpret it as buckling to the threats of the Gestapo.

Shortly before Christmas 1937, Fr Roesch bowed before the evidence: the Catholics were disappointed and the Nazis were jubilant. "I agree with you," he told Mayer; "it is better that you go on preaching."

On New Year's Day 1938 Mayer preached again; he spoke about the Name of Jesus and avoided saying anything that could be considered offensive. On January 5 two police officers came to enquire if he would preach again the following day.

"Certainly!"

He was arrested and taken to the prison at Landsberg am Lech, meant for hardened criminals. He was treated as an ordinary prisoner. His head was shaved; his fingerprints were taken; he was photographed from various angles, and he was given a number: 9469.

His prison term should have lasted six months, till 5 June 1938. In fact he was discharged earlier, on May 5. He returned to Munich and attended the Corpus Christi procession to the people's great joy. The Gestapo insisted that he should refrain from preaching or giving talks to large audiences; the Cardinal did not want to have problems with the Gestapo; the Provincial could not go against the wishes of the Cardinal, and Fr Mayer continued to be reduced to silence.

He found other forms of apostolate: personal contact and counselling, exhortations and confessions in religious convents, meetings with his sodalists in small groups — whenever there would be no traitors to pass on information to the Gestapo.

Third arrest and prison

One day of October 1939 he was summoned to the Gestapo headquarters. An official read out the report of a member of the monarchist party who tried to woo Mayer into joining their attempt to overthrow the Nazi government and restore the King to power; Mayer had not even offered a chair to the man, much less agreed to his proposal. But the Gestapo wanted to know whether other people had approached him with the same intentions. Mayer refused to reveal names. It would be a serious breach of his professional duty.

He returned home with the conviction that the matter would not end there. On November 3 two Gestapo officials came to fetch him. New interrogations, new attempts to get names, and new refusal by Mayer to breach professional secrecy. The police contacted the Cardinal; though he was in bed with flu, the Cardinal said in a formal statement that

German law protected the right of priests to keep pastoral concerns secret.

Mayer waited all day in a waiting-room of the Wittelsbacher Palace, already familiar to him, and observed those called for interrogation, fear written large on their faces and shivering from head to foot. Rather late in the evening, an officer informed him he was under arrest and led him to a cell in the building. A few days later he was told the reason for his arrest: "for supporting movements hostile to the State."

Heinrich Himmler himself, the Gestapo chief in Berlin, decided that Fr Mayer should be kept in preventive custody till the end of the war. He also ordered his transfer to the concentration camp in Sachsenhausen, about 30 km. north of Berlin. On the night of December 22 to 23 he was put on a train to Berlin and lodged in a compartment marked: "Reserved for the Gestapo". In the concentration camp he was not placed in an ordinary barrack but in the infirmary because he was a war cripple.

He began to worsen alarmingly, losing a kilogram per week. Should he die in the concentration camp, the party would have to face popular indignation. After lengthy negotiations with the Archbishop's House in Munich, on 7 August 1940, he was transferred to the Benedictine monastery of Ettal, situated in the mountains south of Munich.

He was most cordially welcomed by the Abbot. Fr Mayer asked the police officers what his status was to be; they told him he was completely free, but he should not go out of the monastery grounds. There were other restrictions: no contact whatever with the outside world; correspondence and visits limited to his nearest relations, and he could not hear confessions. It was total reclusion. He summed up his situation with these words: "Though I am alive, I have been declared dead, a death much worse than the real death I have faced so many times."

Those were the blackest days of his life, all the blacker

because he felt abandoned by all. The gorgeous landscape, the excellent products of the abbey, famous for its Benedictine and its beer, had no attraction for him. He stressed his austerity.

Mayer spent almost five years there, from 7 August 1940 to 6 May 1945, when the American troops reached Ettal and took control of the area. He celebrated his regained liberty with a walk through the town that very day and a homily in the abbey's church on the feast of the Ascension. On May 11, the new police chief of Munich, an old friend of his, came with his car to fetch him. Back in Munich, he could see for himself the destruction wrought by the war; 90% of the town had been destroyed and 6,630 persons killed.

On May 27 the Sodality celebrated its main feast for the first time after the war. The sodalists came in their thousands and their old director addressed them in fiery words to raise their drooping spirits: "God has kept us alive and has a task for us to perform. We must set our minds on accomplishing it."

"The Lord!"

His own task included preventing injustices. In their zealous pursuit of "de-Nazification", the American Occupation authorities punished many innocent people. Mayer's own record under Nazi power allowed him to speak up freely, and he took full advantage of the moral authority he had; he wrote more than 300 letters interceding for persons who had been deposed from their posts on unfounded suspicions.

He used to devote the final hours of each day to this correspondence. At 9 p.m. on 31 October 1945 Br Steffen, his typist, came as usual to start work. Unexpectedly Mayer told him:

"We are not going to do any more work."

He looked utterly exhausted. The following day he began to celebrate Mass in a side-chapel of the church.

He read the gospel of the feast of All Saints, that of the Beatitudes, then began to say a few words, but he stopped and said:

"The Lord, the Lord, the Lord."

The Lord was calling him in fact. He did not fall because his artificial leg prevented it and several persons rushed to help him. A doctor who was present at Mass diagnosed his case as brain haemorrhage. He was taken to hospital but did not recover consciousness. He expired at 11 a.m.

Alfred Delp (1907-1945)

Execution in Plötzensee

On 2 February 1945, Fr Buchholz, the chaplain of the Tegel central jail in Berlin, learned confidentially that a capital execution was being prepared in Plötzensee, the place where the Führer had built a new, functional installation to perform mass hangings. The chaplain was not allowed to accompany those guilty of high treason to the gallows. But not even the Nazi system was so fool-proof as to exclude every vestige of humanity; there always was a good person among the officials. And so the chaplain was able to witness the grim, weary procession as those condemned passed close to his hiding place and he blessed them one after another.

He knew them well because he had visited them during their long imprisonment. There was one he was especially fond of. During the visits he had paid to him in spite of the official ban, they had spoken about the spiritual future of Germany, the persecuted Church, the men of their times. They had prayed together and the chaplain had received

confidences about the swinging hopes and fears that had marked Fr Delp's captivity. He had smuggled the bread and the wine for the Eucharist, and now he was giving him his last blessing before offering the sacrifice of his own life.

Fr Delp's other friends learned of his death that same evening. His sister tried to obtain his ashes for burial in Munich. She was contemptuously told that they had been thrown away, as per Himmler's orders, "not to leave a trace of such individuals."

Intellectual and ardent

Alfred Delp's father was Protestant and his mother Catholic. Alfred was baptized in the Catholic Church, but when he went to secondary school his father demanded that he attend the classes on religion given by the Protestant chaplain and worship at the Reformed Church. In his last years in school Alfred definitively chose the Catholic Church to live his Christian faith, probably under the influence of the New Germany movement, founded in 1919 and later banned by Hitler. He must have been attracted by the youthful and non-conformist ways of the movement.

When he was 19 he joined the novitiate in Munich and followed the normal stages of Jesuit training. Not without difficulties. His fiery enthusiasm caused some concern, as did his passion for Heidegger whom he preferred to more classical authors. In fact he was not seeking Heidegger's philosophical system but his influence in contemporary ideas and movements and the advantage that National Socialism was trying to derive from certain tendencies of modern thought.

His first assignment after his studies, in 1939, was to the editorial board of the review *Stimmen der Zeit* in its sociology section. In 1941 the government suspended the review, occupied its premises, and disbanded its team of writers. Delp retired to a parish of the Bogenhausen quarter of Munich. Officially he would be chaplain of St George's

chapel and carry out his apostolic activity through preaching and personal contacts.

His hoarse and unpleasant voice and his brusque gestures did not make for his success as a preacher; all the same, a faithful audience used to listen to him every Sunday. Those were the years of the great victories of the German army; he fearlessly expressed his rejection of National Socialism. He was particularly incensed to see that the ancestral qualities of the German people were used for purposes of violence and domination. He saw the day when all that pride would give way to devastation and ruin. "The triumphant marches of superman become hard military campaigns, then long processions of beggars, and finally endless lines of corpses."

Some of his friends began to be concerned about how far his frankness and vitality might carry him. When the time for his solemn profession came, the superiors decided on a postponement. He was deeply disappointed. Being utterly frank himself, he could not tolerate the reticence and reservations of his superiors. He also found it very hard not to feel accepted.

God had other plans. By ways unknown to him God was going to lead him to a day much more beautiful than that August 15, when he should have pronounced his last vows.

The Kreisau Circle

The first step in that journey was the formation of what was called the Kreisau Circle. Count Helmuth James von Moltke wanted to assemble a group of competent people to reflect on Germany's drama and prepare the basis of national reconstruction after the fall of Nazism, and asked the Jesuit Provincial, Fr Roesch, whom we already know, to put him in touch with a Father who could take part in the meetings of the group. Roesch referred him to Delp.

A member of the highest German aristocracy, owner of extensive properties in Silesia, an eminent jurist of the

staff of the Wehrmacht as an international law expert, but endowed with a strong social sense, Count von Moltke had just denounced the treatment meted out to French prisoners and demanded the implementation of the Geneva Convention. He had also allowed himself to alert some Danish magistrates about the anti-Jewish measures that the German government was about to apply in Germany.

The group he gathered comprised aristocrats and functionaries, career diplomats, socialist militants, and representatives of the two major Christian confessions: Pastor Gerstenmaier and Fr Delp. The group was called the Kreisau Circle after the name of the country estate where it began to hold its meetings.

These plans were shattered by the attempt of 20 July 1944 against Hitler. The Führer escaped with minor injuries, but a dire repression followed. Even though the Kreisau Circle as such had no part in the cospiracy, its members were related to the conspirators, some by natural kinship, all by the affinity of their ideas. When the chief conspirator and the army officers who helped him were executed, the Nazis arrested the members of the Circle and decided to implicate them in the plot in order to accuse them of high treason.

On July 28 Fr Delp celebrated Mass in St George's chapel, Bogenhaus, Munich. There were two individuals who had not come to pray; the Mass over, they whisked him away.

In Gestapo hands

The Gestapo of Munich refused to provide any information about him. But God willed that someone should recognize him on the train as he was being taken to Berlin on August 6. Delp managed to indicate his destination and ask that certain papers hidden in Bogenhausen be put in a safe place.

But to which one of the Gestapo prisons had he been taken? A courageous woman found out: on August 14

she learned that he was in that of Lehrterstrasse; the next day she sent him a bundle of clothes into which she slipped a note of encouragement which Delp welcomed as a sign of Providence on the feast of Our Lady. He began to feel cared for by his friends at a moment he needed it most.

At Lehrterstrasse he was kept in total isolation for a month and subjected whole nights to endless interrogations and tortures that left marks all over his body. One night the SS threw him into his cell after a session of torture and said to him:

"You will not be able to sleep much tonight and you will be able to pray as much as you want, but no God will listen to you and no angel will come to free you. We shall spend a fine night and tomorrow we shall be in the best form to start again."

On September 12 he was transferred to the central prison of Tegel, block I, the one of the "Herren Doktor": jurists, economists, high officials, members of the nobility, pastors and priests, the members of the Kreisau Circle, the most illustrious names of Germany: Gottfried von Bismarck, Ernst von Harnack, Erwin Planck... One of the guards did not hide his wonder at these strange prisoners who "work all day, pray half the night-time and seem to be happier than their guards."

The rules were milder, the guards obliging, isolation much less severe, and Delp was able to celebrate Mass, although with his hands tied. His letters and his diary testify what those nightly Masses meant to him. "Last night's Mass was full of graces... I hardly slept; spent a long time seated before my tiny tabernacle and did not stop reciting an endless *Take, Lord, and receive.*"

Oblation

The trial of the first group of accused began on November 10. Three of them, militant Catholics, were condemned to death and executed on the 14th. It was a

warning to the others. The bombardments of Berlin by the Allies were becoming more intense, putting the prisoners' nerves to a severe test.

For Delp those were particularly difficult days. On the 30th he began the novena of the Immaculate Conception; he was seeking a sign of God's blessing on her feast. On the evening of the 7th he received a bundle of clothes; inside there was a note announcing the visit of Fr Tattenbach on the following day with power to receive his solemn vows in the name of the Society.

The following day, 8 December 1944, Delp and his visitor sat at either end of a table in the presence of a guard who was seated at the centre. After giving him some news, von Tattenbach explained to the guard that they were going to pray together in Latin. Delp read out slowly the formula of the vows and signed it, with great difficulty due to his intense emotion. That evening he wrote in his diary: "It has been too much for one single time... I had asked for a sign every day of the novena, and how I have been heard! Now I have given up living for myself since the Lord of the Ties of Love has judged me worthy of him."

On December 25 he celebrated in his cell "the most beautiful midnight Mass of my life." He was prepared for whatever God would dispose; "If the Lord takes me along the road that passes through the gallows of Plötzensee, I shall try to accept it willingly." On January 1, the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus for Jesuits, he wrote: "I wish to write one name at the start of this new year, that of my Lord and my Order: Jesus. It sums up all I want, all I believe in, and all that I hope."

Condemned to death

The trial of the members of the Kreisau Circle began on 9 January 1945 before a handpicked jury that would do just what they were expected to do. Delp and the other accused had prepared their defence very carefully; the court did not take up their part in the attempt of July 20;

its chairman Freisler harangued wildly expressing his shock because they had dared to think that the German people could have a future save in National Socialism and the Führer's plans; he re-affirmed the radical incompatibility between Christianity and National Socialism, and attacked and insulted the Catholic Church and the Society of Jesus.

The sentence was announced solemnly on the 11th: six death sentences, those of Delp and Count von Moltke among them, and three prison sentences for the other three.

Contrary to what had been the usage so far in the cases of high treason, the sentence was not carried out on the same day and the accused returned to Tegel ignorant of what such a postponement might mean.

On the 24th Chaplain Buchholz learned that Plötzensee was preparing for an execution. But neither Delp nor his companions were listed among those to be executed that day. He and Count von Moltke encouraged each other in that supreme juncture. "Our only concern must be to fall like fertile seed in the furrow," said the Count in a note to Fr Delp.

The Jesuit was getting ready for February 2, another feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On the evening of January 31 he was taken to Plötzensee, where he spent the whole of the next day, to be executed on the 2nd, when many Jesuits would be taking their last vows in the chapels of the Society. He had feared what he termed "the hour of weakness," but it did not come and he lived his last moments with a serene and happy recollection, fully owning his crime: "that of having rejected the religion of pride and violence, of having seen in Christianity and the Church the force that was to regenerate and save Germany, of having found and loved a family of men of character in the Society."

8. Two prisoners of the Communists: Walter Ciszek (1904-1984)

Back from the cold

It was 3.45 p.m. on 11 October 1963 when the telephone rang in the New York office of the Editor of "America", Fr Thurston N. Davis. The caller was a friend who informed him that the State Department would make an important announcement at 4. The Soviet Union was releasing two American citizens held prisoner for some time in Russia, in exchange for two Russian agents captured in the United States. The two Americans were leaving London that evening on a plane that would reach Idlewood, New York's international airport, the following morning.

The two Americans were 24-year old Marvin Makinen, a Fulbright student arrested two years earlier for spying, and Jesuit Fr Walter Ciszek, swallowed up by the war, thought for some time to be dead. The *America* review could not fail to be present at that unique event; Fr Davis had been a companion of one who was already hailed as a hero.

BOAC flight 501 landed at 6.55 a.m. The first to come out were the young American and the Jesuit, closely guarded by the New York police.

Their welcome was private; only family members and a handful of Jesuits were present. Not so the press conference later on in the office of the review *America* among the flashes of the reporters. Still later, the full

narrative of his adventures, first in talks to Jesuit communities and then in writing, ably helped by Fr Daniel Flaherty, in the book "With God in Russia", in which the facts are all Ciszek's and the art all Flaherty's.

From New York to the Urals

"I am 24 years of age and the decision is mine to take," said Walter J. Ciszek to the Jesuit Provincial when asked if he had his father's permission to join the Society.

"For the last time, you're not to go," said the father banging his fist on the table.

"I *am* going!" Walter retorted, banging the table as hard. "I'm the one who's going, not you."

It was with this determination that Walter entered the novitiate of Saint-Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., in 1928; in 1934 he went to the Russicum College in Rome to become a member of the Russian Mission; in 1938 he joined the staff of the Oriental Rite parish of Albertyn, eastern Poland; in 1939 the German panzers invaded Poland from the west and the Russian troops from the east. Without moving from where he was, Fr Ciszek found himself inside Russian territory. Very soon he got the opportunity to go quite deep into the Soviet Union.

The Russians were hiring large crowds from the occupied zones to work in the factories around the Urals. Ciszek and two other companions, Viktor Novikov and Jerzy Moskwa, decided to join the number. They obtained the approval of their Jesuit Superiors and that of the Metropolitan of Lvov, Andrej Sheptickij. This ecclesiastic gave them the following directive: be very careful, study the situation, and return within a year to report. How naïve to imagine that they were not going to be found out!

Ciszek assumed a new name and a new personality. He called himself Vladimir Martinovich Lipinski, Polish and a widower, who had lost his family in a German bombardment. On 19 March 1940, together with Novikov, he boarded boxcar 89725 of a train to make the 2,250-

kilometre journey from Lvov to Chusovoy, in the Central Urals. Moskwa would follow them later.

After two grinding weeks they finally braked to a halt on a siding outside Chusovoy, a great lumber centre where logs floated down the Chusovaya and Usva rivers. But they were sent to work in the lumber yards of Teplaya-Gora, another boom town some 50 miles further east. There they were turned over to their supervisor, a shifty-eyed ex-judge, who seemed immediately suspicious of Ciszek and Novikov. Ciszek told him his tragic story: he had lost his wife and children in a German air raid; they were crossing a street when a bomb exploded next to them; his wife and son and two daughters were killed outright and he was blown across the street. The ex-judge was unmoved.

In the clutches of the NKVD[1]

At the lumber camp they were housed in clumsily-constructed barracks where it was impossible to have any privacy. Novikov was assigned to office work; Ciszek, to work as an unskilled labourer hauling logs from the river and stacking them in long rows. It was hard heaving logs barehanded with the rough bark until his hands bled, half in, half out of the water to hand up logs to the next in the line. But he not only put up with it but rivalled a giant of a man who set the camp record with 58, 59, and 60 cubic metres of logs stacked in one shift; Ciszek stood second with 53, 54, or 55. Not even this allayed the suspicions of the ex-judge supervisor.

At the end of the summer of 1940 Ciszek applied for a job as a truck driver. He passed the test and was given a broken-down old pick-up, too prone to letting him down at night in deep forest. Then he had to repair it in pitch darkness, with no tools and numbed hands.

Since it was impossible to say Mass in the barrack, they

---

1 People's Committee for Internal Affairs, created in 1934, it had the labour camps under its care; replaced later on by the KGB.

would take a walk to the forest and celebrate it there using a big stump as their altar. While one stood guard on the road, the other offered the holy sacrifice. "It was an experience I'll never forget," says Ciszek. "In the heavy silence of the thick forest, you could hear the squirrels running around and the birds gathering overhead. Suddenly, you seemed very close to nature and to God. Everything seemed beautiful and somehow mysterious, all dangers for a time remote."

Somehow, though, they must have aroused suspicions. In January 1941 they were suddenly ordered to another lumber camp. Novikov again worked in the office and Ciszek was back in a work-brigade stacking lumber in the charcoal kilns. On June 23, at 3 o'clock in the morning, the secret police surrounded the barracks and the two, along with their roommates, were arrested as German spies. Ciszek was taken to the jail of neighbouring Perm and interrogated the day after his arrival.

"Who are you?"

Ciszek began to recite his usual story.

"No, no, no. You are not Lipinski, you are not a Russian, and you are not a Pole. You are a priest and your name is Ciszek and you are a spy for the Germans. Now why don't you tell us all about it?"

Ciszek was stunned.

"You see, we know all about you. So suppose you try to tell me the truth."

"Very well; the truth is that I am not a German spy."

So began a series of interrogations that lasted all the period he was at Perm. Sometimes the sessions lasted anywhere from an hour to all day. The questions were always the same. Two or three times he was led to a well-padded adjoining room and there worked over with rubber clubs on the back of the head; if he tried to budge, he would get a smashing blow to the face. They asked no questions; they only wanted to break his resistance.

In the course of all these interrogations, it became

evident they knew he was an American priest, that he had studied in Rome and crossed into Russia on a Polish passport; but they attached no importance to the fact that his papers were false. They kept insisting that he was a German spy and wanted the details of his espionage.

Early one morning in August 1941 the guard sang out his name and after a number of formalities he was brought to Lubianka.

Five years in Lubianka

There he remained from August 1941 to June 1945, with a clear divide: 20 August 1942, the day he was sentenced to fifteen years forced labour. The first period was his hardest; he got a taste of everything: hunger, solitude, gruelling interrogations, and such a moral torture that, as he confided years later in a talk at Woodstock College, he even tried suicide. He was stopped by the guards when he was trying to throw himsef to the courtyard. When he reached the lowest point of his depression, he felt so intensely God's loving presence that he recovered peace and strength. This experience would be repeated other times when the horizon was blackest.

The first interrogation left him badly shaken; everything about his life was known. He learnt later that Moskwa had spilled out everything; he had been arrested on 29 January 1941 when crossing the Hungarian border to enter occupied Poland.[1] This would explain that Ciszek and Novikov were watched since before their arrest on 23 June 1941.

His stay in Lubianka was interrupted when the Germans began to bombard Moscow; early in the morning of October 6 the prisoners were transferred to the railway station and housed in compartments of trains standing in the yard, pressed like sardines. The bombs kept falling but

1 Moskwa was sent to the Kiev prison, given the capital sentence on 7 July 1941, and executed the same day.

none reached them. From the Moscow station they were moved to a prison in Saratov, and when the German withdrawal began, 23 January 1942, he was once again taken to Lubianka.

Within two or three days he entered what was to prove his most intensive period of interrogation, with almost daily sessions. His interrogator was a pleasant-looking man of about 35, serious and calm, polite and efficient. His name was Aleksandr Sedov; Ciszek found this out one day looking at his passport, which he had left on his desk when he went away to fetch a file.

Sedov interrogated him for six months on end; he maintained that Ciszek was hiding something. The area around the Urals was a major industrial centre for the Soviet war effort and there was a machine-gun factory at Teplaya-Gora. The reason why the priest volunteered to work in that area, Sedov was convinced, could not be other than spying for the Germans, if not sabotage.

Unable to get a confession, he manoeuvred Ciszek's conviction through a treacherous stratagem. One night he sent for sandwiches, a piece of cake, and two glasses of hot tea.

"A little treat for breaking up your sleep," he explained.

As soon as he drank half the glass, Ciszek's jaws got tight, his hand fell, and he slumped; he had been drugged. In that state he was made to sign a confession. It was dated 26 July 1942. A month later, August 26, he was condemned to 15 years forced labour as a Vatican spy, not German.

He stayed on three more years at Lubianka for "supplementary interrogations," but with plenty of time for prayer and reading.

Goodbye to Lubianka

In January 1945 he was surprised to find himself in the same cell with Novikov, who had received the same sentence and on the same date as him. They made up a

daily order for themselves which was little different from that of any Jesuit community anywhere.

Soon afterwards they were joined by a Frenchman named Champon, cultured and a great talker, who soon made friends with the two Jesuits and entered wholeheartedly into what he laughingly termed their Jesuit community. "I've heard and read a great deal about Jesuits, and here I am living the Jesuit life for a while."

But this was a new trick yet to try and see if, in the euphoria of the new setting, Ciszek would reveal any new charge. His suspicion was roused when, one good day at the end of May 1945, the Frenchman was called out for interrogation and returned strangely reticent. Novikov was called out that same evening, and he returned looking very depressed. "What happened?," Ciszek asked. Novikov glanced at the Frenchman, shook his head and refused to make any comment. One or two days later he was called again and returned even more depressed. But he said something very revealing: that "they were really making pressure on him, proposing various deals and trying to play on his patriotic sentiment as a Russian." The atmosphere in the cell had changed completely; Champon was uncommunicative and Novikov began to brood.

The very next day, just before noon, Ciszek was called out.

"Well, now this is your last chance. Have you changed your mind?"

"What I have told you is the truth. What is there to change?"

Without another word, the interrogator picked up the phone, called the guard, and when the guard entered he said simply:

"Take him away."

Ciszek was led, not back to his cell, but down to a detention box. After a while the same guard returned with Ciszek's luggage. Ciszek realized that he was not going to another cell but leaving Lubianka altogether. He missed

his shoes and claimed them. The guard went to look for them but did not find them. And so, at 1 p.m. of a day in June 1945, bag in hand and wearing only his heavy socks, Ciszek walked out of Lubianka for the last time.

Ten years of forced labour

The journey that followed was horrifying, both the leg by train from Moscow to Krasnoyarsk, in Central Siberia, and the one by river from Krasnoyarsk to Dudinka, within the Arctic Circle, in the hold of a tug. Horrifying, due to the company of thieves and criminals and to the conditions of hunger and overcrowding. On arrival at Dudinka he was welcomed with the following kindly words:

"This is Dudinka! You will line up and leave the boat in small groups of ten. Line up, line up! Any sign of trouble or attempted escape means instant death. My men have standing orders to shoot anyone who gets out of line for any reason!"

They worked twelve hours a day. The food was barely sufficient for survival; the cold, minus 30 and 40°C; the bunks in the barracks, bare planks without even a thin mat; insufficiently covered, they could not get warm and the morning found them frozen and stiff, every joint tightened up like welded iron.

The company was another permanent source of suffering. The concentration camps were dominated by common criminals; they distributed the food and pilfered the already poor ration of their companions. In order to survive one had to defend oneself and fight.

Among so many ruffians there was no lack of colourful characters. Like the Ottoman, a mixture of Cossack and Turk, with eight murders to his credit, a savage yet in many ways like a child, who took Ciszek under his protection and listened to his stories about America open-mouthed; Grisha, the gipsy, who taught him how to avoid work and get extra food; thief Yevgeny, master in the art of using his fists, who taught him ruses to get food but was

treacherously killed by a Lithuanian. Ciszek was heartbroken.

He found two other priests and could begin to celebrate Mass, distribute communion and hear confessions.

The work in which he was employed varied. He began unloading coal at the quay; October through December he pulled out logs from the frozen river; there followed one year in the polar mines; from 1947 he worked on the construction of an industrial complex in the town of Norilsk; with the help of an old acquaintance he later got a place as assistant infirmarian.

Things took a dramatic turn with the convergence of two factors: Stalin's death on 5 March 1953 and the very dynamics of the situation of the prisoners, so inhuman as to necessarily lead to revolt. The insurrection lasted over a month. The mutineers stood firm; for a few days it looked as though the authorities were going to yield and grant their demands, but it was only a tactic to play for time. The security forces mounted a well-studied assault, some of the ring-leaders committed suicide, and order was restored. In the final attack Ciszek found himself surrounded by corpses and was almost hit.

In October 1953 he was destined to the Kayerkhan mines, where work was very hard and at times deadly dangerous. Seven men were killed in a flash explosion one day, and Ciszek himself was blown halfway up the shaft in another blast. He wasn't killed or maimed, but he was unconscious for about two hours. By the spring of 1955 a young Lithuanian doctor, a devout Catholic, told him he would have to get out of the mines if he wanted to survive, and managed to get him lighter work.

About the first week of April a year later, Ciszek was called to the camp office and told he would be liberated in ten days. Checking their records they had found that according to the new regulations he was entitled to three months off for exceptional work. He actually served 14 years and nine months of his 15-year sentence.

The night before he was to leave, a farewell party was held, a collection made, and gifts presented. The conversation went long into the night. About nine o'clock on the morning of 22 April 1955, he had a two-hour session at the KGB office signing documents, filling up forms, and listening to a lengthy instruction about his new status. As a convicted spy, he was only partially liberated and got a restricted citizenship status.

At 11.30 a.m. it was all over and he walked out of the main gate of the camp for the last time. After he had gone about fifteen paces, he stopped instinctively and waited for the guard, as he had done for so many years when going out for work. The prisoners and the guards were watching him and had a good laugh; nine out of ten liberated prisoners did the same when they left. Ciszek hid his embarrassment, took a last long look at the camp, almost as if he had to tear himself away, and made for the railway station.

Liberty controlled

There was a train about to leave. He boarded it and went to Norilsk, which he knew so well. He had two contacts: Fr Viktor, a Ukrainian priest released two months earlier, and Ladislas, a young Pole.

He opted for the former, who welcomed him most warmly. He kept changing – and improving – his lodging, found work in a laboratory, and plenty of pastoral ministries, especially when Fr Victor returned to his country and Ciszek remained as "Parish Priest". He wrote to his sister and received his first parcel, a big box with with a lot of clothes, even a cassock.

One day he was summoned by the KGB. After several trivial questions, they came to the point:

"Who gave you permission to do missionary work?"

"I have a right to say Mass at home or to pray as I want to; if someone comes in, I am not going to chase him out."

"It is against the law for a priest to take money from the people."

"You just prove one case where I so much as asked for money. You just try! You know you can't."

He was released but given to understand that he would do well to stop his "subversive activity". At the beginning of 1957, he was called again. They told him to stop priestly activities; this was the last warning.

The measure was filled in Easter 1958, which his parish celebrated in great style. The baskets of Easter bread and sweets he blessed following the traditional Russian practice "would have filled a wagon;" the tiny chapel was packed; as he began the solemn intonation of the Easter Mass, he thought the chapel would explode with the sound; choir and congregation sang unrestrainedly.

The police stayed throughout the service but did not intervene. When it was all over, Ciszek went back to his room, completely exhausted but deeply satisfied. He felt he was beginning to live his dream of serving God's flock in Russia.

Not till Wednesday, when he reported for work, was he summoned by the KGB.

"Vladimir Martinovich?"

"Yes."

"You will please change clothes and come with us."

He was driven to the KGB headquarters; a tall official stared at him coldly, then said with finality:

"Vladimir Martinovich, your missionary work here in Norilsk is not needed. Do you understand?"

"Da (yes)."

"You have ten days to leave Norilsk, and never think of coming back."

He was given an air ticket for the flight Norilsk-Krasnoyarsk and on April 13 he bade a tearful goobye to his parishioners.

At Krasnoyarsk, for the first time in twelve years, he experienced the warm softness of a spring day. A casual

contact soon put him in touch with the Catholic community, more numerous and better organized than the one at Norilsk, and he was at it again. One day he was given the order:

"Forty-eight hours! You be out of town, or we'll get you out!"

He was allowed to choose between Abakan and Jenisseisk; he opted for Abakan because it was further to the south. He spent the first night out in the open; he found lodging later but did not bother to get work; he felt tired and decided to rest. After a year he felt "in full form" and looked for work. He found a post in a garage and gained the esteem of the chief, companions, and clients. He made friends, but the KGB was following his steps.

In April 1963 his sister informed him that she had at last received a visa to make a tour of Russia – Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, Lvov. The tour would begin in Moscow on June 19. Walter decided to go to the capital, but half an hour before emplaning he received a telegram saying that she was postponing her visit.

Then, all of a sudden, Ciszek became an important person for the KGB agents. A general called him for an interview; after a long and most cordial talk, he introduced him to his assistant Viktor Pavlovich, who then "took over." The conversations were repeated on subsequent days and he was asked many captious questions and was made many tempting promises. It did not occur to Ciszek that someone very high up was pulling strings; this had made him important; he would be a great asset for the Soviet Union if only he agreed to cooperate.

It all came to an abrupt end when Viktor Pavlovich tried to close the deal:

"Well, what do you think, Vladimir Martinovich?"

"I don't believe a word you say."

Suspense and dénouement

September turned to October and Ciszek had heard

nothing from the KGB or from his sister. A sharp, loud knock on the kitchen window was the beginning of the chain of events that would take him away from Russia. He was once again summoned by the KGB and told that he had to quit work and go to Moscow. He was given three days' time. He departed, ignorant the reason for that sudden decision. He supposed it had to do with his sister's arrival. In Moscow he was met by Viktor Pavlovich, who introduced him to a colleague, Kuznetsov.

"You go with him, Vladimir Martinovich, he'll take care of you."

"No doubt," Ciszek thought to himself. "But in what sense?"

Kuznetsov did look after him lavishly. He put him up in the best Moscow hotel and feasted him for three full days. He took him to the theatre; he tried to take him to the Bolshoi but could not get a ticket and had to be content with a concert (somewhat boring, to say the truth) of popular songs of the Soviet Republics. He showed him all Moscow; Ciszek admired its avenues and skyscrapers, Lenin University, the Red Square, the Kremlin where he visited the old Orthodox churches; he heard the bells of the Kremlin chime twelve o'clock, bells he had heard every day for five years.

What was wanted of him? he wondered.

He was not told until they arrived at the airport, and that so implicitly and indirectly that he did not understand:

"Vladimir Martinovich, if you want to stay, you can stay with us. You might have a hard time there."

Ciszek was startled. He thought Kuznetsov might be talking about his going home, but dimissed the thought.

"If you want to," the Russian insisted, "we can call the whole thing off. And if you go, any time you want to come back, just let me know."

They were already in the terminal. Then came two persons, not Russians by their looks. One of them turned to Ciszek and said:

"Father Ciszek, I'm glad to meet you."

The man was Mr Kirk, an official of the U.S. Embassy, and this was the first time since he was in Russia that Ciszek was addressed as "Father Ciszek". Everyone called him "Valdimir Martinovich" or "Djadja Valodga" (Uncle Wally).

Kuznetsov was nervous, and Kirk was nervous - but about what? What was the mystery? Finally Kuznetsov said:

"Well, shall we get it over with?"

"Fine," said Kirk, "let's get it over with."

Kirk pulled out a paper, had it signed by Ciszek and said:

"Now, Father, you're an American citizen again."

"It's all a fairy-tale," Ciszek mumbled, and all at once felt free and loose. He had three rubles left and invited everyone in the room to the airport cafeteria. They had hardly begun to drink their tea when a KGB man came over to the table.

"Hurry up, don't miss the plane after all this!"

They boarded the BOAC plane that was waiting. It took off, gained altitude, and swung up in a big circle. There were the spires of the Kremlin in the distance! Slowly, carefully, Ciszek made the sign of the cross over the land he was leaving.

Anton Luli (1910-1998)

Almost a martyr

On 7 November 1996 a great function was held in the Vatican's Paul VI Hall to congratulate John Paul II on his golden jubilee as a priest. The evening's "star" was Albanian Jesuit Anton Luli, whose story had touched the heart of the Polish Pope deeply.

Luli was thought to have died after he was condemned to death on 6 November 1979 since nothing was heard about him. Now he told his story briefly to the 13,000 persons who listened to him in pin-drop silence.

Seminarian at Shkodra

Albania, the mountainous and almost inaccessible country in the Balkans, part of the Roman Empire for four centuries, 70% Muslim, 20% Orthodox and 10% Roman Catholic, was a mission entrusted to the Jesuits of the Veneto-Milanese Province. Its principal centre was not located in the capital Tirana but in Shkodra, with a high school, apostolic school and seminary. The complex of its buildings was the pride of the town and everyone called it the Albanian Vatican. Anton Luli joined the seminary with the intention of becoming a diocesan priest, but he felt the call to the Society and informed his mother, who opposed vigorously:

"I shall send your two younger brothers to the seminary, but you must remain at home. You are the eldest and are needed to support the family."

Later on he learnt that his mother was happy after all about the way he had chosen.

Anton did his novitiate and all his studies in Italy, and returned to Shkodra in 1943, the year of the German invasion. The resistance, led by Enver Hoxha, paved the way for the seizure of power by the Communists, and 1946 saw the proclamation of the People's Republic. Hoxha (1908-1985), founder of the Albanian Workers' Party (1941), Prime Minister (1945-1954), Party Secretary from 1954 to his death, governed the country according to the most rigid principles of Communist orthodoxy and brought it to an isolation that went so far as breaking away from the Soviet Union. This general hermetism is the background of Luli's imprisonment and tortures.

Religious persecution was just as vicious. It began with the execution of Italian Jesuit Giovanni Fausti, recently

named Vice-Provincial, and Daniel Dajani, Rector of the Shkodra Seminary; and the closure and seizure of the seminary and the school with its 40,000-volume library, the best in all Albania. Luli went to Shkreli, 30 kilometres from Shkodra, as parish priest, but on 19 December 1947 he was arrested by the Segurimi (Security) forces.

Unmitigated cruelty

The reason alleged for his arrest was as usual agitation and propaganda against the government. He was taken to Koplík, a little town up in the Shkodra mountains and locked up in a dirty toilet that no one seemed to have ever cleaned, amidst dry and hardened excrements, so small that he could not stretch. Within a few days he was joined by a young man of whom he could not make out whether he was meant to be a companion or a spy.

The commissar used to call him daily to declare crimes he had not committed.

"I have not done anything. If I have, tell me and show me the proofs if you have them. But if the accusations are not true, I cannot sign; I cannot sign my own sentence. You sentence me."

The tortures were frightful. Four or five policemen took him one day to the upper floor and began to kick him as though he were a football; then a hefty fellow started to jump over his body until several ribs were broken; the feast ended by squeezing his throat to near suffocation. At last, he was taken back to his filthy cell amidst kicks and insults.

His food consisted in a 600-gram piece of bread per day which his henchman threw to the middle of the faeces and a little water. For eight months and a half he was not able to wash his face and his hands even once.

He celebrated that Christmas with a special torture session. The commissar took him to another toilet on the upper floor and there, in that sewer, had him undressed and hanged from the beam. The cold began to invade his body. When it reached his stomach, he

began to shiver violently. He thought he was dying for the cold was reaching his heart. He started to yell like a madman. The commissar heard him and came, hit him under the knees, untied him, and led him to his office. There was a stove there; Luli sat on it and took half an hour to get warm.

There were other forms of torture equally revolting, which we better skip. The usual farce of a trial was held and he was condemned to seven years of forced labour in Bedén, a plain in Kavaja, at a marshy land that had to be drained. They went out at dawn, worked non-stop, and came back in the evening. The food consisted of 750 grams of bread and a soup with a few grains of rice, beans, or pasta. Their clothes were in tatters.

In 1953, a year before the end of his term, he was sent to the prison of Burrel, famous because several detainees died each day. It was called the "annihilation camp". He was sent in the place of one who got free through personal influence. Tirana had ruled that there should be 17 prisoners in that jail. Luli made number 17.

On probation

He was released after seven years, on 20 October 1954; he reported to the bishop of Shkodra, who sent him to Shenkoll. He took possession on 15 May 1955 and held office till 19 March 1967, a day made memorable because Albania was declared "the first really atheist country in the world." All the churches were closed down. The clergy dispersed.

Luli spent some time at his brother's but he saw he was beginning to be a burden and a danger; he sought employment in an agricultural cooperative. His life as a tiller of the soil with pickaxe and spade, in muddy and marshy land, lasted twelve years. He celebrated Mass on the sly and very cautiously so that not even his room-mate, also a priest, might notice.

Again in jail

On 30 April 1979, two months before completing his 11-year term, a military vehicle came up as he was working in a paddy-field. He did not imagine that he could be wanted, but he heard the order:

"Get in!"

He was handcuffed and taken to the room where he lived.

"Do you have religious books?"

"Here are the ones I have."

He was brought to Shkodra, frisked, but nothing compromising could be found. He was pushed through a door; when they shut it, a profound sadness invaded him, but at the same time he felt the Lord's comforting presence, so close that he felt like speaking to him.

He spent four horrible years there. The cells were meant for four or five prisoners, but there were up to twenty. One cell at a time was opened for their corporal needs; the others remained shut. One could have friends and acquaintances and not know it.

He was subjected for another nine months to the same interrogations; the questions were always the same, and so were the answers. They used to hit him against the wall and rebuff him:

"We know you have done a lot of harm."

"Tell me what."

"No; we want you to confess."

After an hour they got tired and told him:

"Go away and reflect."

The accusations they could contrive at the end were trivial: if he had left out five or six corncobs when harvesting because the tractor had buried them in the soil, he was guilty of sabotage; if he had been told to clear the cuttings of maize or sunflower, he was accused of having left the bad ones and pulled the fine ones.

The trial was held nine months later and on 6 November 1979 the court pronounced the death sentence

for sabotage against the people; but two days later this penalty was commuted to 25 years imprisonment and five of confinement. Since he was 70 years old, it was like giving him a life sentence.

From camp to camp

On account of his advanced age, Luli was not sent to forced labour but to Ballash, a concentration camp close to Fieri in the southern part of the country. There were 1,600 detainees, fifteen priests among them. They did no work save cleaning the premises and the courtyards, but life was by itself torture enough. They were watched by guards with sub-machineguns and surrounded by three barbed-wire fences; they had their heads shaven but no possibility to cut their finger-nails because they were not allowed to keep any cutting instrument; their food consisted of 600 grams of bread and some watery soup. But there was a physician among the prisoners, who saved Luli's life on three occasions.

After four years in Ballash (1979-1983), he was transferred to a camp in Shenkoll, where he had been parish priest, and he spent another four years there (1983-1987). In the last year he contracted double pneumonia, of which he almost died.

No matter their advanced age, the internees were treated-like children. One of the officials was the party's instructor who lectured to them about Marxism and the history of the Communist Party. Aged 80, Luli was back on a school bench.

One day the instructor entered the lecture-room looking very angry and barked:-

"Let the priests among you get up and remain standing."

Luli did not budge. The instructor asked each one in turn:

"And what do you think? Are you for the party or not? Do you believe in God or in Enver Hoxha?"

None gave the answer he expected. Luli was the last to be asked.

"You, Anton, why have you not got up?"

"Sorry, I had not heard well."

"But what do you have to say?"

"I have been taught to love and hope in God and have not given up nor shall ever give up these principles until death."

He sat down. When they left the hall, some Muslims came up to him and shook hands:

"Thank you for your testimony. It is valid for us, too, for we believe in one God. Your words have given us courage."

In 1987 he was transferred to his third camp, Saranda, where he spent the last two years of captivity. He was resigned to dying in prison and only prayed for strength to carry on.

This last camp was a kind of infirmary, but life was nonetheless hard because there were people of all types and ages: cultured men, former ministers fallen in disgrace, and hardened men with neither culture nor pity and who respected no one. Then it was a dreary life. Luli tried to survive reading books and doing jobs for his fellow prisoners. Some wanted to pay him, but he would accept no remuneration.

"There is no need of any recompense. My reward is the time I spend with you and the satisfaction to cheer each other."

Freedom without rancour

On 15 April 1989, after the fall of the Berlin wall, there was an amnesty and the priests were released. Luli went to stay with his brother at Bushati, close to Shkodra. The doctor who examined him told him that he was so worn out that he would have died within days.

He recovered slowly, but he still celebrated Mass hiddenly, unknown to the members of his own family, until the churches were restituted on 4 November 1990. On the

25th of that month his townsmen asked him to celebrate Mass for them.

"Most willingly," he said.

A group of young men armed with knives and pistols came to escort him. He asked them to mingle with the people to demonstrate the peaceful intentions of the town.

Everything went off well. This first Mass was held in the cemetery; there was a large crowd in spite of the cold and the strong wind; the elders wept like little children. From that day he celebrated Mass in the church, which the Communist regime had converted into a cinema-hall.

Since there was no bishop yet to assign priests to the various parishes, the priests, on common accord, decided to return each to his former parish. Luli returned to Shekoll; it had been the first to close down in all Albania, on 6 December 1966, and the last to re-open on Good Friday, 27 March 1991.

The Italian Jesuits had run the Albanian Mission and now, as soon as the situation came back to normal, sent Father Pietro Maione to try and assemble the survivors. Luli was assigned to Tirana and earned fame as a confessor; people came from all over Albania to make their confession to him.

Everybody, even the communists, his former persecutors, called him I Shentji, the Saint; all saw him embrace his most cruel jailer in the middle of the street.

When he related his tortures in the presence of the Pope, he remarked:

"I have never kept a grudge against those who have, humanly speaking, taken away my life."

9. Two urban apostles: José M. Rubio (1864-1929)

Protector and protegé

José M. Rubio, born at Dalías, in the province of Almería and the diocese of Granada, was studying theology in the seminary of Granada when one of its professors took him almost literally under his wings. The ecclesiastic was Don Joaquín Torres Asensio, from a part of the country whose people are famed for their stubbornness; he was himself upright to the core, intransigent with error, large-hearted and ill-tempered.

This original character took such a liking for the young seminarian that he lodged him in his house. The protector, it goes without saying, completely over-powered the protegé, but for the better: his strong character propped up his timidity and undecisiveness of his charge, and the realism of the older man channelled the idealism of the youngster.

It then happened that Don Joaquín had some disagreements with the new bishop of Granada, and being what he was he resigned all his posts, obtained in fair competition the post of canon in Madrid, and without thinking twice took along his protegé and put him in the Madrid seminary.

Young José María was eventually ordained in Madrid, and said his first Mass on 12 October 1887 in its cathedral, formerly the church of the Jesuit

"Colegio Imperial," at the altar of Our Lady of Good Counsel at which Aloysius Gonzaga heard the call to the Society.

His first assignment was to be assistant parish priest of Chinchón but he was soon (1889) named parish priest of Estremera. His predecessor had been a disastrous administrator; he had kept no records either of baptisms or weddings or deaths. The sacristy wall was his parish register.

The new parish priest gave himself with all his zeal to the reconstruction of the parish, spiritual as well as material. With great success and a lot of expenditure, all paid with money from the pockets of Don Joaquín.

"This man has no idea of finances and is going to ruin himself – and me, too."

The indomitable ecclesiastic had risen high in the capital; his friendship with the Nuncio earned him a post at the ecclesiastical court "la Rota", that with the bishop of Madrid, the post of Vicar-General (in addition to that of canon he already had.) Now he proposed to rope in his protegé to Madrid.

"José María, you must join me once again; you must appear for this competitive examination."

In Madrid

The competitive examination was for a vacant canonry. Another candidate with more influence got the post and Don Joaquín's protegé returned to Estremera. He was back in Madrid within a month; his protector had got him a chair in the seminary. But Rubio was not meant to be a professor and did not last in the post. A blood vomit made the problem more pressing, and even adamant Don Joaquín was forced to give up. Using his influence, he managed to have him appointed chaplain in a prestigious Madrid convent.

Now it was the protegé who gave lodging to the protector in the house he had as chaplain. Now, too, things

began to be fine for the young apostle; his church was open to the public at large and his zeal found the outlet it needed. As for the nuns, if they had accepted the invasion reluctantly, they soon lost their prejudices.

Sermons, confessions, works of charity: the young chaplain was already practising what was to be his Madrid apostolate as a Jesuit. Now he was a Jesuit "by desire," as he used to put it; only his gratitude to Don Joaquín prevented him from joining the Society. His protector had his suspicions, and when Rubio went to make a retreat at the newly-inaugurated Retreat House in Granada, he was alarmed:

"Will José María abandon me for becoming a Jesuit?"

God took Don Joaquín to himself on 16 January 1906. The Jesuit by desire could now become one by profession. The first stage of his life was over, and he was entering his second and final one.

A Jesuit

"Fr Valera loves me still more than did Don Joaquín."

So said the new Jesuit novice about his Novice Master, who felt for him a veneration he did not hide.

"I think I have become a child again. I am most happy; this is what I was looking for."

The calm after the bustle of Madrid was a haven that helped him to find his moorings in his new vocation. But it was as brief as the strict norms in force at the time allowed it to be: two years' novitiate (1906-1908), one year to revise theology another in Seville helping in the city's great mission, his year of third probation at Manresa (1910-1911), and he was back in Madrid at the "Professed House".

His new community included eloquent preachers and learned academicians; Rubio risked to be a misfit with his simple preaching, his elementary theology, and his utterly plain advice in the confessional. His assignment had come from Fr Valera, his former Novice Master, now Provincial,

who once went to listen to his sermon from the semi-darkness of a loft. He darted off after a little while:

"Good Lord, I would be ashamed if I preached like this!"

A preacher without rhetorics

This is in fact what characterized his preaching, a simplicity "verging on vulgarity" (Eguía). Not a single striking thought, not one brilliant phrase, no rhetorical trappings of any kind. Yet the heart of the listener surrendered to his words; his voice resounded in the innermost soul like the echo of God's own voice; the absence of human elements left the way open to grace.

On one occasion he had to replace all of a sudden Fr Torres, a very famous preacher, in a preached retreat. These were his opening words:

"I am coming from the confessional; I am unprepared and do not even know what I am to speak about."

He recollected himself a few moments and began to speak about tepidity. All were amazed by the depth and accuracy of his exposition.

Someone was once seen to leave the church laughing at Fr Rubio's poor oratory. But he returned again and again, and was seen listening to him with extraordinary attention. He went away visibly moved.

Rubio would repeat the same old things, but people flocked to listen to him year after year without getting bored. The church of the Professed House became insufficient to hold the audiences he was drawing. On one occasion a community of Sisters had to call the police because, eager as they were to get a place, people broke all conventions. Rubio was replaced, and the numbers fell down in such a way that the Sisters began to fill the pews with the school girls who used to occupy the lofts before.

A man who had made a retreat under Fr Torres and attended one preached by Rubio summed us his impressions as follows:

"The other Father speaks to the mind; this one speaks to the heart."

The Bishop of Madrid, Eijo y Garay, corrected this reading. "It has been said that he spoke to the heart rather than to the mind. No, he spoke to one's whole being, mind and will, directed to action; his ideas came out from his lips with new life, bringing life and pushing to action."

The confessor

Bishop Eijo y Garay added about Rubio as a confessor: "No one else was so busy in all Madrid. Long queues on the right and on the left of his confessional waited hours and hours. His confessional was not a mere dumping ground of sins; it was principally a spirits' forge. People sought formation rather than absolution."

The queues were not only of women, but also of men. Some came by train to make their weekly confession with Fr Rubio. One hired a person to keep his place for two or three hours in the queue to make sure he could arrive in Madrid by the first train and return on the same day. An entire family had him as their confessor and left the house at 4.30 a.m.; the church door was still shut, but there was already a queue outside.

All Madrid — the residential quarter of the centre and the humble suburbs — seemed to flock to his confessional. The siege at the parlour was still more pressing. He was once talking with a poor woman and someone tried to break in and make place for a countess. Rubio said bluntly:

"Let her wait. This, too, is a soul and my sister in Christ."

Impartiality became preference in the case of a working girl who could not wait because she had to report for work.

"There is a working girl there in front who must rush to work. Please cede your post to her."

He was expeditious in the confessional. He did not say a useless word, but those very same who complained of his laconism came back for confession because he inspired

security. His style was so personal that it could not be explained. "One had the impression that absolution came down from heaven." In spiritual guidance he did not dictate but simply counselled, and his discretion was such that he looked timid; he did not go ahead of God's grace but waited for God to act. But he knew how to be firm and decisive when he thought he should.

The Apostle of Madrid

His work was not confined to the altar, the pulpit, and the confessional; nor was it exclusively clerical. Carried by his charity and putting to use his gifts as an organizer, he did all the good he could in a Madrid teeming with paupers and agitators.

His charity works were an outreach and a projection of his spiritual direction; he ran them through a team recruited from the pious associations he conducted.

"I do not know what special gift this Father has. I may have the most attractive plan for the day; when he phones and asks me to take the car and accompany him to visit the poor, I give up everything and wait for him wherever it be; once he kept me waiting and looking like a fool at the door of a school where all the girls I knew were making a retreat.

This is how he multiplied himself, found an apostolic outlet for his directees, and came out from the well-to-do urban centre to the perifery and needs of the suburbs.

The suburb that received his attention most was La Ventilla de Tetuán. A cassock was something odd and unwelcome in those parts. Rubio made a start with a group of children and women he organized into a procession. He went at the head along the narrow street amidst the curiosity of the onlookers. Whistles, shouts, and threats, were heard as the procession wound its way and reached the little square. As the first stones were hurled, he said:

"Everyone stays still. Let's sing louder!"

The shouts eventually stopped and Rubio launched on

a real and proper sermon. The men folk came closer to listen, gradually deposed their belligerent attitude, and ended up singing gustily with the children.

Later on, still amid difficulties and opposition, there came "the school of Don Juan," named after its teacher, who was Rubio's conquest. It began in the open air, got its own building, the roll increased, and so did the faculty.

Fr Rubio did not limit himself to La Ventilla. His forays to succour the poor and the sick brought him to other sectors and his charity eventually extended to the entire ring of misery around Madrid.

Acknowledged figure of Catholic Madrid, he took a leading part in all the apostolic initiatives of those years: popular missions, retreats, the 1911 International Eucharistic Congress, the monument to the Sacred Heart at Cerro de los Angeles, (Spain's geographical centre) with the consecration of the country read out by the king himself...

Sign of contradiction

The Apostle of Madrid could not be spared the crucible of contradiction. The persecution that was to be expected from certain quarters was accompanied by misunderstandings by others and, most painfully, his own superiors; his own internal struggle against calumnies, a campaign in the press, attempts of physical aggression to make him back out. But this phase would pass and give way to the next, when he would become a legend.

In this dark night that takes place while he is at the peak of his apostolic work, he is beset by scruples. Everyone notices how long he takes to pronounce the formula of absolution; he has been dispensed from the obligation of praying the breviary and allowed to say the rosary instead. This calvary is aggravated by external events; his plans and his methods are misinterpreted, his works laughed at and taken away from his hands.

In the summer of 1917 he founded the Disciples of

St John. The group made a good start, but some people did not look at it kindly, possibly because they feared possible competition to other existing associations, and others ridiculed the new foundation. It was said that Fr Rubio was trying to found a new religious institute on a floor of a certain building and the matter ended with police intervention. It was all false, but the gossip did not subside. One day he made the announcement:

"I have called you to say that this is over."

He added to the surprise of his faithful:

"Yes, it is God's will that the work of the Disciples of St John be suppressed."

The women's branch of the same work was faring very well, too; they were undertaking new and very successful ventures. But one good day Rubio convoked the board; the ladies expected the announcement of a new initiative. Instead he said with great simplicity:

"I've called you to tell you that I am no longer your director."

He was still at the head of the Guard of Honour of the Sacred Heart and started a monthly bulletin to liaison with the various centres. He received this unexpected order:

"Suppress the bulletin."

He complied without objecting and showed neither pain nor surprise. Many sympathised with him:

"How you must be suffering, Fr Rubio!"

"Me? I am most happy, I assure you."

And it was true. He was only putting into practice the fundamental principle of his spirituality: to do God's will.

A swift end

Wednesday 17 April 1929, the feast of St Joseph's Patronage at the time, he made an important announcement to his women folk: the foundation of a secular institute for women with a lay vocation. He called it rather inappropriately "Secret League of Souls".

At midnight that same day the Jesuit next to his room

heard taps on the partition wall and went to see what was the matter. Fr Rubio was in bed and showed signs of fatigue; his pulse was irregular, but neither of them could guess the cause. In the morning the physician diagnosed it:

"Angina pectoris. The patient must take complete rest."

The patient was taken to the novitiate house in Aranjuez and welcomed with the affection and veneration that can be guessed.

"I shall not be able to return to work," was the first thing he said to the infirmarian.

He seemed to improve slightly, but the "ghost" inside his chest, as he called his malady, was becoming more active.

May 2 was his last day on earth. At 1.30 a.m., his neighour in the next room awoke when he heard him tap the partition wall. Fr Rubio was calling him. It was the second warning. There was a third and a fourth, the definitive one, at 6 p.m.

Seated on an easy chair, his right temple on a handkerchief he was holding in his hand, as though he was going to sleep, placidly, without the slightest jerk, he breathed his last at 6.25 of the evening of Thursday, 2 May 1929.

Alberto Hurtado (1901-1952)

The Apostle of Chile

If Rubio was the Apostle of Madrid, Hurtado was the undisputed Apostle of Chile, "God's visit to our country," as Bishop Manuel Larraín said at the funeral. With this characteristic, that his thought and his activities were

prophetic. His analysis of Latin-American Catholicism anticipated that of the bishops of the continent forty years later; he made it from the social and not only from the religious point of view; his priorities were those of the bishops today; the preferential option for the poor, the youth, priestly vocations, and work with the "builders of society". Most of the works he initiated continue to flourish: his "Hogar de Cristo" has grown and multiplied and spread to other Latin-American countries to care for thousands of marginalized persons in hundreds of institutions maintained by 110,000 Chileans committed to make a monthly contribution; the magazine "Mensaje", which is still going strong, continues to offer a Christian comment on current affairs. One book marks like a mile-stone each of these steps: "Is Chile a Catholic country?" (1941), "Choosing a career" (1943), "Social Humanism" (1947), "Trade Unionism: History, theory, practice" (1950).

Life's school

Alberto Hurtado learned above all in life's school. He was four years of age when he lost his father leaving his young widow in deplorable financial straits. She was forced to sell the family farm to the highest bidder in order to pay back the debts she had inherited.

Alberto's early years were consequently overshadowed by the bitterness of genteel poverty. The stark reality of his mother's financial situation left little choice but to face a succession of moves, from the charity of one relative to that of another, never enjoying the independence of a home of their own.

But Ana Cruchaga, Alberto's mother, was stout-hearted; her poverty did not prevent her from serving the poorest. The capital, Santiago, was full of them: peasants who had migrated in search of better living conditions, who lived in overcrowded huts. Christian charity had created associations to look after them and Señora Ana was a most active member. Her son learned charity from her.

A freeship gave him the possibility of entering St Ignatius School. He became a member of the Sodality and fell under the spell of its director, Fr Fernando Vives, who had an uncommon capacity for the formation of youth and became the spiritual guide Alberto needed. In 1917 he felt the call to the Society and asked for admission; but he could not leave his mother helpless and studied Law at the Catholic University. Still, joining the Society continued to be the central dream of his life.

His mother's financial situation was solved when the sale of the family's farm was found to have been invalid. Alberto made a claim and the buyer agreed to pay an additional sum that turned out to be sufficient for the widow's upkeep. On 14 August 1923 the young lawyer entered the novitiate.

His Jesuit formation was enriched by his studies abroad, especially those in Belgium, then the laboratory of Church renewal. The Belgian Church had men like Cardinals Mercier and van Roey. Louvain was a sounding box of the most prestigious voices of the Church. The liturgical movement came to life in Belgium. The workers' movement had its pioneer in Cardijn. Hurtado continued to learn in life's school with the avidity of an eager student.

In mid-January 1936, after an eight-year absence, he boarded the S.S. Cap. Ancona, bound for his return home with a load of books, the doctor's degree in Pedagogy, and a burning flame.

The educator of youth

He was named professor of religion and spiritual director of the Sodality at St Ignatius, his alma mater. His teaching made a strong impact on his young students; a close relationship sprang between him and each one of his pupils. Many of them took him as their spiritual director. Following the Jesuits' age-old tradition of having several jobs at a time, he was also named professor of pedagogy in the Catholic University and in the Papal Seminary. Right

from the start he worked for the promotion of priestly vocations.

Someone interpreted his enormous activity as a subterfuge to escape obedience and common life; the criticism reached the Roman authorities but did not convince the Vicar-General, who wrote to him on 6 September 1941 allaying his fears. Nonetheless there lingered the impression that his principles were not healthy. These principles were: the need to act out of personal conviction and filial spirit over tradition, religious discipline, and external observance.

In 1941, on the proposal of Msgr Salinas, his former companion at the Law School, he was appointed Adviser to the youth branch of Catholic Action and began to work with all enthusiasm. In May and June of that year alone, some 300 young men took part in the various recollection days he conducted. He went up and down the whole country founding centres, from the extreme north to the extreme south. In 1943 the Catholic Action had 12,000 young people in over 600 parishes, colleges, schools, worker and peasant centres, and over 2,000 youths had made the Ignatian Exercises.

That same year of 1943 he founded Christ the King Service for those who wished to make a special commitment to the Lord in the Catholic Action. They were required to lead an intense spiritual life and have a greater availability for the apostolic activities of Catholic Action, but it was not a closed or secret group nor did it pretend to compete with the other groups of Catholic Action.

Painful parting

Hurtado had his first disagreement with Msgr Salinas at the beginning of 1942 regarding the creation of an independent branch of University students; he submitted his resignation, but it was not accepted.

The division of the conservative party, considered to be *the* Catholic party, made his work particularly difficult. Its

leaders did not forgive him his lack of support and attacked him in the press. He abided by Church directives and distinguished between open and party politics; he was interested in the former, but not in the latter.

Criticism came also from ecclesiastical circles. He was accused of diverting to the Jesuits youngsters who wished to join the seminary. Some went as far as to recommend that he be not kept as one's spiritual guide. Hurtado adduced the facts: his preaching and the vocations he had channelled to the seminary.

But these were not the difficulties that led him to resign his post as Adviser in 1944. Msgr Salinas, who had proposed him for the post, was his personal friend and the Chief Adviser under whom he worked. This made the parting more painful.

The accusations were three: Hurtado's lack of submission to the ecclesiastical hierarchy, his political activity, and his spirit of division.

Salinas accused him of having a low concept of the episcopate; how could he instill submission to the hierarchy if he lacked it himself? This accusation had its origin in the fact that Hurtado – following the Jesuit tradition of transparency and open representation to superiors, and because he was Salinas's personal friend – had taken the liberty to "reproach him" (so said Salinas) because he did not have an opinion of his own, his sermons were of low quality, he lacked a clear policy with the youth, and he was auhoritarian. The wound was smarting.

As regards the political problem, Salinas acknowledged that Hurtado had done nothing in favour of any one political party, but he believed that Hurtado's "orientation" had led to certain facts. He cited two: The president of the youth branch of Catholic Action joined a party as soon as he ceased in the post; another one wrote favourably about Chile establishing relations with Russia.

Salinas detected Hurtado's spirit of division in the autonomy he postulated for the various branches of the

Catholic Action and the existence of "disconnected initiatives and activities."

The National Adviser (Hurtado) thought that he could not maintain unity among the young in an atmosphere of social division if he did not enjoy the full confidence of the General Adviser (Salinas). Once this unity was broken, he felt obliged to resign. His resignation was accepted on 28 December 1944.

"Christ has no home!"

One cold and rainy day in October 1944, Father Hurtado was returning to St Ignatius late at night when a man stopped him. He was standing there in shirtsleeves in the freezing drizzle, thin as a rail and shaking with fever. He had no place to sleep and he asked the priest for the price of a bed in a hostel.

The next day, October 18, Hurtado was to speak to a group of some 50 ladies and could not help relating his shattering experience. He felt ashamed that the Protestants and the Salvation Army had shelters for the roofless but the Catholics did nothing. "Isn't it time we realize this ideal of our faith, to give a roof to the roofless? Christ goes about in our streets in the person of so many sufferers, thrown out from their miserable lodgings. Christ, huddled under the bridges in the person of so many children who have no one to call him father, who have for years lacked a mother's kiss on their foreheads. Christ has no home!"

After a pause, he apologized because he had not planned to speak of the incident, much less to propose the foundation of a new work. But his words moved his audience deeply; some offered jewels and cash, and others promised to cooperate.

That experience gave birth to the *Hogar de Cristo,* the Home of Christ, and marked its character: a work inspired by Christian love, and consequently a climate of love and respect for the poor because the poor are Christ himself.

Free from his commitments with Catholic Action,

Hurtado worked effectively to get things moving. Within two months of his famous talk, on 21 December 1944, the Archbishop of Santiago blessed the foundation stone of the first Hogar de Cristo.

There were around 4,000 child vagrants at that time, roaming the streets of the city. "Submissive to the unwritten law of their social milieu, they formed a strange association of their own, with their picturesque hermetic language: young chieftains, clans, and rivalries. Half-naked but always grinning, they walked aimlessly through the streets and parks of the capital, gathering up cigarette butts, always on the defensive for any sudden unexpected blow. Impudent and distrustful, crafty and swift, they could disappear instantly. They travelled by hanging from the back bumpers of buses, livened up their begging with the mangled verses of the latest tango, robbed the handbags of distracted middle-class matrons, hung around railroad stations and dubious taverns, coming together in groups at night on the banks of the Mapocho river to make a fire and prepare a hot drink. Everyone saw them but Fr Hurtado was the first to look at them with the eyes of Christ" (Gilfeather).

He started to go out every night to scour the streets and peer under the bridges for these urchins and take them to the *Hogar de Cristo.* "He found me one night as he searched in the streets in his van," writes José Antonio Palma, picked up by Hurtado in 1949. "The next day we washed and were transferred to *la Casa Chica,* the Little House. I had my first conversation with Father Hurtado that evening; he embraced me and told me that I had to behave well, that he would make me a useful man, that I should learn a trade; I told him I would remain in *Hogar.* I was so impressed by his conversation that I find no words to express myself. I remember that what impressed me most was his courtesy and his kindness, which he showed in his smiling face." Each boy had his godmother; that of José Antonio used to invite him to her home, take him for a walk

on Sundays and to the beach in the summer, supply him with clothing and pad for his studies.

The *Hogar de Cristo* kept enlarging its services thanks to the generosity of the Chileans: a strictly emergency hostel for men with 80 beds in 1947 and a new wing in 1950; another for vagrant women and children, which in 1949 sheltered 100,000 women with two, three, and four children. In 1948 he launched an ambitious project: the construction of houses with the possibility of becoming proprietors.

The spirit

The *Hogar* was the result and manifestation of Hurtado's own surrender to God and of his love of God expressed in the service of his brothers and sisters, especially the needy. The awareness that he was doing God's will gave him an immense trust in Providence, and in fact the needs of the *Hogar de Cristo* were more than once solved with the evident intervention of Providence. Once the Board of Directors refused to approve the construction of a new building for lack of funds; as he came out of the meeting Hurtado was met by a couple who gave him an envelope containing just the amount demanded by the Board; he retraced his steps and said to the members of the Board, handing them the money:

"There, men of little faith."

"To give oneself is to do justice. To give oneself is to offer oneself and all one's own. To give oneself is to direct one's heart and will towards the one who awaits them. To give oneself is to love for ever and as fully as possible. When one gives oneself fully, everything becomes simple. One has found freedom."

Seeing Christ in the poor, Father Hurtado served them with all his love. "It was wonderful to see the love he showed them. It can be explained only because he saw Christ poor, hungry, and homeless, in them," writes a witness.

"The main fruit of his work in *Hogar de Cristo* was," according another witness, "the impact of love and respect for the poor that it brought about in many Christians and non-Christians; I believe this to be as valuable or more than the material benefits produced by *Hogar de Cristo.*"

On 4 July 1950, at the monthly Mass of the *Hogar's* lady collaborators, he preached about the commandment of love. As when he proposed the foundation of the *Hogar de Cristo* unexpectedly, he made this digression:

"I ask myself, *señoras,* if God does not ask you something more, if he does not ask you total self-giving shown in the service of the poor. This self-giving would take the form of the vows of poverty and obedience according to the duties of each one's state, which have the priority over these new obligations."

He paused. Then he apologized; he had not planned to say all this. That was the origin of the *Hogar de Cristo* Fraternity for those who felt the call to a greater commitment to God and their brothers in need.

It was one more expression of the spiritual inspiration of his work.

The Chilean Trade Union Action

It remained for him to take up the work least in line with the traditional ministries: trade-union activity.

On 13 June 1947 he met with a little group of intellectuals to work out a working project, but they did not even know what they wanted. A trip to Europe helped him to specify his objectives. He attended the International Week of Social Studies in Paris, spent another week at the Dominican Centre of La Tourette, and he met the General of the Society, Fr Janssens, who had been his Rector at Louvain.

Alberto was convinced of the urgent need to work with the masses of workers who were abandoning the Church, but he was aware of the ripples that such activity would arouse among his fellow Jesuits back home – and the

complaints and accusations that would make their way to Rome. He was therefore anxious to inform Janssens about his ideas and his plans. Janssens was then preparing his famous instruction on the social apostolate, agreed fully with his friend, and gave his total approval. "I am not your provincial and he is the one who must take the decision; but I think that you should leave the school and your other works to give yourself fully to this social action."

On 7 February 1948 he was back in Santiago and on July 7 the Auxiliary Bishop Msgr Salinas signed his appointment as Chaplain of the Association of Chilean Trade Union Action.

At the close of its first year of work, the Association had three sections: workers, employees, and intellectuals. The statutes had also been drafted; action had been taken in defence of the trade unions; and Hurtado had again been up and down the whole of Chile organizing cells. He also realized an old desire of his: to have a taste of the worker's life.

"I'm in a fix," the chief of personnel of the Salt Company at Idique telephoned at the beginning of January 1951 to his director, Osvaldo de Castro Larraín. There is a person here who is working on his own; he has asked to be sent to the farthest deposit and has been working in the sun for the last two weeks. The other miners say he is a very nice and jovial man."

De Castro investigated the identity of the mysterious volunteer; when he learned that it was Father Hurtado, he went to meet him.

"I've been caught," said Hurtado.

The magazine "Mensaje"

Publishing a magazine like "Etudes" in France and "America" in the United States, was part of Hurtado's project of social action. He described it as follows: "It will be neither literary nor pious but rather universal in scope; it will awaken the conscience of the Catholic laity, incarnate

the faith in daily life, present Catholic positions as reasonable and serious before our adversaries, and break down the artificial barrier between faith and life."

The project was perfectly feasible because there already was an excellent team of well-prepared Jesuits and many laymen of undoubted capacity were ready to collaborate.

The magazine appeared for the first time in October 1951. In his opening editorial Hurtado explained the meaning of its name, *Mensaje,* Message; it referred to "the Message that the Son of God brought from heaven to earth and whose echoes our magazine wishes to spread and apply to our Chilean land and to our troubled times."

More troubles

The cross followed him even at the height of success. He had become a celebrity but there were some who criticized him bitterly. This made him suffer, all the more since the criticisms came from fellow Jesuits. Some alleged that he did not perform his religious duties as he ought; others considered his social ideas dangerous.

In January 1950 Fr Travi, Assistant to the General of the Society for Latin America, visited the Vice-Province of Chile. He had believed similar accusations in the past and believed them this time. Not only that, he forced the Vice-Provincial, Alvaro Lavín, to remove Hurtado from his board of consultors.

On 27 June 1950 Hurtado wrote to the General: "In his recent visit Father Travi has told Father Provincial that he had misgivings about me. I spoke with him but he told me nothing. Then, what is it all about? It is all vague but so hard on me, and it is not nice to know that one is suspected about by his superiors." Hurtado went as far as asking a question that revealed his anguish: "Is it possible to recover one's reputation in the Society?"

Travi was not the only one to distrust Hurtado. Someone said at a meeting that there were two trends

among the Chilean Jesuits, one of which despised the work of the schools and only cared for social work and did not observe Jesuit obedience. This group was led by Fr Hurtado and the superiors had not been able to subdue it.

It is a fact that Hurtado had considerable influence among young Jesuits and there did exist a sort of "Hurtado style" among them – a joyous determined air, a certain agility in their gait, a fearless and generous spirit that was not put off by trifles, and seemed to radiate a total gift of themselves to Christ. Although it was not his intent, the enormous enthusiasm for Hurtado's works of social action was misinterpreted as a disdain for other forms of apostolate.

The accused wrote to the Vice-Provincial asking to be helped. "There must be in me a chronic and unconscious lack of judgment, which is something very serious, and its effects are still more serious because they are destroying the unity of our Viceprovince." Then he went on to ask that those who had criticisms against him be specific and pinpoint them exactly; this would be the only way for him to understand them and make amends. He concluded in anguish: "Should you be unable to get this, I beg you to take me out of where I may do any harm, be it taking me away from St Ignatius or transferring me to another house or to another Province."

The Vice-Provincial set him at rest. Hurtado had acted in all his ministries with the blessing of obedience, asked for clearly and sincerely, and granted with full awareness and personal satisfaction at least as far as Lavín was concerned. Were he to pull him out of where he was, he would suffer remorse for the rest of his life. He knew the immense good he was doing and the great influence he had with the younger Jesuits. Far from cancelling his visits to the novitiate, he should make them more frequent.

"The Master calls me"

Towards the end of 1951 Fr Hurtado was constrained to slow down the pace of his work. Dr Armas examined him on 20 March 1952 but could not find out the cause of his high blood pressure. Then there came a phlebitis that no treatment succeeded to keep in check. He was suspected to be suffering from cancer and the analysis finally discovered it.

The discovery was made when he was transferred to the University Hospital on June 4. The final diagnosis established a cancer in the pancreas, but he was not told until July 25. When Dr Armas visited him that afternoon, Father told him:

"The Master calls me and here I am, ready and happy."

He worsened rapidly in the first half of August and on the 15th he seemed to reach the final stage. Mass was said in his room on Monday, 18th, and he received Communion with great difficulty. Some boys from *Hogar de Cristo* paid him a visit at noon. "He was unable to speak, but he wanted to have us close and bade goodbye with his eyes and kindly smile. I keep an unforgettable memory of this last encounter," says Mariano Morales. Gradually he lost consciousness. The corridors were full of people in prayer. He raised his hands imperceptibly when a Father, close to him, prayed for him to Our Lady. It was his last gesture.

The Master came at 5 p.m. and took him away "contento, Señor, contento," as he used to say: Happy, Lord, happy.

SOURCES CONSULTED:

AYALA, Pedro María: *Vida documentada del Siervo de Dios P. Francisco de Paula Tarín* (Seville, 1951). — JAVIERRE, José M.: *El León de Cristo. Biografía de Francisco Tarín* (Madrid, 1980). — REVUELTA, Manuel: *La Compañía de Jesús en la España Contemporánea,* 2 vols. (Madrid, 1984, 1991). — EGUILLOR, REVUELTA, SANZ DE DIEGO: *Memorias del P. Luis Martín,* 2 vols. (Madrid, 1988). — DOYLE, Charles: *Merry in God. Father William Doyle, S.J.* (London, 1939). — O'RAHILLY, Alfred: *Father William Doyle, S.J.* (London, 1922). — ECHANIZ, Ignacio: *El Hermano Finuras* (Bilbao, 1993). — BLANCO, José M.: *Hermano José Marcos Figueroa S.J. Portero de la Inmaculada* (Santa Fe, 1996). — ENDRODY, László: *Esteban Kaszap. La vida por Cristo* (México, 1951). — BODAY, Jeno: *The young Stephen Kaszap, Servant of God* (Montreal, 1997). — DRAGON, Antonio: *Blessed Miguel Pro, Martyr of Christ the King* (Anand, 1993). — RAMIREZ TORRES, Rafael: *Miguel Agustín Pro. Memorias Biográficas* (México, 1976). — STAFFNER, Hans: *Blessed Rupert Mayer, the Apostle of Munich* (Anand, 1992). — KOERBLING, Anton: *Father Rupert Mayer, a Modern Priest and Witness for Christ* (Munich, 1960). — DELP, Alfred: *Honneur et liberté du chrétien. Témoignage présenté par le Père M. Rondet* (Paris, 1958). — CISZEK, Walter J. with Daniel L. Flaherty: *With God in Russia* (New York, 1964). — OSIPOVA, Irina: *Se il mondo vi odia... Martiri per la fede nel regime sovietico* (Milan, 1997). — GIRAUDO, Cesare: *Già dasto per martire. I Fioretti di un gesuita albanese* (Roma, 1993). — STAEHLIN, Carlos: *El Padre Rubio. Vida del Apóstol de Madrid* (Madrid, 1974). — CASTELLON, Jaime: *Padre Alberto Hurtado S.J. Su espiritualidad* (Santiago de Chile, 1998). — MAGNET, Alejandro: *El Padre Hurtado* (Santiago de Chile, 1990). — GILFEATHER, Katherine: *Alberto Hurtado, S.J., A Man after God's Own Heart* (Anand, 1995).

III

The Challenge of the Council

Vatican Council II (1962-1965) opened a new period in the history of the Church. Ideas that were suspiciously looked upon till then were made part of its official teaching. Four of our men represent this change dramatically; marked men before, honoured and given recognition later.

The group is preceded by a fiery preacher and a gifted singer, and is closed by a venerable old man who proved a rare youthfulness by opening the doors to the "separated brethren".

To know these men is to know the genesis and inner history of Vatican II in its passion and its glory.

1. The Last Crusader: Riccardo Lombardi (1908-1979)

Last Crusader or Forerunner of the Council?

To tell the truth, Lombardi was perhaps both more of a crusader than a forerunner, and a forerunner without ceasing to be a crusader. The goal he pursued above all else was the renewal of the Church that it might be the leaven of society. He was "a victim of the generous individualism proper to his charismatic spirit, he now appears as the last solitary hero of a reform that the Council would make into the common undertaking of the Church" (Zizola).

"You cannot beat the drum with one finger," says an African proverb.

God's microphone

He began modestly as one more member of the college of writers of *La Civiltà Cattolica* — "in order to let in a breath of fresh air," Father General Ledóchowski told him when he gave him the assignment in the summer of 1938.

Within a few months a casual invitation took him to the University of Padua to give some lectures instead of Fr Charles Boyer. The success was such that he was flooded with invitations; the Universities of Bologna, Turin, Pisa, and Venice, called him and professors and students filled their halls to overflowing.

In 1942 he gave up topics related to apologetics and took up current topics to bring hope to the people afflicted by the scourge of war. Then he turned his attention to the communist threat hovering over Italy and became the paladin of anti-communism. At this point his audiences ceased to be select and became multitudinous. University halls proved insufficient; he moved to large theatres. He had his debut on 31 May 1945 at Teatro Quirino, in Rome. The success went beyond all expectations; more and more spacious halls had to be hired to satisfy demand and bundles of invitation telegrams began to arrive at the office of *La Civiltà.*

In 1946 Lombardi asserted himself as a mass preacher and the theoretician of Catholic anti-communism. He spoke in Lombardy, Piedmont, the Romagna, Tuscany. The churches of Florence were too small for the crowds he was drawing. This is the time when he started to see himself as the voice of Jesus and to say: "Jesus has told me," or "Jesus tells me: if anyone has not sinned, let him throw the first stone." And he adds: "This is no rhetorical artifice."

Pius XII makes ever more burning appeals: "Rome has become the arena of a battle between two opposing camps: for Christ or against Christ, for his Church or against his Church," he told the members of the Catholic Action on 22 December 1946.

Lombardi answered the call and prepared a plan for

Italy's regeneration, a mobilization at a national scale. He applied for an audience and the Pope received him on 11 January 1947; it was his first face-to-face audience and lasted three quarters of an hour. Lofty Pacelli was most cordial; he laughed and even joked.

That interview proved important because it produced the plan to broadcast Lombardi's Lenten sermons. The first was broadcast on 19 February 1947 and it was a resounding success. His voice was more suggestive over the radio than in the pulpit. The technicians who handled the instruments on the other side of the glass were dumbfounded.

"What courses have you followed, Father? Where have you learnt diction, the art to pause?"

"Nothing of the kind; it is not a matter of techniques. I learn on my knees."

Thus was "God's Microphone" born. For the first time Italy prepared for Easter by radio. At 17.20 everybody listened to the first Lenten course with no pulpit and no church. When the Voice spoke, all listened: north and south, rightists and leftists, Catholics and communists, employers and workers.

The battles of the Crusader

Acknowledged as the preacher most listened to in Italy, dubbed a Knight, our Crusader sets out clothed in armour to fight his battles. He is bubbling with ideas. The first is a call to establish a Christian era that may take the place of the liberal and the communist era. He soon christens his campaign the Crusade of Kindness and widens it to include an ambitious reform of the Church, without sparing the Roman Curia.

He has hardly started and a papal order gives a new twist to his campaign. The 18 April 1948 elections are drawing close; they will be decisive for the future of Italy; the communist threat is extreme, and the Pope wants to train all the artillery against the communist enemy.

Lombardi obeys and cooperates. The communist menace subsides but does not disappear and the Voice goes on thundering against communism. He does so in Milan, Turin, and Genoa, and provokes such a reaction that his life is in danger and he is given police escort. The communist daily *L'Unità* calls him "the preacher of hatred."

He goes over to Sardinia and changes the tune. "Russia has given the age of communism to the world; Italy will give it the age of Jesus." On 4 December 1948 he holds a public discussion in Santa Eulalia's church in Cagliari with Velio Spano, a former editor of *L'Unità* and the right hand of Palmiro Togliatti, the secretary of the Italian Communist Party.

Spano is shrewd enough to begin invoking the gospel principles that communism could subscribe to and Lombardi is forced to be on the defensive. "I do not preach hatred but kindness; I dream to see the day when communists and Christians may embrace each other under the sign of God. Everything serves in the hands of Providence. Even communism."

He rose, went up to his adversary and embraced him. The crowd broke out in applause and the journalists ran to the telephones to send the news to their dailies.

The embrace at Cagliari cost him a reprimand from the Pope. Lombardi explained. An audience sealed the peace on 5 May 1948 and the Crusader could speak of his new dreams to Pius.

"Draw up a full project," Pacelli concluded.

His grand project of reform was ready by August 15; it was the book on the Church's ailments. On August 28 Rotondi, Lombardi's companion, gave it to the Pope who when he paged it, stopped on the page devoted to the papal court. Thereafter Lombardi lost trace of his project. This Jesuit who rouses the Italian *piazzas* with his sermons and demands Church reforms with Savonarola's vehemence is not looked at kindly in the corridors of the Vatican.

It is the time to get out of Italy and bring his crusade abroad. It does not matter if he knows neither English nor German nor that his Spanish be garbled Italian. He visits Austria and Germany, Britain and the United States, and practically the whole of Latin America. He draws enormous crowds, shakes up consciences, stirs the clergy, and the Christian renewal gets going. With his halo attested to by dispatches from the Pope's Nunciatures, he returns to Italy to resume his crusade.

Audacities

What he lays before the Pope is nothing short of God's ultimatum to the Church. Bolder by the day, he proposes specific steps; he demands them. His grand reform must begin in Rome, but the Cardinal Vicar, Micara, resists. He suggests that a Pro-Vicar be named, and Lombardi dictates a name: Micara confessor Don Giuseppe Casali. On 10 June 1952 the Pope authorizes him to approach Micara himself.

The fateful interview takes place two days later.

"The Pope is none too happy with you."

That is only the first shot. Lombardi is a machine-gun. He spends all his bullets and leaves the Cardinal in tears. The news makes the round of the Vatican Palace and reaches the Pope. In view of the difficulties Pacelli freezes the appointment proposed by Lombardi and Janssens advises his subject not to press the point to fearlessly urge instead the reform of the Church.

The next papal audience took place at Castel Gandolfo on August 21; Rotondi was present.

"Rome needs a pastor, not someone coming from a nunciature or the bureaucracy, said Lombardi pressing for Casali's appointment for the Vicariate of Rome. Then he added, narrowing his aim:

"Besides, the Cardinal Vicar is an illiterate!"

"But, Father," the Pope remarked meekly, "Micara has been Nuncio in Belgium!"

"That means that you sent an illiterate to Belgium."

"And what makes you say Cardinal Micara is an illiterate?"

"Because he has written me letters full of mistakes that a schoolboy would not make. And the responsibility for placing such a man in such an important post is yours. You must realize that you are the one who makes the appointments; you are the one who allows such people in these posts. Don Casali is a sure candidate; he is the condition for Rome to start moving and the entire world after Rome.

Lombardi was unstoppable:

"Either Don Casali is appointed Vicar, or I close down and go to Latin America."

Rotondi turned pale; Pius XII was sitting up still, his hands joined, without a gesture that might betray his feelings. He let a moment pass after Lombardi's last tirade and rose to his feet.

"Father, there is one solution. Come and sit on this chair, be the Pope!"

Lombardi felt the whole world come down on him. He fell on his knees at the feet of the Pope:

"Holy Father, forgive me, forgive me, forgive me."

The Pope bent down and lifted him:

"But, Father, by the love of God. Don't believe that doing something is as easy as thinking it. I appreciate you, I appreciate you so much."

Pius XII was so disturbed that he wept all through lunch. That same evening, with admirable humility, he telephoned to Rotondi:

"Today I have hurt Fr Lombardi. I request you to ask him for pardon on my behalf before we go to bed."

He called Rotondi again the next day:

"I can no longer deal with Fr Lombardi. I have always said that God's finger is in his preaching. But when he wants to interfere in what is to be done, I fail to see God's finger. It is impossible to deal with such a man."

Rotondi allowed himself to make this comment:

"And I have to deal with him day in and day out!"

The Better World Movement

Both being men of God, they soon made up. The Pope gave his full backing to the work of Church renewal for which his *alter ego* was living. He made it his own in a historic address on the morning of Sunday 10 February 1952 when he announced the great mission of Rome and said: "As on an already distant day We accepted the heavy cross of the papal office, so too now We submit to the arduous office of being, inasmuch as our weak forces allow, heralds of a BETTER WORLD, wanted by God, and whose standard We wish to hand over to you in the first place, beloved children of Rome."

"A BETTER WORLD wanted by God." Lombardi took hold of the expression to give a new name to his crusade; it thus ceased to be his personal initiative and became the Pope's official assignment.

The first mission after the one in Rome was in Bologna, the most communist town in Italy, with a success that elated its Archbishop Cardinal Lercaro and the Pope.

The Movement needed a team and Lombardi recruited it from among diocesan priests and religious of different orders; it needed its own centre for the training of its cadres and got the Pius XII International Centre for a Better World in Rocca di Papa, near Castel Gandolfo.

Lombardi made another invention: the "exercitations", his version of the Ignatian Exercises with bits of dialogue, the "horizontal dimension," which became quite popular.

The Better World Movement was conducted by a board of directors, a mixed group of priests and non-priests, religious and diocesan, men and women. The work spread to ten countries and had 125 collaborators; it had two international and three national centres. Three cardinals, 232 bishops, 7,571 priests, 1,621 men religious, 3,586 sisters, and almost 8,000 lay persons in Italy alone, as many in Spain, and 2,200 in Mexico, made the "exercitations".

Lombardi missed an apostolic constitution that would make his Movement a pontifical work. He did get it but first he faced a veritable rebellion of his troops; all opposed his plan to merge his Movement with that of the *Foccolarini.* Only an order from Fr General Janssens detained him.

The apostolic constitution went through several drafts, it came at last, but not in the broad terms he wanted. He received it on 28 August 1958 at the International Hospital Salvator Mundi where he was hospitalized with exhaustion. It was the last gift of his friend and protector Pope Pacelli, who died on October 9.

Struggles and disappointments

The good-natured Pope who succeeded the aristocratic Pacelli was temperamentally opposed to fighting Lombardi. He liked neither his pathetic stands, nor his pessimistic vision, nor the conquering character of his campaigns, nor the name of crusades he gave them.

"Do not pronounce that word in my presence. I've been in Constantinople and know that the mere memory of the Crusades is sufficient to divide the Christians."

He had heard too many things about and against the Better World to back it outright and wanted time to study the matter. He named a commission of three cardinals (November 1960). The points to be studied ranged from its novel juridical structure to its finances, where there was some shadow and even collusions with certain currents of Italian politics, those most rabidly opposed to any "opening to the left."

A recrudescence of Lombardi's anti-communism contributed to distance him further from Roncalli. The one who in 1948 made a distinction between evil communism and good communists and had embraced one of their leaders now sided with those who criticized the new Pope for his flirtations with the communists. To have granted an audience to Kruschev's son-in-law!

A book in which Lombardi put together his ideas of

reform, including that of the Roman Curia, completed the rift. The ideas were not new; he had expressed them in his previous proposals, but now they were read as though they had the new Pope's backing. The papers broadcast them with big headlines; the curials rose up in arms; Roncalli was indignant at what seemed to be a calculated manipulation and repudiated the book as untimely and impertinent. Lombardi explained. It was no use; nothing could repair the damage.

Pope Montini acknowledged the apocalyptic slant of the Crusader, but he stood firm when it came to regularizing the atypical status of his Movement. On 2 October 1963, in a dramatic audience, Montini informed him of his decision to make it a Jesuit work, that is, dependent fully on the Society of Jesus. Other no less painful decisions followed: the religious who were working in the Better World had to return to their houses by 31 December 1965. The exodus left the work deserted.

The most painful step was the process of "unlombardization" that started and which his men demanded. One told him bluntly:

"You are endowed with charism to address the masses, but could not do worse in the government of the work. It is your fault if so many have left. You use the Church to further your dreams instead of serving the Church. You are a hindrance; it is better you quit."

Arrupe was "Lombardi's protecting angel and the strategist whom the work needed to adapt it to the times and to take it out of its excessive identification with the personality of its founder" (Zizola). He shielded Lombardi and guaranteed the continuity and autonomy of his work.

But neither Lombardi's already ill health (a cerebral thrombosis on 6 April 1965 and several heart attacks) nor his many tribulations made him lose his dynamism nor his resilience. He travelled through Asia and America, went on giving the exercises to hundreds of bishops and priests – and bombarding the Pope with new, never-ending

proposals, all grand, all duly studied and all discarded because impractical.

The whirlwind stopped churning when that great heart stopped beating at 2.45 a.m. of Friday, 14 December 1979.

2. Christ's minstrel who became an alcoholic: Aimé Duval (1918-1984)

Two Jesuits attracted world attention in the years before Vatican II. Both preached; both travelled widely; both entranced their audiences, one with his oratory, the other with his singing and his guitar. Both had their followers. In Meppen/Ems, Germany, Herr Wilhelm Köster was a Lombardi supporter; his 15-year-old son Wendelin, a Duval enthusiast; and that would be the pattern: the grown-ups for Lombardi, the young for Duval.

But how sharply different their personalities! Lombardi was all fire and rock, a Roman gladiator you might say, all muscle and strength, and his banner was Reform; Aimé Duval was a delicate artist and a fragile, vulnerable man, whose key word was "la Tendresse" tenderness, compassion. Pierre Noir, his obituarist, close friend, and his superior in the most crucial years of his life, who therefore knew him well, terms him "a true son of the soil, an artist, a generous man, giving way under the misery of this world, a loyal and open Christian, a priest and a Jesuit faithful to the last; a sick man, too, for years on end."

The minstrel

"A true son of the soil." Born and reared in a farm at Le Val d'Ajol, in the Vosges, he grew lovingly cared for by his parents and in close contact with nature. One cannot

help thinking of Peter Faber's childhood, in a like environment further south in the same eastern mountainous side of France. Though he was christened Lucien, the family called him Aimé, which name he is known to history.

His mother was a quiet and sensitive woman. When her Aimé told her for the first time he was an alcoholic but had stopped drinking and was helping others with the same disease, she did not lose her reassuring smile; she said:

"Oh fine, if you can now help others..."

Duval comments: "This woman who had all the qualities, whom I have seen pick up a single ear of wheat and bring it home, did not want my suffering to be wasted."

"It was not a loveless childhood that pushed me into alcoholism."

He joined the Society at 18 in the novitiate-in-exile of Florennes, Belgium, and did not get on well at all with his dour, inflexible Novice Master, did his military service in Syria, and after completing his training (philosophy in Vals, regency in Amiens, theology in Enghien, and tertianship in Ineuil), he made a stint of teaching in Reims (St Joseph's), where he proved to be an excellent professor of Arts and the inspiring leader of a group of singers. Then he moved to Dijon and to Nancy, where he lived almost thirty years, from 1955 to his death.

From Dijon and still more since he moved to Nancy, he travelled all over France and soon all over the world with his guitar and his songs. His profession for 23 years was that of singer and globe-trotter, with one all-absorbing purpose: "He spent himself to the last to proclaim the Gospel and brotherly love" (Noir). This pushed him, first to compose his own songs, which fill about twenty disks, and then to travel two million kilometres in 40 countries, give 2,000 concerts, and spend whole nights at the wheel of his little car, loaded with his paraphernalia: a 40 kg amplifier, two mikes with their stands, the mixer, the equalizer, a box with

the cables, 300 disks and as many booklets with the text of his songs, and on top of it all, because they are so delicate and precious, his two guitars.

He was equally at ease before audiences of 30,000 people like in London and Berlin as with 30 or 40 patients in a hospital ward or a hundred detainees in a prison chapel.

The response of the people was gratifying. In Lisbon, an old man gave him a hundred-year-old bottle of Porto; in Bilbao, Spain, a little lady in black, an alarm clock that was a real masterpiece that Duval, an amateur clockmaker, appreciated in all its worth; in Germany, Adenauer gave him a guitar for the joy he had given to German youth.

The fan-mail he received filled scores of boxes, though he tore many more; letters of all sorts: friendly, moving, imploring, astonishing, enquiring, encouraging. Also begging: "I am a missionary in Madagascar; could you help me to buy a jeep?" Now and then he encountered nasty journalists who made untruthful reports, unfair comments, and unjustified criticisms. Like the one who jeered at him because he had said he could lose one kilo in a three-hour concert, the usual duration of his concerts. *"Monsieur le journaliste,* if you care to calculate how many tons are equivalent to the pressure of the left hand on the neck of the guitar, the traction on the five chords by the five fingers of the right hand, under the heat of the floodlights, you would easily understand that losing one litre of perspiration is the minimum." This unfairness hurt the sensitive Duval. "Sweet and courageous mother, proud and quiet father, you had not prepared me for this cruelty. Neither had the cow's tranquility at the stable nor the devoted fidelity of an Alsatian dog."

The slow descent into hell

"The alcoholic disease developes in the dark, in total unawareness. Up to 1968 I composed my songs at my desk. To help me in the work I used to take a bottle of beer from the cupboard on the ground floor and bring it

to my room on the first floor. During my work I took a draught from time to time. When the text was finished, I worked on the melody and went on drinking. The bottle was finished in an hour. Then I went down and took another bottle. When the melody fitted the words and my own voice, when the pauses for breathing were fixed, I must have worked for four or five hours and there were two or three bottles close to my desk. There was still the harmony to work at; I did not stop until it was all finished. Then there could be four or five emptied bottles and I went to sleep, happy to have done an honest piece of work."

A new song had come to life and Aimé Duval would not think of the empty bottles at all. The woman in charge of the cleaning would take care of putting them back in their boxes.

"But a day came when, after finishing the first bottle, I went back down to replace it in the box and take another one. I did not become aware of this anomaly until ten years later."

From then on the descent was swift, though imperceptible to the poor patient. But there were warnings now and then. "Mind your liver; avoid alcohol," a doctor in Geneva told him in 1961 when he was suffering from depression. "Attention, you will run into trouble," a Beirut doctor warned him in 1964 when he saw him drink. He received the first serious warning in 1964 in Cologne, after three especially difficult concerts for which he overworked – drinking a bottle of rum. The result: a pancreatic haemorrhage. He was rushed to hospital at three in the morning. During the first four nights he suffered terrible hallucinations. He was convinced there was a revolution on the square, got rid of the intravenous drip tubes, jumped to the window sill and began to harangue the crowds below. The following night he darted out of his room stark naked, fleeing from imaginary journalists and photographers.

Still no one told him that the root cause of it all was alcohol; he put it to overwork and fatigue. One day in June

1968, just before a concert, he began to tremble violently up to his fingertips – and he needed his fingers badly! He also felt a strange sensation of anguish but no one told him that it was an alcohol problem.

The tricks to continue drinking on the sly became normal and began to make him feel guilty. Hiding the bottles he had emptied behind the full ones not only at his own Jesuit house but at friends' became a regular practice. "M. Gauthier, pardon me please for drinking your bottles and hiding the empty ones behind the full bottles. Pardon me for not daring to tell you. I now know that the courage evaporates after the first bottle."

Alcoholic

But his hectic life went on, his concerts went on – with the help of the bottle.

The sense of shame shut him in his room. During the day. At night he would go to the ground floor, to the cupboard, stealthily like a cat, to have his drink. When the one in charge noticed that his cellar was emptying faster than it ought, he locked it. Aimé Duval noticed the atmosphere of disapproval in the house, and how the other members of the community looked elsewhere when they met him. It hurt. He started to go all the way to Metz (120 km both ways) to enjoy his drinks to his heart's content.

The hallucinations returned with a vengeance and gave rise to embarrassing situations. At 2 o'clock one night he went to the bathroom; when he came out he found himself aboard the Queen Mary and thought he had been kidnapped. He raised hell. Later he was affected by a momentary paralysis of his right arm. In his distress he turned to the crucifix of his vows which he kept at the head of his bed: *"Monsieur Jésus,* you know me; you know I am not wicked, you know I do not want to do any harm to anybody. You know I am your friend. you know I sing for my brothers. I have lost my youth, my morale, my health,

my friends. I have lost almost everything. Except you. Do not forget me please."

The sense of solitude and despair was driving him mad. He had no one and nowhere to turn, except "the gentleman nailed to the crossed brass" at the head of his bed. In February 1969 he was at the end of his tether. He could no longer put up with himself such as he was or with the world such as it was, so hard, so pumped up with the words science and reason and never using the word Tenderness. He decided to go to the Land of Happiness, close to *Monsieur Jésus Christ.*

At 10 p.m. he telephoned to a friend in search of sympathy; while he talked, he munched a whole box of Sintron pills (used by heart patients to thin out the blood, the normal dose being one-fourth of a pill per day). Then, his friend Pierre Noir (the Jesuit superior) materialized from nowhere, entered his room, without knocking, without saying a word, took the phone and asked for an ambulance.

He was taken to Versailles, to Dr Fouquet's. On the morning of the third day in his clinic, Duval found four pages on the tray of his breakfast. He glanced at them and one word seemed to jump to his eyes: alcoholic.

"Then, doctor, I am an alcoholic?"

Dr Fouquet answered very quietly and sure of himself: "Yes, that is it, alcoholism." And he went away leaving his bomb behind.

The difficult recovery of an alcoholic

Dr Fouquet seemed to have the solution to his problem and Aimé Duval was relieved. Now he knew he was a sick man; he understood that alcoholism is a sickness, the inability of the liver to transform alcohol before it goes to the blood stream wreaking havoc in every organ.

This first treatment lasted three weeks and the report sent by Dr Fouquet to Duval's chief was encouraging. His patient had improved and was cooperative. Still he would

like to see him at regular intervals so as to consolidate the first results.

In July 1969 Duval began to enjoy life again. On the 21st he watched Neil Armstrong setting foot on the moon – "One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind." But his situation was precarious; he had stopped drinking, but what had pushed him into drinking had remained intact. And so, two months and nine days after leaving Fouquet, at a family wedding, he consented to have a drink, just a slender glass of champagne, and the wall he thought he had built crumbled down like a card castle. On the way back he accepted a glass of red wine, another one at noon the following day, and yet another in the evening. He found himself inexorably caught in the old dynamics.

He telephoned to Fouquet a year after he had left him. "Come," was his reply. His report read: "I am very worried about Lucien's condition. When he arrived, he was very depressed, tired, intoxicated." He still drove himself hard to continue giving concerts.

Around Easter 1970 Dr Fouquet advised him to join a group of Alcoholics Anonymous (A.A.) in Versailles. His patient was sceptical and reluctant, but a little trick brought him around and he found the experience most encouraging. He realized it was possible to get out of the mire. He began the ascent back to the surface.

After six months of sobriety and a resumption of his concerts, the last five in Reims with great success, at 6 p.m. on Thursday 26 November 1974 to be exact, he went to have a meal in the restaurant at the station. He was recognized by one of the waiters, an Italian, who offered to take good care of him. He felt like having a *choucroute,* sauerkraut. But he fancied that sauerkraut without beer was against every convention.

"Garçon, une choucroute. Et un Perrier."

"Very well, maestro."

On his way back to Nancy he went into a bar and sat close to the door, as one who intends leaving quickly.

"A glass of beer, please," he heard himself say.

He gulped it eagerly.

"Another glass of beer, if you please."

He had hoped he could be like the rest of men, able to enjoy an occasional glass. He realized to his chagrin that it could not be that way. He had fallen into the trap again. He was saved by his A.A. friends. They had the experience; the statistics were eloquent; 50% did not relapse, 25% had an occasional relapse like himself, and the remaining 25% never made it. How to manage not to fall again? One was never certain, but being happy was the best remedy.

This is what Aimé-Lucien tried to do. He began by accepting his sickness realistically and making the best of his situation. The eighth step of the A.A. code for recovery gave him the secret: "Make a list of the persons we have hurt and ask them pardon."

Aimé Duval did just that and he was liberated. He went round the places where he might have drunk to excess and said:

"A cup of coffee please. Thank you, Madam. You see, I no longer drink beer. It's a year now. I have stopped. It has not been easy. Now I am doing much better. But I should like to apologize if I have sometimes drunk too much in your bar. Forgive me."

He began sharing his experience with fellow alcoholics and the remaining fifteen years of his life were devoted to this apostolate. He extended it to the wider public with his autobiography "The child who played with the moon", a deeply moving and at times brutally frank account of his life, without sparing his fellow Jesuits and much less himself.

Though dead, Aimé-Lucien Duval goes on singing and telling of his experience. His songs have become part of the patrimony of the French song. His autobiography is being read all over the world.

3. French diptych: Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (1881-1955)

Teilhard's tragedy and greatness

The great communicator, condemned to silence; the prolific writer and original thinker, forbiden to touch on the most burning topics, those he most wishes to discuss and the public most wants to hear about; the scientist and apostle, with one and the same indivisible vocation, obliged to be the former without being the latter; the passionate lover of Christ whom he longs to present as the centre and summit of the cosmos and of humanity, branded as a dangerous author; the Church's devoted son, under suspicion all through his life and even after death. This was Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's tragedy.

The Roman authorities suspected him at the first denunciations and the Teilhard file grew bulkier and bulkier with more and more accusations. All the while public opinion acclaimed him for the brilliance and originality of his thought and as the first who seemed to have found the harmony between science and faith.

Teilhard's obedience was exemplary all through, ever transparent to his superiors, with filial trust; and after the first struggles, with interior calm and no bitterness. This was his real greatness.

Classical formation

Against what might be thought, "Teilhard is the typical

child of a traditional family and the perfect student of a Jesuit school, Catholic through and through. If he allowed himself certain audacities, risky transfers that might have been dangerous for others, it was because he was vigorously rooted in his faith" (d'Ouince).

The family was patriarchal (eleven children), of solid religious traditions, very "old France," and little Pierre felt quite at home in its bosom. The piety he had assimilated at home brought him to become a member of the Sodality of Our Lady from his first year in school.

From the very start of religious life he felt he was on the right path and this certainty was confirmed year after year. He never questioned the authenticity of his vocation to the Society. He made the Ignatian ideals his own with all their demands, without diluting them.

He went through his studies in the isolation of the great scholasticates of the time, further accentuated by exile: novitiate in Aix-en-Provence (1898-1900), juniorate (1901-1902), philosophy (1902-1905) in Jersey, theology (1908-1912) in Ore Place (Hasting, Sussex), his first studies of palaeontology in Paris (1912-1914), tertianship in Canterbury (1914).

He had not finished tertianship when the First World War started. He joined the army and after a summary training he was sent to the front as a stretcher-bearer. Paradoxically, the war gave him an opportunity for intense intellectual activity. Then it was that the Teilhardian genius awoke, say his biographers, and his "intellectual honeymoon" began, according to Teilhard himself.

He mused and reflected in the front during the day and often during the night; when the first-aid post did not provide him the isolation he needed, he went into the forest and walked for hours on end, and took notes the following morning. During his first leave he made a fair copy of twenty to thirty pages which reveal an outstanding writer. They are the *Ecrits du Temps de la Guerre.* He bubbled with ideas: the cosmic way, the religious vision of evolution,

the relationship between the One and the Multiple, God and the World, Jesus' place in the cosmos.

It was heady stuff. His best friends expressed "amazement and disquiet" when they read it; Grandmaison encouraged him to go on; some discovered some residual pantheism and were reticent and suspicious.

That is the situation at the end of 1918. Teilhard has become conscious of his personal vocation; he has discussed the matter honestly with the Society's authorities, and the latter back his plans. He is determined to carry them through, torn between fear and hope.

Things would go awry. Quite soon.

Denunciation and removal

Student of the Sorbonne (1919-1922), he takes the doctor's degree in natural sciences, is from 1920 professor of palaeontology in the Catholic Institute, writes articles and gives numerous lectures. He is in great demand and does not spare himself.

His articles reveal the existence of an evolutionist Jesuit, a confessed evolutionist who, far from refuting evolutionism as the manuals do and the Roman congregations require, christianizes it by making of Christ the end and centre of evolution. There is the inevitable flutter, but confined to Paris.

For instance, he gives a lecture to the students of a seminary. The topic: The relationship between science and faith. The lecture itself is above-board, impeccable. But there follows a question time and Teilhard speaks freely. Where do you place the earthly paradise? How do you figure original sin?

Anyone else would have taken his precautions; he would have given a well-nuanced answer with a lot of reservations. Teilhard says what he thinks frankly and without preambles. "He absolutely lacked pedagogical prudence," says his superior and friend René d'Ouince. In a friendly or simply calm atmosphere, what he had said in

the lecture would have counterbalanced the inexact formulations of the spontaneous exchange that followed. In the poisoned atmosphere of the time, when people spied, sounded out, and then denounced the offenders, Teilhard's innocence proved fatal. It was obvious that the notes of his listeners and copies of his own written answers were bound to end up in Rome.

This is what happened with a confidential note, "a professedly rough orientation" he had been requested. Teilhard thought that the denunciation would not go beyond the Jesuit General, but it was not so. It landed on the desk of Cardinal Merry del Val (1865-1930), who short of demanding his head on a platter demanded that the General put a stop to the subversive activity of his subject.

Teilhard explained, signed a statement drafted by the General, but that was found insufficient and he was forbidden to speak of original sin except in the terms of the most classical theology. Not even this seemed to suffice; since he was too well known, talked about, and even spied on in Paris, it was thought that the only effective means to save him (and the Church) from harm was to confine him to a strictly scientific activity far from Paris. Fr Licent had founded a museum of natural history in Tien-tsin and wanted a qualified assistant. Who better than Teilhard?

In April 1926 he was packed off to China.

Second incident

Some time later, when he was already in Tien-tsin, Pierre Charles, the famous missiologist and editor of the *Museum Lessianum* publications in Louvain, requested his collaboration. Between November 1926 and March 1927 Teilhard drafted *Le Milieu Divin* and sent it to his Provincial, that of Lyons. On the favourable opinion of the two censors, the Provincial sent the book to Fr Charles, who further submitted it to two other censors, both of whom were favourable, even laudatory.

On 5 July 1929 Charles wrote to Teilhard that his book would soon go to the printers. At the last minute, however, the canon in charge of granting the *Imprimatur* remembered having heard that Teilhard was in the Roman blacklist and, to make sure, he sent the manuscript to Rome.

The Roman theologians objected to its publication. This time orthodoxy was not at stake; the trouble was with the originality of the book, arousing enthusiasm beyond the Alps, causing raised eyebrows in the Roman judges, professionally inclined to prudence. It was better to let Teilhard's ideas get ripe before serving them to the public.

The fact made quite a stir and aroused curiosity. Several theology professors wanted to read the disputed book and copies were made, no one knows by whom and how, which began to circulate with the author having no part nor even knowledge.

Teilhard was still in China, reflecting and writing and giving lectures with undiminished success. He met the same success when he travelled to Europe in 1937. His listeners wanted to borrow his notes and, naive and trusting as ever, he gave them out. He got them back, but more than once the readers made a copy. The demand grew and Teilhard agreed to have some texts multicopied and he gave them away. His immediate superiors knew and did not object, since the clientele was very restricted and made of responsible persons. There was no incident – up to 1939.

Thwarted attempts

The General of the Society, Ledóchowski, knew of the existence of Teilhard's unpublished writings and wished him to elucidate his ideas in a more elaborate text that could be offered to the public. Teilhard agreed. When he left for China in 1939 on his return journey, he expected he would finally be able to present his message publicly. World War II made communications difficult, but towards the end of

1940 his great work *Le Phénomène Humain* had been finalized.

Permission for publication should have been granted by his Provincial, that of Lyons, but France was inaccessible and Teilhard approached the General. He did so in early November; at the same time he asked for leave to attend a congress to be held in New York the following year about the relationship between science and religion.

He received the reply in March 1941; it was stiff: his book would be duly examined by competent censors; he was not to attend the New York congress, but could send a written communication.

In spite of the difficulties for communication between China and Europe, Teilhard managed for his manuscript to reach Rome in April 1941. The verdict of the censors, not conveyed to him till 1944, was that the publication of the book had been judged untimely.

The Japanese attack on China and the World war kept him isolated and immobilized in Peking from 1939 to 1946. When he returned to Paris early in May 1946, he was acclaimed as a prophet. He became a star among the intelligentsia and the student world, and his unpublished writings proliferated. The young do not suffer from scruples and the student groups that had got hold of Teilhard's essays multicopied and distributed them at a small price. The author was denounced to Rome again and in early 1947 he received an injunction from the General (Janssens now) to stop the circulation of texts not previously submitted to the official censorship. His superior, Fr d'Ouince, managed to spot the little office circulating the Teilhardian writings and bought up the entire edition, 200 to 300 copies. Teilhard's ascendancy was such that the "seizure" provoked no protests.

If there was peace in France, there was none in Rome where the Teilhard file grew bulkier by the day. This is why he thought of getting away again; he was about to leave for South Africa when on June 6 he suffered a heart attack.

It is in this situation (August 1947) that he learned of Rome's decision: the prohibition pure and simple to publish anything that might have anything to do with philosophy or theology.

His reply to the General, dated 25 September 1947, reflects his spiritual maturity: "I need not tell you that you can count on me." There follows a delicate reference to the fellow Jesuits who stood by him: "Fortunately I have around me great and sure friends whom you know and who will help me to go ahead." But, because he is absolutely sincere, he presents the other face of the problem: "As far as I can see, there is a kind of equivocation or misunderstanding in the situation that has arisen, and I expect it will clear up through sheer fidelity." He elaborates: The texts objected to are prior to 1939; since then, according to reliable theologians who follow him up, he has made substantial improvements in his exposé. Then a reference to the thorn that hurts him: "Do you not think that it would be a pity to reject outright, without examination, a fruit that may be about to ripen, and that the best reparation I can make is to finally come out with something unobjectionable?"

"To reject without examination": was this not injustice?

Last battles, last disappointments

A tireless fighter and an incorrigible optimist, he did not declare defeat. He went on deepening, polishing, refining, his thought so as to present "something unobjectionable," as he says; to break through the wall he had in front, we would say.

He made a new revision of his masterpiece *Le Phénomène Humain.* It was examined by experienced theologians, Henri de Lubac among them, who suggested 240 corrections. He accepted them all.

In 1948 Janssens invited him to Rome with the kind intention of meeting ecclesiastics who might protect him. Some optimists thought it would work, that everything

would be straightened out and he would be able to publish the two books held up by the censors *(Le Milieu Divin* and *Le Phénomène Humain),* accept the post of professor in the College of France he had been offered and the lectures he had been asked to give in the United States.

In Rome he found a kind General, made the round of visits expected of him, and left with a good provision of kind words and vague promises. In 1949 he received the revision of *Le Phénomène Humain.* The corrections suggested to him were minimal; he made them. Inexplicably the General backed out and once again the publication of his book was judged untimely. With no reproach at all. Furthermore, he was forbidden to accept the chair at the College of France and give the lectures in the United States. The defeat was complete.

In 1950 the encyclical *Humani Generis* pulled down the little hope that could still be left for a more liberal attitude. It contained an important point on which Teilhard was vindicated, but the general tone recommended prudence. The General of the Society observed it scrupulously and tightened further the restrictive measures concerning Teilhard; he was ordered out of Paris.

An invitation by the New York-based *Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research* provided an honourable way out. Since he had been told not to write except on scientific topics and it was difficult to make out where science ended and philosophy began, Teilhard adopted this policy: he would send his articles to two reviews, *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* and *Annales de Paléontologie;* acceptance meant that it was not, rejection, that the topic was strictly scientific.

Works inevitably posthumous

The last and thorniest case of conscience he had to solve was the fate of his writings. Many had gone to circulation anarchically and were scattered in many hands. The situation was bound to become worse after his death;

pirate editions would multiply. Then there were his great writings whose publication had been prevented by censorship.

Teilhard posed himself the problem: Should the Society keep the responsibility, after his death, for publishing his writings or burying them in the archives, or should he deprive it of this responsibility?

He consulted a canon-law expert and learned that opinions differed. According to some, the writings of a religious belong to his Order, but there were authors of repute who held the contrary opinion. This "probable" opinion allowed Teilhard to bequeath all or part of his writings to a person of his choice. This is what he did, encouraged by some Jesuit friends, through a document dated 2 July 1951. A few days later he left Paris for his New York exile.

10 April 1955 was Easter Sunday. One month earlier he had said that he would like to die on the feast of the Resurrection, and so he did. At 6 p.m., when he was about to sip a cup of tea at some friends', he was struck by a new heart attack.

The last censorship

Teilhard's death put an end to the pact of silence; the press began to speak of him, always encomiastically, and lectures were aplenty. In Rome he continued to be known only by his bulky file and to be held in suspicion. His testament ceding his writings to a person outside the Society had met with stern disapproval. An illicit act, they maintained.

The case exploded when in December 1955 *Editions du Seuil* published *Le Phénomène Humain,* a best-seller in France, dynamite in Rome. Very soon, on December 17, *La Civiltà Cattolica* published a long article censuring its publication: "It would have been desirable that these controversies were definitively buried with his death."

This *mot d'ordre* did not reach Paris. The 50,000 copies

of *Le Phénomène Humain* were followed by more books by and on Teilhard: 17 in 1956, 24 in 1957, 62 in 1958, 46 in 1959, 76 in 1960, and a veritable deluge thereafter.

The tension between the Roman authorities and a large section of public opinion within the Church lasted about six years. There was a turn during the last months of 1961. Janssens was a member of the Council's Preparatory Commission and witnessed the clash between the various theological trends and the manoeuvring that went on outside the official meetings. The new Pope showed trust in theologians held in suspicion to date. This was the time when the Jesuit General authorized Henri de Lubac to express his considered opinion about Teilhard's religious work.

Within a few months De Lubac produced his masterly study *La pensée religieuse du Père Teilhard de Chardin.* The veteran theologian examines Teilhard as he would Origen, with the same detachment. He finds failings, coming from the very character of Teilhard's work – a search – but the final balance is positive. His book was a milestone in the history of Teilhard's posthumous relations with his Order.

The theologians of the Holy Office did not abandon their hostility. But now, lacking Janssens' support, through whom they had till then acted they decided to intervene directly.

If, as it seems, they contemplated placing Teilhard on the Index, the kindlier ways of the new Pope made it impossible and they opted for a *Monitum,* a Warning, which was published in the *Osservatore Romano* of June 30-July 1 of 1962. It said that Teilhard's posthumous works contained "such ambiguities, nay, so grave errors as to offend Catholic doctrine" and asked bishops, religious superiors, seminary rectors, and university presidents, to shield "the minds, particularly those of the young, from the dangers of the works of Father Teilhard de Chardin and his disciples."

Posthumous rehabilitation

The Jesuits obeyed and Teilhard's books continued to be excluded from their library shelves, but Jesuit writers did not go beyond what the *Monitum* imposed and continued to fight against the ostracism that the paladins of orthodoxy wanted to clamp on his writings.

Until he died, Janssens reframed from making any public statement. This step was reserved for his successor, Pedro Arrupe. At a press conference held in June 1965, a few weeks after his election, he accepted to answer a question on Teilhard and precisely on the thorniest question, the *Monitum,* and even gave a written note to the journalists.

After granting that many of Teilhard's writings were not meant for publication and no more than essays in which not everything was sufficiently ripe nor sufficiently well expressed, he said: "In Teilhard's work the positive elements far exceed the negative or debatable ones. His vision of the world exerts a very beneficial influence in scientific circles, Christian and non-Christian. Father Teilhard is one of the great masters of contemporary thought and his success is not surprising. In fact he has attempted to reconcile the world of science and that of faith. Making scientific research his point of departure, he uses the phenomenological method favoured by our contemporaries and crowns his construction with a spiritual doctrine in which Christ occupies the centre of the world's evolution, in tune with St Paul, who spoke of Christ as the one in whom all things are held together. We cannot ignore the richness of Father Teilhard's message for our time."

Evidently, this note was not a doctrinal document and did not oblige Jesuits to adopt their General's stand; all the same, it was an authorized testimony of the Society. It was tantamount to a revision of the process or, as Teilhard had anticipated in 1947 to Janssens, a clarification, through sheer fidelity, of this "kind of equivocation or misunderstanding."

Henri de Lubac (1896-1991)

Eminence

On 1 June 1980, within two years of his election (16 October 1978), John Paul II visited the Catholic Institute of Paris. When he noticed the old theologian in the audience, he interrupted his address and said:

"I bow before Father de Lubac."

On 2 February 1983 he made him a cardinal. If he thereby acquired the formal title of Eminence, de Lubac had been one for many years. "He is one of the great figures of contemporary Catholic theology. Neither Karl Rahner nor much less Hans Urs von Balthasar are thinkable without him" (W. Kasper).

But the cardinalate was more than a recognition of his theological work; it was also a public rehabilitation after the attacks and humiliations he had suffered.

On both counts, the brilliance and originality of his thought and the opposition he provoked, his life is parallel to that of his friend and confidant Teilhard. With some differences: de Lubac was a recognized theologian; his rehabilitation could not have been more solemn, *in facie Ecclesiae;* and whereas Teilhard received more sympathy inside than outside the Society, de Lubac had more enemies inside than outside.

The beginnings

Henri de Lubac was born in Cambrai, northern France,

the son of an official of the Bank of France, noble but not so well-to-do, and of "a simple woman who had been brought up in the countryside and in the cloister of a Visitation monastery," he tells us himself in one of his rare autobiographical confidences.

In 1902 his father was transferred to Lyons and Henri was educated in the Jesuit schools close to the city. In 1913, after only one year studying law, he entered the novitiate, housed at the time in St Leonard-on-Sea, England.

On 5 April 1915, before the conclusion of his novitiate, he was called to the army, sent to the front, and seriously wounded (1 November 1917). The war over, he was able to complete his novitiate and take the vows (Easter Sunday, 4 April 1920).

There followed the cycle of his Jesuit training (1919-1926): a year of Humanist studies at Canterbury, three of philosopy in Jersey, one of regency in Mongré, the first two years of theology in Ore Place, England, and the other two in his homeland at Fourvière.

According to his own confession, the most decisive years, those that marked his thought forever, were those of philosophy in Jersey. The official teaching was Suaresian, strongly championed by Fr Pedro Descoqs, and opposed even to the Thomism of Maréchal and Garrigou-Lagrange and of course to the ideas of Blondel. But the library was well stocked and his readings, as well as his personal notes, followed a different road. Besides, Valensin had taught there from 1912 to 1920 and his memory and influence were still active; there, too, he knew Teilhard and read his first writings to follow him up during the next fifty years; there he worked in close collaboration with Gaston Fessard, with whom he wrote an essay that contained, as in a bud, some of his future writings.

He gives a very severe judgment of the theology lectures: *"nous étions décalés,"* they outdated us. He found the remedy in an exceptional guide, Fr Joseph Huby (1878-

1948), who advised him to study the supernatural. He was also helped by the academy of theology that met on Sundays under Huby's discreet patronage to discuss a topic chosen and prepared by a member of the group. This is how the first sketch was born of what would become in time, 1946, *Surnaturel.*

In 1920 his mentor was struck by an order that banned four of his writings and forbade him to teach theology. He could still teach New Testament exegesis, but in 1938 he was removed from teaching altogether. Then Huby started the collection *Verbum Salutis,* in which he published the popular commentaries on the gospels and on letters of St Paul. For de Lubac it was like a paradigm of what might one day happen to him and of how he should conduct himself.

Maturity

In 1929, shortly after tertianship, he was appointed professor of fundamental theology in the Catholic Faculties of Lyons. One year later he was given the chair of History of Religions, a matter he was not prepared for and in which he had had neither a master nor a predecessor.[1]

---

1 The "Catholic Faculties", a Catholic University today, were a Church, not a Jesuit institution. The Society had, also in Lyons, the theologate of Fourvière. From 1929 to 1934 de Lubac stayed in the old residence on *rue d'Auvergne* and had nothing to do with Fourvière. In 1935 he moved to Fourvière and was entrusted a special course on the history of religions, of eight lectures a year, only to justify his staying in the house. In 1940 he ceased to give it. This link with Fourvière gave rise to a curious case when, ten years later, in September 1951, the faculty sought to address a document of adherence to the Pope, signed by all its professors. De Lubac was already in Paris and did not teach in Fourvière. But he was told that if the Pope did not see his signature among the signatories he would be considered unsubmissive and rebellious. In Rome he was taken to be "the leader of the school of Fourvière" and there were fears of a closure. De Lubac was summoned to Lyons by the Provincial and took part in the professors' meeting. The group accepted the solution proposed by de Lubac: after his signature each one indicated his status and years of teaching. De Lubac wrote: History of Religions, 1935-1940.

Unknown to all, the new professor was in full possession of his ideas. He showed it in his opening address. Within a few years his articles covered the central topics of his great books: *Catholicisme* in 1938, *Corpus mysticum* in 1944, *Surnaturel* in 1946.

His fundamental thesis, his basic contention, which will arouse the wrath of his more traditionalist colleagues, is that no period, no school, no human formulation can capture the totality of revealed truth. No theologian, not even St Thomas, can give us a theology free from historical conditionings and therefore absolute and incontrovertible. Hence the constant need of clarifications. These ideas may be peacefully accepted today by all but they were not at the time. The Thomistic doctrine, with its Aristotelic panoply, enjoyed a rank next to the Creed and it was a sacred duty to follow it.

De Lubac did not limit himself to his classes; in 1942 he founded, along with Daniélou, the collection of texts *Sources chrétiennes* in order to "place the full works of the Fathers of the Church at the disposal of the public." Not even this initiative escaped criticism; in the ruffled situation of the time the publication was interpreted as a war device against scholastic theology and the very faith of the Church."

These novelties gave rise to an expression that found favour: *la nouvelle théologie.* The first to use it – innocently – was de Lubac himself in 1941 to designate the authors who had "unyoked" themselves from scholastic tradition; a year later it was dusted and wielded as a proof of guilt by Msgr Pietro Parente in an article on the *Osservatore Romano;* Pius XII used it in 1946 when he addressed the General Chapter of the Dominicans and soon after the General Congregation of the Jesuits; that same year Garrigou-Lagrange used it in an article that unleashed a heated controversy: *La nouvelle théologie, où va-t-elle?*

All the big guns went into action: besides Garrigou-Lagrange, Labourdette, both Dominicans; Charles Boyer,

S.J., a professor at the Gregorian, a staunch Thomist supposed to be de Lubac's archenemy and the leader of the opposition; and others of the same callibre. All ranged against Lyons.

The Humani Generis bombshell

The final blow was dealt by the promulgation on 12 August 1950 of the encyclical *Humani Generis* "on some false opinions that threaten to undermine the foundations of Catholic doctrine." Many commentators read in it direct references to the theses proposed by de Lubac and his *Nouvelle Théologie* friends. He was accused of being the one who had systematized the ideas of the new school. "The encyclical condemns the theses of *Surnaturel,"* a collaborator of *La Civiltà Cattolica* stated.

The disciplinary measures taken against the Lyons group confirmed this impression. Back in the first days of 1950 de Lubac had received a confidential letter from the General serving him notice that, early that summer, he should leave the editorship of *Rechèrches* and stop teaching, but he should not say a word to anyone for the time being. In May he was ordered to inform Cardinal Gerlier that he would have to stop his lectures in the faculty of theology; in June, he and four other professors were told to quit Fourvière; in August there exploded the *Humani Generis* bomb (de Lubac read the news in *La Croix* the day he arrived in Paris); on October 25 General Janssens ordered all the copies of de Lubac's three books *(Surnaturel, Corpus Mysticum, De la connaissance de Dieu)* and an article *(Le mystère du surnaturel)* to be removed from the libraries of the houses of formation along with other books and articles by Bouillard, Daniélou, Montcheuil, and Le Blond, on account of "the errors and ambiguities they contain."

De Lubac was banished from all scholasticates and sent to Paris, *rue de Sèvres.* He lodged in an old building at the end of a courtyard, with the only access

through the kitchen, no library and no facilities, alone like a recluse.

"All through this affair, which went on for years on end," de Lubac notes, "I was never interrogated, never met by any Roman authority of either the Church or the Society about the issues at stake. I was never told a precise basis of accusation."

Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, intervened repeatedly with the Pope, but Pius XII was strongly predisposed. One day Pacelli interrupted him:

"The trouble with him is that one does not know whether what he says and writes corresponds to what he thinks."

De Lubac a hypocrite!

Janssens multiplied his injunctions. He barred the publication of books approved by French censors and of some others with no controversial content, and ordered that his every writing, on whatever topic, should be subjected previously to Roman censorship.

In March 1958 Pius softened somewhat and thanked de Lubac, through Augustin Bea, for the present of four of his volumes. Janssens did not relent nor lift his restrictive measures.

In June 1958, since the Society could provide no one to take up the lectures de Lubac had given up in 1950 the dean, Msgr Jouassard, resolved to entrust them to him again. Before doing so he tried to obtain Rome's approval and he discovered that "the intransigence originated in Jesuit circles;" in December the Congregation for Seminaries and Universities replied unofficially that it had nothing against de Lubac and saw no reason that made a fresh authorization necessary. Janssens yielded and wrote to de Lubac on June 19: "Be pleased, dear father, to teach at the Faculty next year."

Conciliar expert

In 1960 John XXIII appointed de Lubac consultor of the

Council's Theological Preparatory Commission along with Yves Congar. "Two symbolic names," de Lubac comments; "John XXIII wanted to indicate that the troubles that had taken place with Dominicans and Jesuits during the previous pontificate should be buried."

The Commission, presided over by Cardinal Ottaviani and, in practice, by a branch of the Holy Office, worked up to the summer of 1962. The consultors played a very secondary role; seated on stools along the wall, they did not speak save to answer questions from the cardinals. The Commission was to prepare the Council drafting a text that would take up the strictures of *Humani Generis* and give them definitive force. De Lubac received the impression that he was attending his own funeral.

The Council was to sweep away these apprehensions and allow him to give the full measure of his capacity in the Theological Commission. As was dramatically shown in the first days, a good many conciliar Fathers did not want any more condemnations but a concerted return to the great sources of revelation. Exactly what de Lubac had been postulating.

Then it was, during the Council, that the veteran Jesuit theologian gained the esteem and friendship of Cracow's young Archbishop Karol Wojtyla as they worked side by side on *Schema XIII* which was to become the *Gaudium et Spes.*

Sorrows and joys

The years after the Council were going to be a painful time for de Lubac. He did not agree with some of the developments that followed: the liturgical reform, a certain way to view the bishops' conferences, the scant attention given to the Christological mystery, and of course the aftermath of the so-called student Revolution of 1968 which hit the Society and which he judged to be fatal. Rather than about his own personal fate he worried about the crisis that was tossing the Church and the Society. "He suffered

deeply and made others suffer, passing on his anguish, expressing with his wonted lucidity judgments that could be harmful," says his obituarist Jacques Guillet bluntly.

His dynamism did not wane and these were also fruitful years. He travelled, lectured, and attended congresses. He was showered with distinctions and recognitions – outside the Society; inside, especially in France, he felt as though he were pushed aside into a corner.

In September 1965 Paul VI invited him – through Charles Boyer of all people! – to deliver the closing address at the Sixth International Thomistic Congress; from 1963 to 1974 he was a member of the Secretariat for Non-Believers and that for Non-Christians; on 1 February 1977, on the occasion of his 80th birthday, Paul VI wrote him an autograph letter "to manifest to you Our paternal joy, the high esteem in which We hold you, and in Our own and in the Church's name, the gratitude We owe you."

His elevation to the cardinalate consecrated his renown but it also served to tighten his ties with the Society. He left his apartment on *rue de Sèvres* where he was isolated and joined the community of *rue de Grenelle*. In October 1986 he was half paralyzed but lost none of his lucidity.

When he expired on 4 September 1991, John Paul II paid him the following tribute: "In his meditations on Scripture, the Church, and the world, he has put together what is best in Catholic tradition."

A Jesuit is left with the grief for the unjust treatment meted out to him by his brothers. His obituarist, Jacques Guillet, does not dodge the issue and comments:

"Much though he was affected by these measures (those that followed *Humani Generis*) and the public interpretation given them by Father General, Fr de Lubac did not give up. On 1 July 1950 he wrote to the Provincial of Lyons that he could not be refused the right to know the faults he was accused about. What reply did he get? The fact is that, in this painful affair, he suffered terribly at the sight of obviously benevolent superiors unable either

to understand or to defend him. Moreover, he knew that if they were overtaken by superior forces, the latter included Jesuits whose names he knew. When in later years he tried to show, not always successfully, that the ecclesiastical hierarchy had been much more understanding than some Jesuits, he was showing the marks of the wounds he had received, knocked about by uncertain directives and contradictory orders. If his trust in the Society was sadly damaged, his obedience became more authentic, uniting him more deeply with the Society.

4. German colossus: Karl Rahner (1904-1984)

The Thomas Aquinas of our time

So has he been called for the amount and variety of his writings and for the magisterium he has exercised in the second half of the 20th century: 4,000 titles and over one million copies in popular editions; doctor *honoris causa* by fourteen universities; read and studied by all theology professors.

He was influenced by Thomas Aquinas, Maréchal, and Heidegger, but more still – according to his own confession – by the great Christian mystics and saints, and in a still greater degree by the Ignatian spirituality he assimilated. According to H. Vorgrimler, one of those who knew him best, "his theology is that of the mystical experience of God; it is not based on a philosophical-transcendental principle." It is what Rahner tells us of Ignatian spirituality: the personal experience of God comes first, only then is the topic of an Ignatian spirituality approached.

He explains: "I did not undertake my theological work

with the purpose of fostering theological research as such; I am not a professional of knowledge, but simply a man, a Christian, a Jesuit; I should like to hope that the unspeakable darkness that at the same time is light, whom we call God and to whom we must surrender with faith, hope, and love, is the one I seek, the one I try to speak about; the object of theology is not a *this* but a *You*."

Theology had another angle for Karl Rahmer: its relevance to human problems. This was one of the reasons that drew him away from the old scholastic theology and he was one of those who, like de Lubac, took another road.

This does not mean that he makes easy reading. On the contrary his difficulty is proverbial and has given rise to a plethora of jokes. For instance, if you want to understand him, you must read him in French translation. Or: his brother Hugo translated him very well into German.

Karl himself, without yielding an inch of his demands, laughed at this fame. The interview he gave to Meinold Krauss and which is one of the sources of his biography opens with a caricature in three phases. In the first, Rahner speaks to his "Multiplikatoren;" in the second, one of the "Multiplikatoren" passes it on to the "Simplifikatoren," who must put it in simple words; in the third, a "Simplifikator" explains it to the common folk. Among the listeners there is Jesus, who says:

"Ich verstehe es nicht – I don't understand a word."

The two brothers

Two brothers called Hugo and Karl, the third and fourth of seven children, with a four-year difference between them. Hugo used to say that he was the youngest of the old and Karl the oldest of the young.

Their father was a modest schoolteacher in Freiburg im Breisgau who had to resort to private tuitions to make ends meet. His mother increased their income baby-sitting and accepting paying guests in the house. Still she did not

manage to realize her dream of owning the house in which they lived.

Their cultural level was the one that corresponded to the father's profession. All learned to play a musical instrument, all except Karl; he was given up as hopeless. Later on he would confess "with shame" his lack of enthusiasm for music and any other hobby.

The first to join the Jesuits was Hugo. And not through any Jesuit trick but through a book by Maurice Meschler that fell into his hands. No one else intervened. On 11 January 1919 he joined the novitiate that the German Jesuits kept at Feldkirch, in Austria. His younger brother followed him within three years, on 20 April 1922.

Karl's training followed the classical pattern: the language was Latin; the teaching, the strictest scholasticism. This is shown by the theses that Karl was chosen to defend on 28 August 1925. One of them read as follows: *Possibile non habet ullam actualitatem internam, non tamen est omnino nihil neque merum ens rationis, sed est ens metaphysicum — Things possible have no internal actuality but are not a total void nor a figment of imagination, but a metaphysical being.* Little wonder that students got bored in class and spent the time making crosswords. According to a fellow student, in the classes of fundamental theology Karl Rahner used to sit at the end of the class and read novels.

Ordained priest (Munich, 26 July 1932) and after third probation, he was assigned to teach history of philosophy at Pullach. He did the doctorate in philosophy at the university of his home city Freiburg and attended M. Heidegger's lectures. The famous philosopher taught him to read the texts in a new way, looking for what was hidden underneath. Typically, however, after preparing him to teach philosophy, his superiors asked him to teach theology at Innsbruck.

Second home

Innsbruck, then, would become his second home. This is where he started his professorship in the autumn of 1937, continued it after the interruption of the war, and returned an old man as to his home after teaching in Munich and Münster.[1] Hugo, too, was professor in Innsbruck and taught history of dogma and patrology while Karl studied the content of dogma with the approach and characteristics we have suggested. Hugo, with Jungmann, gave life to "kerigmatic theology," a "preachable" theology. Karl Rahner did not agree with this approach; it seemed to him that the solution could not lie in offering a parallel theology and that, however academic and scientific it might be, if it keeps in touch with the faith, on which it is supposed to reflect, and with life, towards which it must be oriented, it should be possible to preach it. Kerigmatic theology died an early death, aborted by Rome's fear that it might replace scholastic theology in seminary training.

Karl Rahner's fourteen years in Innsbruck (1948-1963) were most productive, "the most important period of his life," according to H. Vorgrimler. "He began to reap what he had sown in long years of study and meditation and he gave it away — without sparing himself — to the many who heard or read him." The prestige of the two Rahners and

---

1 The Jesuits conducted the faculty of theology of the University of Innsbruck and had two other houses: their own theologate and the Canisianum. They left after the annexation of Austria by Nazi Germany, which took place in March 1938. On June 20 the commissar of state Plattner informed the deanery that the theological faculty was suppressed with immediate effect and the Jesuit professors would receive detailed instructions about their lot. These instructions were communicated to each in September: they were dismissed forthwith and there was no room for appeal. The reason was that the Jesuits were carrying a systematic campaign against the state, that is, against National Socialism. No one could find out whether the order came from Berlin or from the local authorities. The professors dispersed and the faculty moved to Sion (Switzerland), where it functioned till the end of the war in 1945. Hugo and Jungmann followed it to its new seat. Hugo filled government posts and continued his research; Jungmann wrote his famous *Missarum Sollemnia.* Karl spent all those years (1938-1945) in Vienna.

Jungmann – the patrologist, the theologian, and the liturgist – made the theology faculty of Innsbruck one of the most sought after; the number of Jesuit students alone went up from seven in 1948 to 79 in 1963.

In addition to his writing, enough to keep anyone else busy, Rahner displayed an intense activity as the editor and soul of major publications which could not be realized without the collaboration of many: the *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche* (10 volumes, 1957-1965), *Sacramentum Mundi* (6 volumes, 1967-1969), etc.

Difficulties

But he met with difficulties. The first occurred in 1950 on the occasion of the dogma of the Assumption with a book that Rahner thought responded to the situation in the German world but which touched off misgivings in Rome. Publication was withheld.

New snags in the autumn of 1954. An address by Pius XII contained the phrase "many masses and one only sacrifice," an arrow against another book by Karl Rahner with precisely that title. The Jesuit General asked him to keep strictly within his field of work and not to venture into problems outside it. The order was revoked, however, that very summer, but he could not help feeling that he was distrusted and his work not given due recognition.

The Council was to put an end to this kind of difficulties but not at once. The last stroke came in early June 1962 with this order out of the blue: to submit to the Roman censorship everything he wrote. Rahner considered the measure unjust and said that, should it remain in force, he would stop writing. On June 23 he went to Rome to meet the General, who was very kind but explained that he was only carrying out orders coming from the Holy Office. At the end of June three German-speaking cardinals, Döpfner of Munich, Frings of Cologne, and König of Vienna, addressed a joint letter to the Pope asking that the order be revoked. The *Paulusgesellschaft,* a prestigious

association of professors of sciences and the humanities, collected 250 signatures asking the same, and Chancellor Adenauer himself sent a petition to Rome through diplomatic channels. But only a year later, on 28 May 1963, did the Jesuit General inform Karl Rahner that the order of special censorship had been withdrawn. Before or after that, the Prefect of the Holy Office, Cardinal Ottaviani, had the following exchange with Rahner:

"It is not that we have anything against you. This extraordinary Roman censor is a special privilege we grant you in order to shield you from misunderstandings on the part of stupid friends."

"Your Eminence, I renounce privileges."

In the Council

The Council opened on 11 October 1962 and was a splendid opportunity for Rahner to give the best of himself. Cardinal König, Archbishop of Vienna, made him his personal theologian. The private adviser was soon transformed into an esteemed collaborator. "He was in touch with non-Catholic observers; he was the in-between man behind the scenes, a tireless supporter, not rarely a staunch defender of new ideas and initiatives," says König in his Memoirs.

That same month of October he was named council expert. The rules of the game – to speak only when consulted – could render this appointment ineffectual. But something unforeseen happened: the bishops did not approve right away the drafts previously prepared by the dicasteries of the Roman curia; their theologians manifested openly what they thought of the documents presented; then it became clear that it was imperative to show with weighty reasons the weaknesses of the drafts and to have in readiness alternative texts for discussion. Rahner was going to have a lot to do.

The first case to come up was the draft on the sources of revelation. The official text was judged so unsatisfactory

that on November 21 John XXIII ordered it to be withdrawn and a new one prepared. This victory of the bishops changed the course of the Council. Rahner, who had so far been idle as the Council's official theologian, wrote on December 5: "Now at last I must attend a session of the commission that must rehash the rejected draft."

By the time when the last session concluded in December 1965, Rahner had been a hidden but effective influence on the definitive form of many Council documents. One can detect traces of his theology in the doctrine of the Council on the Church; the Pope's primacy and the episcopate; revelation and relationship between Scripture and tradition; biblical inspiration; the sacraments and the diaconate; the relationship of the Church with the modern world; the possibility of salvation outside the Church even for unbelievers...

What an irony – the ideas of a theologian who had been under suspicion and subjected to special censorship became the Church's official teaching!

Golden sunset

Rahner was now 60, at the height of his career, sought after by universities outside the ecclesiastical milieu. That of Munich wanted him to succeed Romano Guardini in the chair of Christianity and Philosophy of Religion; he was wanted in Münster to teach dogmatic theology; the Jesuit General, however, preferred him to continue teaching in Innsbruck. Rahner was now inclined to accept one of these invitations because he would have the help of assistants that the Jesuit houses of study could not afford him.

On his 60th birthday, 5 March 1964, he was appointed to a chair at the University of Munich. But there was an anomaly in his situation: he was a theologian; many of his students were coming to Munich to study theology, but his chair belonged to the faculty of philosophy and that of theology denied him the right to present candidates for degrees in theology.

The University of Münster continued to be very interested in getting him and, given the anomalous situation in Munich, Rahner opted to accept its invitation. On 1 April 1967 he received his official appointment as professor of dogmatic theology.

By 1971, at his 67 years of age and with his strength beginning to fail, he felt he had done enough teaching and decided to retire to the writers' house in Munich. He went on writing and giving lectures in various parts of the world. He went to Paris among other capitals and paid a visit to de Lubac. He stole a look at the shelves.

"Only Hans Urs von Balthasar!" he thought disappointedly.

It was not so. Neufeld found it easy to show him that de Lubac also read Fessard, Bouillard – and Karl Rahner.

In 1981 the Jesuit community in Innsbruck invited him to settle there and he willingly agreed to return to his second home. Three peaceful years followed. He would visit old friends, take a walk in the evenings, do window-shopping, enter a solitary church, and recite his rosary slowly.

In 1984 he celebrated his 80th birthday and received numerous demonstrations of affection, but he felt death was round the corner. He was forced to give up his walks; he was feeling too weak. He no longer wrote or dictated, but he made an exception: in a letter addressed to Cardinal Landázuri and the bishops of Perú, he came out in defence of Gustavo Gutiérrez and his theology of liberation.

On March 29 he was interned in the university clinic and died peacefully towards the midnight of the 30th.

5. An American in Rome: John Courtney Murray (1904-1967)

The controversy

"This Vatican Synod declares that the human person has a right to religious freedom... This Synod further declares that the right to religious freedom has its foundation in the very dignity of the human person."

These statements may sound obvious today, but when they were made, 1965, they marked a turn as regards the opinion that had so far prevailed in the Church. This turn was to a great extent a personal victory of a Jesuit from New York, John Courtney Murray, after a long-drawn and painful battle.

"Error has no rights, only truth has rights," it used to be said. "The state must be denominational and Catholic, and guarantee exclusively the practice of the Catholic faith."

Murray began to address the topic when, on his return from studies in Rome in 1937 and as professor of dogmatic theology at Woodstock, he became interested in the role that the Catholics could play in the life of the country. He was alarmed by the fear shown by Protestants in view of the growing political activity of the Catholics and the spectre of an alliance between Church and State such as it existed in some Latin countries. They had to be confined in their ghettos!

Since the relations between Catholics and Protestants were deteriorating, Murray decided to confront the neuralgic

issue of religious freedom head-on. In 1948 he felt confident enough to accept an invitation to speak on the issue at the convention of the Catholic Theological Society of America. He himself asked that the respondent to his talk be Fr Francis J. Connell, a Redemptorist, professor of moral theology at the Catholic University of America, known for his opposition to Murray's ideas. He had chosen the one who would be his archenemy during the next thirteen years.

Murray said in substance that papal teaching on Church and State in the 19th century responded to the aggressive secularism that prevailed in Europe at the time but did not apply to the vastly different political experience of the U.S. The issue was not usefully treated by the distinction between *thesis* (the union of Church and State as an ideal situation, like in Spain) and *hypothesis* (their separation, a situation to be only tolerated, like in the U.S); the Spanish situation, Murray argued, was as much *hypothesis* as the American.

Connell replied that this position was incompatible with recent papal teaching and with the claims of Christ the King. When he saw that Murray's views were gaining ground, he embarked on an effort which he would sustain for thirteen years, to have Rome intervene; discussion among theologians was not enough.

The denunciations

On 1 August 1950 he wrote to Cardinal Pizzardo, Pro-Prefect of the Holy Office, denouncing Murray's ideas. It was the first of more than twenty letters he would send to various Vatican officials between 1950 and 1962 pleading for a public repudiation of Murray's views.

He scored his first victory when on 2 March 1953 Alfredo Ottaviani, just made a Cardinal and Pro-Secretary of the Holy Office, delivered an address on "Church and State: Some Present Problems in the Light of the Teaching of Pope Pius XII". Not content with defending the traditional opinion, he referred directly and at length to the recent

debate in the U.S. and cited three statements which he attributed to Murray.

That very day the Cardinal sent a copy of his address by personal messenger to the Roman correspondent of the National Catholic News Service. News of the speech caused consternation at the U.S. Bishops' Conference, which tried to prevent publication of the speech in English.

Murray was alarmed and in the late spring of 1953 he sent a letter of concern to Fr Leiber, Pius XII's private secretary. In June Leiber assured him: "With regard to Cardinal Ottaviani's conference, you must know, and you are free to use this, that it represents the purely private view of the Cardinal. It has no official or even semi-official character."

Nothing happened until the New York Times poked the fire in its issue of July 23. According to some Spanish officials, it reported, Ottaviani's speech represented a Vatican confirmation of the doctrinal position maintained by the Spanish hierarchy and enshrined in the recent concordat.

Murray turned to Leiber again to clarify matters; no reply from Leiber has yet been found. Sharing Murray's anxiety, the Rector of Woodstock wrote to the General; Janssens assured him that Murray was "far from being reprimanded by the Holy See." But only three months later Murray was directed "to put down in simple, clear statements his full, present position regarding this Church-State question", to be submitted to Fr General.

On the 6 December 1953 Pius XII stated in an address that the question of religious freedom and tolerance now had to be placed in the context of an emergent international community and that there it was by his exclusive and final authority. Did he mean he and not Ottaviani? Was it a veiled reference to a supposed interference by the Cardinal? Murray and his friends thought so.

Encouraged by this interpretation of the Pope's words,

Murray took a step that would bring his case to a climax. On 25 March 1954, in a speech at the Catholic University, he stated that Ottaviani's address did not represent the official stand of the Vatican or the Church and that Pius XII had repudiated it.

Murray's critics at the University were quick to react. Within three days Connell wrote to Ottaviani informing him of the speech. Relying on a third person's report, for he had not been present at the lecture, he gave a distorted account, as though it had been full of false insinuations and irreverent references to Ottaviani. He concluded: "I believe that some positive statement from the Holy See is urgently needed. I am certain that Father Murray will continue to teach his views as long as there is no explicit condemnation by the Holy See." In the same letter Connell gave him the news that the Catholic University of Notre Dame was going to publish a book, "The Catholic Church in World Affairs", which would contain an article by Murray under the title "On the Structure of the Church-State Problem".

Quite hurt, Ottaviani set to work immediately.

The blow

On 26 July 1954 Cardinal Pizzardo, Pro-Prefect of the Holy Office, asked Murray to correct the errors contained in his article, and the University authorities to insert his retraction in the unsold copies. Murray was bewildered. "My feelings at the moment are pessimistic; I have written so much on the subject, and my views have undergone such development, that it would be rather unlikely if I had not said some things that I myself would wish to correct."

There followed several communications from the General known only through Murray's own references; the circle, it seems, was closig in. In September 1954, Murray wrote: "There are some who want my head, preferably severed from the neck. I know from a private letter of my Father General." There are indications that in the summer

of 1954 the Holy Office formally declared there to be some errors in an article by Murray. Consequently Murray was ordered to submit his writings to prior Jesuit censorship. Finally, the Holy Office censured "four erroneous propositions" attributed to him.

Early in 1955 Murray formally repudiated the four condemned propositions. At the same time he sent a new article he wished to publish. On July 9 Fr McCormick, the General's Assistant for the U.S., informed him that the Jesuit censors advised against publishing the article. "These men have your interests at heart and they know the scene over here. It seems to me a mistake to wish to carry on with that controverted question under present circumstances. For the time being no good can be attained by provoking those who will not be appeased. Fr General agrees with this final verdict. Time will bring changes."

Murray felt the blow but received it with equanimity and gratitude for the way the Society was shielding him. "The 'inopportune' article pretty much wrapped up my whole position. Anyhow our own Society (God bless it) was wonderful. And it was worth everything to have had the experience of the loyalty, prudence, and fatherly care that the General has – even towards such as me, who really occasioned some unpleasantness between him and the Cardinal." Enquiring at the end of 1955 about the extent of the constraints upon him, Murray did not receive an encouraging answer from McCormick: "I suppose you may write poetry."

Walter J. Burghardt was with Murray when the latter opened McCormick's letter and relates the scene. He began at once to sort out the books he had in his room. Some, those dealing with grace, the Trinity, education, social problems, the humanities, and the new atheism, would continue on his shelves; those on religious freedom and the Church-State relations, would be returned to the library. Instant obedience.

Vindication

Murray did not have time to write poetry. Most of the American bishops shared his views and in August of that same year asked him to prepare a declaration to be submitted to the Congress Committee that was discussing the famous "First Amendment" of the Constitution. Those were the months preceding the contest Kennedy-Nixon, with the susceptibilities caused by the Catholic allegiance of the former. Murray contributed to allay them; Kennedy's closest advisers, Schlesinger and Sorensen, were in touch with him on the burning issue that could tip the balance: Could a Catholic accept the religious clauses of the American Constitution? On 12 December 1960 Time Magazine devoted its cover story to him. Murray continued to be in great demand for clergy retreats and was constantly consulted on questions regarding public morality and the role of religion in society.

If he enjoyed popularity at home, he continued to be in quarantine in Rome, and specifically in the Holy Office, until quite late in John XXIII's pontificate.

So much so that he was "disinvited" from the first session of the Council and he remained in Woodstock. Oddly enough, he was sponsored by Cardinal Spellman, the most conservative member of the U.S. hierarchy; appointed an official *peritus* in the spring of 1963, he became the chief spokesman of the U.S. bishops on the issue of religious freedom.

He adapted easily in the team of the Secretariat for Unity. He had arrived at a critical moment. The Secretariat was preparing its own text for a declaration on religious freedom, different from and rivalling Ottaviani's, which granted tolerance, not freedom. The discussion turned on whether the Theological Commission had the right to revise the text presented by the Secretariat. When his turn came, Murray rose to speak right in front of Ottaviani, but the latter, half-blind, did not recognize him and asked Cardinal Léger, next to him, who the speaker was.

"An expert," Léger answered without disclosing his name, in order not to ruffle the waters.

His intervention was decisive; the ballot, overwhelmingly in favour of the text of the Secretariat, 18 to 5.

Victory had not been won yet. The text of the declaration on religious freedom was the one that had the most troubled history of the conciliar documents: the drafts discussed by the commission were close to 40; the texts submitted to the general assembly, 7. A small minority opposed it to the last – the morning of 21 September 1965, when the text was approved by 1997 votes in favour, 224 against, and one invalid.

This meant that the text was substantially unchangeable and only the Secretariat for Unity, not a mixed commission, could draft the final text. The final vote took place on 7 December 1965 with 2,308 for, 70 against (the hard core), and 8 invalid votes.

The craftsmen of the historic text were Msgr Emile de Smedt, Bishop of Bruges, Msgr Pietro Pavan, and Fr John Cortney Murray who was unable to take part in the final revision. He had suffered two heart attacks in January and December of 1964; on October 5 he suffered a lung collapse and was hospitalized. But on November 18, while still convalescing, he and other theologians concelebrated Mass with Paul VI. It was one of the most wonderful Masses he had ever celebrated, he is reported to have said. For a close friend of his, it was the happy ending of his long struggle, symbolically celebrated.

Back in the U.S., he did not have much time to work. He was appointed director of the LaFarge Institute. From the topic of religious freedom he turned to others that were beginning to be relevant: racial discrimination, conscientious objection, birth control. In mid-June 1967 he suffered a new and serious heart attack and was ordered to cancel all engagements and to spend the summer in complete rest. His death came in a taxi-cab on August 16, while travelling to the LaFarge Institute.

World and religious leaders immediately bemoaned his passing and there rose one unisonous chorus of affection for the man and admiration for the scholar. As a man, "the embodiment of the Christian humanist, in whom the aristocracy of the mind is wedded with the democracy of love," as his friend and colleague Fr Burghardt said in his funeral eulogy. As a scholar, acknowledged as the theologian of the American experience, honoured with degrees by nineteen universities.

6. The Cardinal of Ecumenism: Augustin Bea (1881-1968)

A bolt from the blue

Father Augustin Bea was professor of the Biblical Institute in Rome and also a consultor of the Holy Office, and so was Fr Franz Hürth, professor of moral theology at the Gregorian University. The Gregorian and the Biblicum being quite close, the same Holy Office car used to take them both to the usual meeting of consultors.

At 9.30 a.m. on 16 November 1959, a Monday, Bea, a stickler for punctuality, was sitting in the car, waiting for Fr Franz Hürth, when another car with a Vatican registration plate pulled up by the side; an official of the Secretariat of State came out and told Fr Bea he had to talk to him.

"I'm afraid it's not possible right now, Monsignor. I have to be at the Holy Office meeting, and we're late already," said Bea.

"But I've come from the Holy Father," replied the Monsignor.

The Monsignor handed him a large sealed envelope saying:

"Congratulations, Your Eminence. But not a word until 1 p.m."

The large envelope contained a personal letter from Pope John XXIII, dated November 12, advising him that he was going to make him a cardinal in the forthcoming consistory.

On the day before, Secretary of State Domenico Tardini had summoned General Janssens to intimate to him the appointment. The General did not have time to voice his opposition.

"Your Paternity, the Holy Father knows your Constitutions and he has therefore issued a categorical order that must be accepted. The announcement will be made tomorrow."

In 1953 Pius XII had also wanted to make Bea a cardinal. Janssens argued so forcefully that the Pope gave up. It was not that way now. "The announcement was like a bolt from the blue for me," Bea wrote to a friend. "There is nothing else to do but go ahead trusting in God."

Bea was made a member of the Congregation of Rites, the Congregation for Seminaries and Universities, and of the Biblical Commission. It does not, therefore, seem that John XXIII had any special plans for Bea; he simply wanted to honour him for his services to the Church. The creation of the Secretariat for Unity and Bea's appointment to head it were due to the incumbent's personal interest in the ecumenical movement.

His life's undertaking

The newly-elected cardinal had one absorbing desire: "to work for the great cause of the reunion of Christians," as he confessed to the Pope. His desire sought practical action. "The most important question is certainly that of having the ecumenical movement represented in Rome. As soon as the celebrations are over, I shall speak directly with the Holy Father about it," Bea wrote on 30 November 1959. He had his first audience on January 9 and came

out looking very happy. "We understood each other perfectly," he told his secretary and biographer Stjepan Schmidt.

Bea had previously contacted Dr E. Stakemeier, head of the Johann-Adam Möhler Institute in Paderborn, to prepare a project for the creation of a Commission for Ecumenism. The institute took up the suggestion and on January 20 the relative draft was on Bea's desk. He studied it, made some suggestions, sent it back to Paderborn, and on March 4 the Archbishop of this city, Msgr L. Jaeger, sent Bea a formal petition to be submitted to the Pope.

Bea did this on March 11; a bare two days later, on March 13, the Pope had already decided to institute the Commission and have it headed by Bea. A few weeks later the Holy Father told Bea that he thought it best for the new department to be called a secretariat rather than a commission. "Commissions have their own tradition," he added. "We shall call the new body a secretariat, so that you are not bound by any tradition and can be free."

Bea was eminently well prepared for the post. His long years of biblical studies had given him a deep understanding of the revealed Word which must be the root and supreme norm of ecclesial life. To cite only his Roman experience, Pius XII's confessor (1945-1958), Rector of the Biblical Institute (1930-1949), Consultor of the Pontifical Bible Commission (1931-1959), the Congregation for Seminaries and Universities (1936-1959), the Holy Office (1949-1959), and the Congregation of Rites (1950-1959); he also knew the ins and outs of the Roman Curia and had great prestige and experience. He had excellent relations with the most influential Protestant leaders. He possessed in an outstanding degree the courage and prudence he would need.

First steps, first fruits

On June 29 Professor Johannes Willebrands, a

convinced ecumenist, was named secretary of the new body.

The next step was fixing the competence of the Secretariat and once again the Pope showed himself most generous. It would not be a mere public-relations office; like the commissions, it would have power to prepare texts for the forthcoming Council, but with this peculiarity: the commissions had a well-defined field; Bea's Secretariat could of course prepare the one on ecumenism, but also all the proposals that might affect it, even if they touched on matters pertaining to other commissions.

In the new climate of cordiality, visits to Rome by Protestant personalities began to proliferate: Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury; Arthur Lichtenberger, Presiding Bishop of the U.S. Episcopalians; E. Schlink, of the Evangelical Churches of Germany. Now it was Rome's turn to correspond to these gestures, specifically to send observers to the third assembly of the World Council of Churches that was to meet from 19 November to 9 December 1961 in New Delhi. It was a first step for future contacts.

Then came Bea's first confrontation. Ottaviani opposed the initiative. The principle in force until then should be upheld; the Catholic representatives should attend the meeting as journalists, not as observers. Bea read the letter of the Holy Office, folded it, and said:

"This cannot be."

He let some days pass. Then he sent a fairly extensive memorandum to Ottaviani stressing the new situation brought about by the announcement of the Council and its ecumenical aim. He also referred to the possibility of inviting other Christians to send observers to the Council. How could such an invitation be issued having refused theirs?

Ottaviani let himself be convinced: he reconsidered the matter, and the final decision was favourable. When he informed Bea he added:

"We didn't have full details at our first discussions. I am happy to have been able to remove this thorn from your side, Your Eminence."

The presence of five Catholic observers was the great novelty of the assembly in Delhi.

Similarly, the presence of observers from non-Catholic Churches and communities at Vatican II was an absolute novelty. In none of the ecumenical councils held in the twenty centuries of the history of the Church had there been observers from Christians not in full communion with the same. It was also a great feat if we keep in mind that there had been no contact, up to eighteen months earlier, between the Catholic Church and the various Western and Eastern Churches.

Not easy going

In the preparatory phase of the Council, all the drafts produced by the various commissions had to be sifted by the Central Preparatory Commission. Bea, too, submitted his texts, among them that on religious freedom, and had his first clash with the Doctrinal Commission. Ottaviani, its president, bluntly challenged the authority of the Secretariat to deal with this purely doctrinal matter, exclusively reserved to his Commission. Moreover, the latter had prepared its own text; no other should be discussed. Bea asked and obtained that both the texts be discussed, but his text was defeated in the ballot that followed. Was it too novel? The Central Preparatory Commission must have thought so, but it was not the Council.

This difference became evident within a month after the start of the sessions, when Ottaviani submitted the text of the Doctrinal Commission on the sources of revelation. After six days of debate it was rejected by 1368 votes to 822. Since it did not reach the two-third majority required by the regulations, the Pope solved the question disposing that the text be rehashed – with the collaboration of Bea's Secretariat. Actually the matter touched a crucial point of

ecumenism and the Secretariat represented the majority view. But what a paradox! The Doctrinal Commission which had rejected a mixed commission with the Secretariat on the topic of ecumenism, had to bow and accept one on the eminently doctrinal topic of the sources of revelation.

The historic decree on ecumenism was after all the one that had less trouble. The final text was approved on 20 November 1963 by 2,054 in favour and 64 against.

The history of the Council declaration on the relations of the Church with the Jews was more troubled. John XXIII gave a hint when on Good Friday, 1959, he ordered the suppression of the word *perfidious* that the Liturgy gave them. On 18 September 1960 he commissioned Bea to prepare a draft text on the topic. The Central Preparatory Commission turned it down and even cancelled it from the agenda. Pope John did not protest.

Bea did not give up. He improved on the text, on 20 November 1964 he presented it to the assembly and the latter approved it by a large majority. Then there was outside opposition. Arab countries gave it a political twist; they saw the spectre of a conspiracy by international Zionism; some bishops received threats. Specific clarifications and further polishing made the text acceptable to its new foes.

As for the declaration on religious freedom, piloted also by the Secretariat, we have already seen that it was torpedoed to the last minute.

The hero does not rest on his laurels

Bea was one of the great figures of the Council. "He played a providential role," states one of his collaborators, Msgr Pavan. "His outstanding personality made him a kind of guarantee of the initiatives and work of the Secretariat. All recognized his faithfulness to the Church, his exceptional theological and biblical learning, a wealth of knowledge in a series of secular matters, breadth of vision, noble manners, serenity and openness of spirit, a

disposition for dialogue, a great understanding of others combined with an inflexible regard for truth."

At the conclusion of the Council he was 77 and worn--out; he could think of a well-deserved rest. But it was the time to set going the ecumenism he had implanted in the Church. There was so much to do! He spent the three remaining years of his life making contacts with the Anglican Church, the Methodist leaders, the Lutheran Federation, the Oriental Churches.

The fruits were not late in coming. Throwing overboard etiquette and precedence, Paul VI paid a visit to Patriarch Athenagoras at his Constantinople see without waiting to be visited in Rome; Athenagoras was quick to return his visit. Unprecedented gestures that lit up the hope of a proximate union.

Bea did not fail to foster ecumenism in the ranks of the Catholics. A mobilization of the whole Church was needed and he promoted it through meetings and publications: "The Way to Unity after the Council", "The Church and the Jewish People," "Ecumenism in the Council," "The Church and Mankind", "The Word of God and Mankind", "We who serve. A Basic Council Theme and its Biblical Foundations".

His one cherished desire was to die in harness and this wish was granted him. He died in November 1968 after a short illness.

SOURCES CONSULTED:

ZIZOLA, Giancarlo: *Il microfono de Dio. Pio XII, Padre Lombardi e i cattolici italiani* (Milan, 1990). — LUCIEN, *L'enfant qui jouait avec la lune* (Mulhouse, 1983). — NOIR, Pierre: Aimé Duval (Obituary in "Compagnie" 192, Nov.1985, pp.173-174). — D'OUINCE, René: *Un prophète en procès: Teilhard de Chardin* (Paris, 1970). — SPEAIGHT, Robert: *Teilhard de Chardin. A Biography* (London, 1967). — DE LUBAC, Henri: *Mémoire sur l'occasion de mes écrits* (París, 1989). — RUSSO, Antonio: *Henri de Lubac* (Turin, 1994). — GUILLET, Jacques: *P. Henri de Lubac 1896-1991* (in "Compagnie. Courrier de la Province de France, 256, March 1992, pp. 69-73). — DYCH, William V.: *Karl Rahner* (Collegeville, 1992). — RAHNER, Karl: *I remember. An Autobiographical Interview* (New York, 1985). — NEUFELD, Karl H.: *Hugo e Karl Rahner* (Italian transl., Giuseppe Reguzzoni: Turín, 1995). — PELOTTE, Donald E.: *John Courtney Murray, Theologian in Conflict* (New York, 1976). — KOMONCHAK, Joseph A.: *The Silencing of John Courtney Murray;* in "Cristianesimo nella Storia. Saggi in onore di Giuseppe Alberigo" (Bologna, 1996). — BURGHARDT, Walter J.: *A Eulogy* ("A Tribute to John Courtney Murray, S.J.," Woodstock Letters, Summer 1967, Vol.96, Number 3, pp.416-420). — SCHMIDT, Stjepan: *Augustin Bea, the Cardinal of Unity* (New York, 1992).

IV
The missionary tradition

The 20th century has been missionary also in the Society of Jesus, the organizational structure going hand in hand with missionary zeal. Each Province was assigned a mission especially entrusted to it; this apportioned responsibility evenly, involved the entire Society, and encouraged vocations. Preference was given to the countries where the pre-suppression Society had run missions (China and India), but a territory being part of a colony or cultural area was also a consideration.[1]

Inspiration and missionary methods were the traditional ones until the Council brought in a new sensibility to the great religions and to dialogue; inculturation was a theoretical ideal rather than a practical reality. As for success, the growth of the Society in the former mission countries – to the point of leaving their old patrons behind – tells of the vigour they enjoyed.

We shall pick a sample of this flowering.

---

1 All the Province catalogues used to contain an eloquent general table of the Missions of the Society. The one corresponding to 1934 lists 46 missions, the Provinces to which they were entrusted, and their strength in personnel. The four French Provinces had a mission in India (Madurai), one in Ceylon (today Sri Lanka), two in China (Nanking and Sienhsien), one in the Middle East (Lebanon-Syria-Egypt), two in Madagascar (Fianarantsoa and Tananarivo), and one in the Mauritius Islands, in addition to the Armenian Mission, temporarily dispersed. The five Italian Provinces had a mission in Ceylon, one in India (Calicut-Mangalore), and one in China (Pengpu). The two German Provinces had one in India (Pune) and two in Japan (Tokyo and Hiroshima). That of the Netherlands, one in Indonesia. The five Spanish Provinces, one in India (Bombay-Gujarat), two in China (Anking and Wuhu), and the Caroline, Mariana and Marshall Islands. Portugal; Goa and Macau. The English Province, Guyana and Rhodesia (Zimbabwe today). The Irish had Hongkong. The two Belgian Provinces, two in India (Calcutta and Ranchi) and Congo. The French Canadian, one in China (Suchow). The seven U.S. Provinces, one in India (Patna), and those of Iraq, the Philippines, Alaska, the Rocky Mountains, Honduras, and Jamaica. Southern Poland (Cracow) Northern Rhodesia.

1. In a Madagasgar leprosarium: Jan Beyzym (1850-1912)

The Tartar

The schoolboys nicknamed him the Tartar. In the first place, on account of his features: large and flat forehead, broad face, bulky lips, broad shoulders, strong and wiry hands.

But also because his forefathers had fought against the Tartar invaders. The founder of the family, *Bey Zyma* (the Bey of Zyma), had stopped their hordes and the Dukes of Lithuania rewarded him with the charter of naturalization, the ownership of extensive lands on the banks of the Chomorz, and the nobility title. For all this the young Jesuit allowed himself to be called "the Tartar".

The title was an indication of the affection in which he was held. He deserved this affection. The school was situated on a hill outside Chyrów (today Chyrov and in the Ukraine, some 15 km from the Polish border). The building, just completed (1883-1887), sprawled with a 182-metre façade and a wing on either side, and was full to capacity with students, all boarders.

Young Fr Beyzym had been posted at Chyrów in 1887 to teach Russian and French but was soon made prefect of the most difficult section, that of the middle standards, of restless adolescents. For good measure he was given the management of the infirmary, which consisted of ten wards, a veritable hospital.

Though he had subordinates, he did not shun the

humblest chores and looked after his patients like a mother. He was endowed with another quality: he was a great story-teller and could keep his boys spellbound for hours on end during the long winter evenings. Since all wanted to listen, the sessions were extended to the whole school and were held by turns. He was called the second Jules Verne. His stories lasted several days and at times remained unfinished; then his listeners wanted to know the end; Jules Verne II excused himself saying that he did not know it either; he would have to ask his cast.

In God's plans, the Chyrów infirmary trained him for another hospital that would require much more abnegation and heroism.

Second vocation

Everything happened quickly and in a fortuitous way. Apolonius Kraupa, a young Jesuit who was doing his regency in the school, had vowed to try and devote his life to the care of lepers. In May 1897 he happened to read a booklet describing the lot of these people in a mission country, the reading boosted his old desires but was afraid that he might not be able to realize them until he was ordained priest. He spoke to Beyzym; Beyzym listened to him and must have felt an irresistible call. He remarked with a resolute tone:

"I am a priest and shall not find these difficulties; if my superiors allow me, I shall go to the lepers."

He spoke to the rector, who approved of his plan, and the same day, 13 November 1897, he wrote to Fr General Luis Martín. "My age, 48, may be a difficulty, but I am strong and hope that God will allow me to work for some years still."

The General replied affirmatively. Beyzym would go to the leprosy hospital that the Jesuits of the Toulouse Province conducted in Ambahiworaka, Madagascar. On December 30 of the following year Beyzym was in

Tananarivo, ready to move to Ambahiworaka as soon as he could speak broken Malagasy.

He did not wait that long. The leprosarium was located about 10 km from town and he began visiting it on Sundays to say Mass and render what services he could without knowing the language. Not even this satisfied him and within two months he settled in the leprosarium.

He found the patients in deplorable conditions. "No one looks after them, neither physicians, nor infirmarians, nor Sisters; absolutely no one. There is no trace of a pharmacy. They dress in what they can lay hands on; one finds an old sack and one is clothed. They receive one kilogram of rice per person, per a week, that is barely enough not to die of hunger. They have no medicines, not even rags to bandage their sores."

"It is infuriating to see how they ill-treat these unfortunate people, to the point of rounding them up and pelting them with stones; if anyone gives them alms, he throws it as one throws a bone to a dog. Anyone else would get offended, but they remain calm; they are so used to inspire horror that they are surprised of the opposite."

This is what happened with Beyzym. "The first time they saw me bandaging wounds, they came round and said in amazement, 'See, he is not afraid to touch the wounds.'"

They began to call him *Ray amendreny,* "father and mother of the lepers," which he really was. First of all he did all he could so that they did not starve, and to improve their hygiene. His experience in Chyrów had prepared him to do simple dressings. The results became evident soon: the mortality rate came down from 5-7 a week to 5-7 a year.

Beyzym tried to beautify their desolate environment. He did repairs in the four barracks of the so-called hospital, planted and cultivated flowers, devoted free times to carve wood, an art which he mastered.

He realized that his scant knowledge to Malagasy did not allow him to communicate as he wanted nor to instruct

them in the faith. Early in February 1901 he went for two months to a mission 14 km away. "I was distressed to leave my poor people, but I have had to for their own good; otherwise I would not make any progress; I must therefore take advantage of this unique opportunity." Even then he went to say Mass on Sundays; "I arrive on Saturday morning and run to see my patients and bandage their wounds; during the evening I attend to other business, and on Sunday, no sooner I have said Mass, I return."

Parting and reunion

"A hospital with a qualified doctor and infirmarians or Sisters is an absolute must," was the conclusion that *Ray amandreny* did not take long to draw. The plan received the superiors' approval, provided, as usual, that the author of the project managed to finance it. The budget was 50,000 francs, obtained by writing to his Polish friends. He did not consider himself to be a writer, but the fact is that he hit the target and his letters became very popular. So did his fund-raising. Simultaneously he set out to find an isolated and healthy site for the hospital; he found it in Marana, close to Fianarantsoa, in the province of Betsileo.

When the moment of parting came, his patients were distressed. They would have to go to the government hospital, which housed 700 patients, riffraff of the worst kind, held there by force and watched night and day by the police. It was six hours away from Ambahiworaka and their places had already been reserved. How not to weep?

"The patients surrounded me and began to bid farewell kissing my hands and sobbing their hearts out. I too was crying. They kept running behind me up to the boundary, catching my hands and wishing goodbye again. Their calls and lamentations could be heard long after I lost sight of them."

On 11 October 1901 he arrived at the new place to take care of a new group of lepers and direct the

construction. Up to then, both at Ambahiworaka and at Marana, entire families lived in a single room, children and grown-ups packed like cattle in a stable. Promiscuity and lack of hygiene fostered infection and parasites.

Construction work began in January 1903 and was proceeding at a fast pace with about 100-150 workers. The new hospital would have two large blocks, with room for 140 patients, separate wards for men and women, everything clean and furnished with hygienic facilities, especially water, which Beyzym channelled with a tube one kilometre long.

One day he was working in his room when he heard someone calling him. He went to the window and asked who it was and what was wanted of him. It was a woman. Beyzym thought he had seen her face somewhere but did not recognize her.

"Who are you?"

"Come and I'll tell you."

Beyzym came out and found two men and a woman, all lepers, each one with a bundle, looking very tired, as though they had come a long way.

"From where are you coming? If you want admission here, you have to submit a certificate by the doctor at Fianarantsoa."

"You speak as though you did not know us."

"Of course I don't."

"Remember Ambahiworaka and you will recognize us."

They had walked a whole month to cover 395 km crossing inaccessible mountains.

"From the time we moved to the government hospital thirty of us have died; we are now fifty. Not all are able to walk, but those who are, want to come at all costs."

They were the first ones. More began to arrive three months later. "We say the rosary every day for our travellers, awaiting their arrival impatiently. You cannot imagine in what condition they arrive: swollen, blood-stained, dirty, in tatteres, so exhausted that they fall down

and cannot move. Each time a group arrives, those here are amazed to see with what brotherly love we greet each other. The last ones arrived last evening."

Difficulties and final success

The new hospital was too much of an innovation and did not please some influential persons. The bishop had granted approval but the protests made him change his mind and when he saw the two new blocks in June 1904, on the occasion of his pastoral visit, he showed his disapproval. Beyzym could not convince him, but Fr Decés, a doctor, gave him his considered opinion and managed to convince him.

Then it was rumoured that the French High Commissioner planned to nationalize the leprosy hospitals and had already wired to the central government for approval. The bishop hesitated again and tried to stop construction, but yielded to Beyzym's pressing requests.

In 1905 an English company in search of gold spotted a vein close by and started exploitation on a large scale with thousands of men. Beyzym lost all his workers.

He had hardly got over this difficulty when a new one hit him as the result of the division of the Mission into two, one depending on the Province of Toulouse and the other on Champagne. Beyzym lost his workers and the Brother he had; the new superior took them away because they were needed for reform works rendered necessary by the division. Beyzym appealed to the General of the Society and got back his workers.

From time to time they alarmed him with rumours that the government would confiscate the building. He was not frightened.

"My government is the Blessed Virgin Mary; what she may dispose, not what the government may propose, will happen."

His unshakable faith came out victorious with the inauguration of the new leprosy hospital on the feast of the

Assumption, 1911. On the following day the lepers left the dirty huts of Marana and moved to the new building, one kilometre away, in Ambatowory.

They had never seen the like: roofed and floored rooms, window-panes, basins with running-water, bedside tables, bed with mattress and sheets, and a picture of Our Lady of Czestochova on top, with the patient's number below; in the dining-room, tables and benches. All this under the supervision of Sisters. Exactly what Beyzym had dreamt from the beginning.

There were amusing scenes. When he arrived for his first meal, one squatted on the bench with the back to the table, where he had his plate already served. Another one opened the tap in his room; due to the pressure there gushed out a spurt of water; instead of regulating it, he ran away terrified shouting for help.

The material improvements were not the only ones. Now Beyzym could enforce a strict time-table that would keep the patients profitably occupied throughout the day; he knew that idleness was as harmful as the lack of hygiene. He also intensified spiritual care. Many had already asked for baptism, moved by the example of Christian charity he had given them. Now it was time to form a model community.

He had thirteen more months to live. In March 1912 he was at the peak of his activity; in July he suffered frequent attacks of fever that left him very weak; on September 30 he grew serious and expired around 5.15 a.m. of October 2.

2. In the hands of the Chinese Communists: Tomás Esteban (1879-1934)

The arrest

It happened on 17 December 1931. Wuyuan had already been in the hands of the Communists before and Fr Esteban, its missionary, had stayed away for two months. When he returned, he found his house occupied by the revolutionary committee. They went, but not very far. Now they came back, two thousand of them. They walked at night and took possession of the town before daybreak.

The Father had learned about the rumours and that morning, as a precaution, he said Mass very early and consumed the Blessed Sacrament. At the first shots, his faithful servant Lao Mei, who lived close-by, came to warn him and advise him to flee. Lao Mei did not come in by the main door but jumping over the garden wall. The first knocks were heard very soon.

The Father himself went to open the door. The visitors were three men armed with guns. They entered, searched the rooms, did not find anything that attracted them, went to the stable and took away the two mules that were there. A new group of about 18 came later on; they went round the house and asked for money. Esteban gave them 20 piasters[1] and they went away. Others came in at lunch time with an officer and demanded 10,000 piasters.

---

1 The narratives speak of piasters and dollars making no difference.

"I do not own such a fortune."

"Tie him up," ordered the officer.

He was frisked and taken away with a rope round his neck. Lao Mei tried to follow the group but he was not allowed. He tried later on to find out the Father's whereabouts but did not succeed. He asked them how much money they demanded; they replied they did not want money but justice.

The first news reached Wuhu (the Mission headquarters) through the press on the 19th: "Wuyuan fallen to the Communists." The *yamen* (the mandarin's residence and court) had been burnt; the town, plundered; many people killed and others taken as hostages, among them the Catholic missionary, Father She (Esteban's Chinese name).

The latter's catechists sent further information after Christmas; the Communists abandoned the town on the 17th itself; the Father was calm – "he is very courageous," it was said; they walked five days non-stop until they reached Koyuankiai, in the subprefecture of Hoangfongshien; two secretaries and a soldier of the *yamen* had been imprisoned together with Fr Esteban.

The Communists controlled 180 km round about and had established many checkpoints; if it was relatively easy to get out, it was very difficult to get in.

A price on his head

Fr Esteban's captors did not take long to dictate the conditions for his ransom. In fact, on the same day of their arrival, December 22, he was made to write a letter letting them known: they demanded 100,000 dollars; the sooner they were paid, the sooner he would be released.

On February 15 he was made to write again adding the following clarification: they were not asking money from the Catholic Mission but from the Nanking government. On May 31 he informed that the sum had been lowered to 10,000 piasters and that, if it was Mission money, they

would be content with half that amount or even with two or three thousand. They must have had second thoughts soon, for they made him write: "There has been a misunderstanding in the previous letters; today I have definitely and officially agreed with the main soviet the price of my ransom in 10,000 dollars. If you cannot give all of it at one time, it may be sent in several instalments. When the amount has been received, I shall be allowed to return to Wuyuan."

In Fr Esteban's correspondence during his captivity there is a marked difference between the letters his jailers made him write and the ones he wrote on his own. The former are cold and seem to be dictated; the latter mirror his grit and his desire of martyrdom. "I shall be most happy to remain in jail and suffer and die for Christ" (7 January 1932). "I am contented in God's hands like a child in its mother's arms. If I am freed, fine; I shall spend the rest of my life working for Christ; if I am deprived of my life, I shall obtain what I so much desire and have asked the Lord: to complete my apostolate with the palm of martyrdom" (3 March 1932). "Martyrdom! It is the grace I pray for daily since I joined the Society" (4 April 1933). "I am ready and happy to suffer until death for him" (6 July 1933).

The Fathers were soon convinced that the only way to obtain results was to contact the Communists directly and negotiate the missionary's release. But where to find a man ready to face the dangers involved? They thought of Lao Mei and that brave man accepted the proposal. On 25 January 1932 he set out with several letters for Esteban and one addressed to his captors. He had to come back, for, with no other document than the letter he was given by the Fathers in Wuhu, both the Reds and the national soldiers took him for a spy.

Lao Mei and the Deaf Man

After the first two attempts failed, Lao Mei and the porter of the Wuyuan Mission left on July 7 with 200

piasters, clothing, medicines, and the breviary. The expedition was not futile; the Communists agreed to release the captive for 2,000 piasters. An elderly Christian, Wuyulai by name, resolute and stone-deaf, who had relatives and business dealings with the Reds and had once visited Fr Esteban, promised to carry the money and return with him.

The money reached Wuyuan in late January 1933, hidden at the bottom of some baskets. On February 1 Fr Eguizábal, who had replaced Esteban, stripped out a *makuatse* (the winter jacket filled up with cotton that even beggars wear in winter), stitched the bank notes to the cotton, remade the jacket, and put it on Lao Mei. On February 2 both Lao Mei and the Deaf Man set out on their way to Koyuankiai.

Since they were poorly dressed, no one could suspect they were loaded with money. They reached Koyuankiai on the 5th; one kilometre before and close to the road was the 8-room house where Fr Esteban was held captive, watched by several guards. Since they knew the Deaf Man, one of them escorted him and his companion to the Father's room.

"Sheng fu! (Father)!" Lao Mei addressed him.

Esteban thought he was dreaming when he heard the familiar greeting. He was leaning back by the cot and sat up. He took time to recognize his Lao Mei disguised as a beggar.

Lao Mei wanted to pull out the money then and there and hand it to the Father, but Esteban stopped him. It was better they went to Koyuankiai and delivered it to the chief.

Lao Mei and the Deaf Man were led to the chief's presence. Lao Mei unstitched his jacket and handed the bundle of bank notes to him. The chief looked at them, counted them, rubbed his hands, and looked satisfied, with no thought about the missionary's release. Lao Mei made bold to ask him a safe-conduct for the Father.

"We'll talk about it," said the chief ill-humouredly.

He did talk. How could they imagine that a European

could be released for 2,000 miserable piasters? He issued a safe-conduct for them and encouraged them to go on working for the cause, that is, repeating the trips with 2,000 piasters each time.

The Deaf Man's tenacity

On March 27 the Deaf Man set out again for Koyuankiai, this time to bring Holy Communion to the captive. In addition to a box of milk cans and homemade jam and a bundle of letters, Fr Eguizábal placed a consecrated host in a pyx, wrapped it in a piece of silk, and stitched it to the lining of a Chinese jacket as he had done with the 2,000 piasters for the previous expedition. When he arrived, the Deaf Man handed over the cans and the letters to the Father but there were others in the room and he said nothing of Holy Communion. He waited three days for an opportunity; on the third day he found the Father alone.

"Father, Holy Communion!"

He unstiched his jacket and gave him the pyx. It was on 5 April 1933, the date of the note with which Esteban informed the Fathers in Wuhu that he had received the Blessed Sacrament.

That plucky man made four more visits, one at the Communists' initiative. He went at once and in his presence they told the captive to write a letter proposing the payment of 3,000 piasters, whereupon they would release him. Esteban refused.

The Deaf Man set out again on 11 September 1933, reached the house where he used to meet the Father but did not find him; he had been taken to a hospital three kms away. Since he had not brought the ransom money, he was not allowed to see him.

In late November he was once again standing outside the house where he had met the prisoner twice before. The Father was not there. A minor officer scolded him for coming empty-handed. He returned five days later and met

the chief in whose hands he had deposited the 2,000 piasters in the month of February. The Deaf Man let him have it; he waxed so eloquent that the chief gave him a safe-conduct and a guide to take him to Father Esteban, 12 km from Koyuankiai.

That was on 1 December 1933. Fr Esteban was still alive, but he told the Deaf Man not to return and to tell the Fathers not to worry about him.

"Write something, Father. The Fathers are very sad and think you are dead because I brought no letter from you the previous time."

He consented, but his jailers refused to give him paper and pen. The Deaf Man raised hell but they were adamant. All he got was a letter from them blaming the Catholic Mission: "Missionary She does not think the ransom fixed by our government is very high, but you seem to forget the affection he has for you."

The Deaf Man did not give up. One day in January 1934 he set out once more to try and bring the Father. He was expected back for the Chinese New Year, February 14. No more was heard of that singular man.

The captive

How did Fr Esteban fare during his captivity? What he says in his letters is very little and most discreet, but the little he says gives us an idea.

"They told me that I am punished because they persecute our holy religion. My health is good though the food is extremely poor. I am laughed at, but I do not mind. I came with what I had on, but I do not want you to send me anything because this is very far. I shall suffer joyously all the privations of capitivity" (3 March 1932).

"I have gifted the milk cans to the hospital of the Reds to correspond with this proof of love to their hatred against me. They do not understand this doctrine of love of one's enemies. On one occasion, speaking to the crowd, I told them that if they hated me I loved them. One of their

speakers branded this doctrine as foolish. Three times I have been exposed before the people, like Jesus by Pilate" (4 Arpil 1933).

"The last day of May I was exposed thrice to public mockery. Then they asked me to speak from the stage, which I did very willingly, stressing our doctrine of love of God and neighbour. There was more abuse the following day, June 1, from 1 to 6 p.m.; they took a photo threatening to kill me. At first I thought they meant it, but I was calm and happy. When will it really happen?" (6 July 1933).

A captivity companion, the chemist of Wuyuan, supplied some information. He had shared his room until the Father, sickly and ailing, was taken to hospital. He developed a cough and his condition worsened very much; his sputa were large and dirty; his body was covered with sores. When this gentleman learned of the Father's prolonged silence, he said that, given the condition in which he had left him, he had no doubt that the Father was dead. The same report was heard in Wuyuan and confirmed by his other companions in captivity; Father Esteban had died in January 1934.

From seminarian to missionary

Fr Esteban was born in Sesma, Navarre, and after three years in the school of the Piarists in Irache he moved to the seminary in Pamplona. "He was the toughest of the one hundred seminarians," said a companion. "If he saw a nail sticking out, he hit it with a finger." But he would not kill a fly.

After ordination (23 September 1904), he was appointed asst. parish priest of Mendigorría. He was spendthrift with the poor, gentle in the confessional, practical but not brilliant in the pulpit, and he conducted himself like a Jesuit. So no one was surprised when he joined the Jesuits four years later, in Loyola, on 5 April 1909.

As was customary in cases like his, he went through

a hardly shortened version of the Jesuit training. In 1913 his Province of Castile opened the Mission of Wuhu and the first expedition of six missionaries left for China. Esteban volunteered at once and on 24 August 1917, no sooner he completed tertianship at Manresa, sailed from Barcelona. Since the Suez Canal was closed on account of the war, he made the journey crossing the Atlantic, the United States and the Pacific, and landed in Shanghai on October 31.

His first mission assignment was to Yingshan. It was one of the most distant outposts of the Mission and his companion was a French Father. He stayed four years (1918-1922). Msgr Zenón Arámburu, who was his Superior, Bishop of Wuhu and his biographer, acknowledges that he could not master the Chinese language. He had difficulty in speaking it and his pronunciation was faulty. But he loved the Chinese and he adapted to them wonderfully well.

This first missionary experience ended in late August 1922 as the result of the division of the Anhwei Vicariate into three independent missions: Hoaise (later Pengpu), entrusted to the Turin Jesuits; Anking, to those of the Spanish León Province; Wuhu, to those of Castile. Yingshan falling in Anking territory, Esteban was given a new posting inside that of his own Wuhu Mission, in Wuyuan.

The district of Wuyuan, just as distant from Wuhu since it was situated at the southern end of the Anhwei province, was very large and mountainous, with mountains that could only be climbed on foot or at most on a mule. Msgr Arámburu was once coming down a slope very carefully, step by step, with a precipice on one side; Fr Esteban's catechist was accompanying him and told him:

"I've come this way with Fr Esteban with everything under snow at ten o'clock in the night."

The local dialect, very different from the mandarin that the missionaries studied, was an added difficulty. The Christian community was smaller than that of Yingshan. It had 474 Christians and 411 catechumens in seven villages.

But there was the village of Tongmen, whose Christian community dated back to the days before the suppression of the Society in 1773.

Given the geographical conditions of the Wuyuan mission, the missionary's first requirement was mobility, both to communicate with the centre and to visit his Christians. The latter alone entailed travelling more than a thousand kilometres a year, always on mule-back or on foot. Not to speak of his work at the centre, the *tientchoutang,* the catechumenates, the school, liturgical life.

Until that morning on 17 December 1931, when he was taken away.

3. A man for all seasons: Joaquim Vilallonga (1868-1963)

The Giant

Founder-Superior of the Ahmedabad Mission in India, Ecclesiastical and Jesuit Superior rolled in one for the long stretch from 1934 to 1948, he was in every sense, also physically, a giant, "towering head and shoulders above the mightiest of his fellows," as his obituarist put it in the Gujarat Province newsletter. "It was an experience for a young Scholastic to meet him in those days," said another.

This was also the impression that those of us who never met him were left with after hearing familiar anecdotes repeated over the years, the Mission's oral tradition. Putting the pieces of the mosaic together, there emerges the picture of a great personality for whom no

difficulties existed; he either steamrolled them or bypassed them with cunning. Held in high regard by those outside, respected and somewhat feared by those inside. A shrewd appraiser of men and matters, who knew the subtle art of diplomacy and how to be suave, but also how to be ruthless. A legend.

The scholar

Born at Burriana, province of Castellón in Spain, he entered the novitiate at Veruela at 17. When the Novice Master asked him why he wanted to be a Jesuit, he replied without hesitation: To go to the missions. And so, after philosophy, he was assigned to the Philippines, the great Mission of the Aragón Province, his first love and probably his greatest all through his life. There he made a long regency, six years (1892-1898), as was normal those days especially in regencies made overseas. He taught mathematics, physics, and philosophy, at the prestigious Ateneo of Manila. Though not a priest, he was also the Prefect of the Sodality and as such directed the corps of its volunteer catechists.

He did the first three years of theology at Tortosa, Spain, and after ordination on 28 July 1901, he was sent to St Louis, Missouri, to complete his theological studies, brush up on his English, and "adopt some American manners for his new work in the Philippines" (J. Valiamangalam). The American fleet had just seized the islands from the Spaniards, English made compulsory, and the Spanish missionaries faced the need to learn the language and get "Americanized". Young Vilallonga accepted the challenge; it was a small price to return to his beloved Philippines.

His performance in St Louis was so exceptional that, though a foreigner, he was chosen to hold the "Grand Act", a public defence of 200 theses comprising the whole of theology and scholastic philosophy. He was

given one year to prepare and the act was held on 29 April 1903 in the presence of a most distinguished audience: President Theodore Roosevelt (then in the city on the occasion of the St Louis Fair), James Cardinal Gibbons, several other prelates, directors and professors of seminaries and religious departments of universities. This extraordinary accomplishment would be a feather in his cap for all time to come and an essential part of his biography.

After tertianship at Florissant he returned to the Philippines and was administrator, treasurer, and professor of philosophy for three years (1904-1907) at the Training College of San Javier, Manila. In 1907 he moved to the Ateneo of his regency days as professor of philosophy and mathematics. In 1910 he was made its Rector and this began the long series of appointments to positions of government that would span most of the first part of the 20th century.

The superior was also the apostle. He had a powerful influence on his students, men who would occupy high posts in government and in the business world. One of his achievements was the regularization of the marriage of the President of the Republic, Manuel Quezon. Vilallonga obtained an audience with him and took the parish priest along. First, he was closeted with the President and the First Lady and spoke to them with such unction and affection that they agreed to make their confession and receive the nuptial blessing. Then he called in the parish priest and the witnesses and the marriage was blessed, ending what had been a great public scandal.

His interest in the leper colony of Culion dates back to that period. The government had dumped 4,000 lepers in the island, called the Island of Death. The president of the Ateneo of Manila would visit them often with sweets and tobacco, sympathy and jokes. That friendship too would last through life.

The superior

The next steps in the ladder were the superiorship of the Mindanao Mission (1916-1919), the rectorship of the Seminary-College of Vigan (1920), and the superiorship of the whole Mission of the Philippines (1921-1926).

His very first task in this latter capacity was the painful one of turning over the flourishing Filipino Mission, the pride of the Aragón Province, to the American Jesuits (who should have taken the Mission of Bombay from the Germans but were unwelcomed in India by the British because they had Irish surnames), and concurrently of packing his Spanish confrères off to Bombay. The wrench served to show the sterling obedience of those Jesuits. A band of seven left for India in November 1921 and made India their home. Fr Grau was on his way to the Philippines but was ordered to stop in India and there he remained to become one of the most popular and successful missionaries of the Gujarat Mission.

Vilallonga's performance during that critical period must have been highly satisfactory for he was made Provincial of the mother Province of Aragón. He held the post for three years (1926-1929) with such administrative efficiency that he placed the Province on a sound financial basis. This does not seem to have happened without difficulties, but it was to prove providential when the Spanish Republic closed down Jesuit institutions in 1932; it could survive the crisis unharmed.

Papal appointments

In 1929 he received his first papal appointment, that of Apostolic Visitor to the Philippines. The visit resulted in the creation of a new metropolitan see, that of Cebu, and six new dioceses. He also divided the Mindanao Mission into two and entrusted them to as many American Provinces. He found time to visit his friends, the lepers of Culion. General McArthur lent him his

personal hydroplane; the Apostolic Visitor promised the lepers to return as soon as he was released from his responsibilities.

In 1930 he was given a similar assignment by the General of the Society for the Jesuit Mission of Bombay-Pune. In 1931 he returned to Rome to report to the General. On his advice Pune was made a separate Mission, entrusted to the Swiss and German Fathers. The legend has it that he was offered the cardinal's biretta but refused it.

The story also goes that he asked Fr Ledóchowski persistently to allow him to retire to Culion as chaplain of the lepers. The Polish General forbade him to bring up the subject again. He replied that he would honour the prohibition for as long as he or the General lived, not one minute later. He left no doubt as to who would win in the end.

For the moment, however, he was sent back to Bombay as Regular Superior of the Mission. He took charge in mid-June 1931 and at the end of his first three-year term, on 19 July 1934 he received another papal appointment, that of Ecclesiastical Superior of a new juridical entity that was to be a diocese in all but name, Ahmedabad. At the same time he was the Superior Regular of the new Ahmedabad Mission, holding all the reins in his robust hands.

As he was the head of a diocese in all but the name, he was a bishop without having the title. He needed no mitre or crozier, no ring, pectoral cross, or red sash. He had other, more effective insignia of authority: his very size, his assurance, eyes that would impose instant silence on the indiscreet, a grunt that was more eloquent than a flow of words.

Double-size Superior

Double-size Superior that he was with his double powers, he dominated the scene. He made a lot of friends,

especially among those who could help, but he did not exclude the poor and soon won over the hearts of the people even though he could not speak their Gujarati language. The Catholics numbered 12,000 and there were 12 priests in the field, which left a large room for growth and development. The Archbishop's House of Bombay was supposed to provide the necessary funds, but the archbishop thought that his counterpart in Ahmedabad was rolling in money when the contrary was true.

Vilallonga proved to be a master fund-raiser. He not only flooded the world with begging letters but travelled widely to collect funds, switching on his charm and using the many contacts he had in the various countries, friendships he had cultivated.

It used to be said – mischievously no doubt, but maybe with a pinch of truth – that he had two drawers: one in which he deposited the money that came in and was marked "Ecclesiastical Superior", and one from which he paid the bills and was marked "Jesuit Superior".

His long reign of 14 years (1934-1948) came to an end with a bang: he made the mission into a diocese, gave it over to a man after his heart, an Indian, and retired to Culion as he had always dreamt.

He had already decided to step down from office when he returned from his last world tour in 1948. But he held two posts: on 21 December 1948 he gave over the Jesuit superiorship of the Mission to his successor but was still Ecclesiastical Superior; finally on 5 May 1949 he received news of the appointment of the first Bishop of Ahmedabad.

He was now free at last. Taking only two Jesuits (and his great friend Mr Surti, a Parsi convert) into confidence, he booked an air ticket to Bombay and Manila. In the house nobody knew he was leaving until, one evening of June 1949, before starting supper, he knelt down in the middle of the little dining-room, kissed the floor, and according to the formula prescribed those days for those who left the house, he said his "culpa"

for the faults he had committed and the disedification he had caused during his stay. Only when the plane landed in Bombay did the news break out that he was returning to the Philippines.

First love and last

He was 80 but still full of vigour and repaired to Culion at once to brighten the lives of the lepers with his smile and his affection.

He was followed by the appreciation of every institution he had served. His fellow Jesuits remembered him on the various jubilees he celebrated: his golden jubilee as a priest in 1951, that of his solemn profession in 1955 and, fast on its heels the same year, his 70 years in the Society, and his 75 in 1960.

The governments of the Philippines and Spain and the Holy See granted him awards. In February 1959 he was the Chief Guest at the Centennial Banquet of the Ateneo of Manila. On 31 August of the same year he received the Magsaysay Award for public service in recoginition of his work in Culion. On 20 December 1960 he was back in Manila to receive the *"Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice"* Medal from the Papal Nuncio.

The final public honour accorded him came from his native Spain, the *"Encomienda de Isabel la Católica"* for "long and distinguished service to the Church, the Philippines and Spain." This decoration was given him in the auditorium of the Ateneo's Law School on 7 September 1962 by the Spanish Ambassador and Grandee of Spain, Jaime de Alba.

The reward that never fades came within five months. At the end of October 1962 he injured his right hip and leg in an accidental fall and found it increasingly painful to stand and walk. He was taken from Culion to Manila and admitted into a clinic. He improved, but an intestinal obstruction and a weakened heart made his condition so critical that he was given the sacrament of the sick. After

further improvements and relapses he passed away on 1 February 1963.

Representatives of the Filipino Government, the Spanish Embassy, many Ateneo alumni then prominent in the government, the professions, business, and other civic fields, were present at his funeral.

4. In the paddy-fields of Malabar: Pietro Caironi (1904-1966)

The fighter

"I'm coming, I'm coming, clear the way!"

So said a Nambudiri Brahmin (the highest Brahmin caste in the region) as he walked through a paddy-field in Cherukunnu, northern Kerala. At the same time he was ringing a bell to announce his arrival. It was the ritual warning for the untouchables who might be walking by the same path to give him way and not to defile him with their shadow. But this time the proud Nambudiri came up against Fr Pietro Caironi, accompanied by two Pulayas (untouchables), ready to cut him to size.

"We don't fear your defilement. Either you give way, or we'll open it by force."

The Brahmin did not give way; Caironi jostled him to one side and went ahead, followed by his two companions. His opponent got up and went his way mumbling abuse.

Both men happened to cross their steps at the same place twenty years later. But times had changed and the Brahmin had learnt the lesson; he no longer demanded that all and sundry should clear the way.

Another ritual demand ruled that the untouchables should not use the plates and cups of caste people; they

defiled them. One day Caironi was accompanied by his catechist Thomas and a neophyte, both Pulayas, and asked for tea for all three at one of those teashops that dot the roadsides all over India. The shopkeeper gave him a cup but refused to give one to his two companions. Caironi snatched the cup from his hands and dashed it to the ground:

"You son of a... You refuse to give tea to my Christians? Are they not God's children better than you? Either you give them tea as you have given me or we'll boycott your shop. All my people will come and teach you a lesson. If need be, we'll pull down your dirty shop."

The man cowed down, apologized, and quietly, with trembling hand, served tea to Caironi's two companions.

A third custom forbade untouchables to draw water from the common well. Caironi rebelled against this discrimination; he took them to the well and made his frightened Pulaya catechumens to draw water in his presence. A caste Hindu came up and threatened to beat them. Caironi took him by the throat and slapped him. The man went straight to the police. The Sub-Inspector asked the Hindu in Caironi's presence:

"What did the Father do to you? Did he beat you?"

The fellow did not have the courage to accuse the Father in his presence, and blurted out:

"No, no; he didn't."

The strong man

Caironi's courage went together with a remarkable physical strength.

Once a group of his enemies plotted a real kidnapping. They knew his movements and waited for him where they knew he would pass at nightfall. When he reached the spot, they rushed on him, and tied him to a tree. They wanted to beat him to death. They had their hands uplifted, ready to start, but stopped as though paralyzed.

"What are you waiting for? Why don't you start? If you don't move, I will."

So he did and the ropes fell off. His kidnappers fled, running for their lives.

Another time a Nair whose interests had been upset wanted to take his revenge and hired three cutthroats to ambush him. They surrounded him and actually got hold of him. Caironi, who had the strength of three or four Malayalees, freed himself from their hold and began to shower blow after blow on them. They, too, ran away as fast as they could.

The Muslims are usually stronger than the Hindus for they eat meat. One of them who had a grudge against Caironi thought he could get rid of him. He knew that the missionary would cross the railway bridge to return to Pallikara. He was standing in the middle of the bridge, waiting for Caironi. Relying on his strength, he planned to throw him to the river below. Caironi saw him and, guessing his intentions, took the initiative. Without saying a word, he caught him by the shoulders and dragged him along the track. He did not toss him to the river; that would have been too much. He released him and the Muslim ran away in fear.

One night, in the village of Madayi, a Muslim stealthily entered the hut of a Pulaya woman to violate her. He did not notice the presence of Henry, the catechist, who was there precisely for the purpose of protecting the Pulaya girls. Using Caironi's methods, he gave a sound thrashing to the offender. Madayi being a centre of Muslims, all ran to his defence with the war cry: "Islam is in danger, Islam is in danger!"

Caironi rushed to the scene. Posted at the entrance of the hut, he was a roaring lion defending his cubs.

"Get away, don't enter the house. Get away or I'll pluck your eyes from their sockets or smash your faces."

Those on the front line stepped back and the mob began to disperse.

The man

Though strong, Caironi was shorty, with unkempt hair and rough ways. On account of the marshy fields he had to cross daily and the channels he had to wade, he used to go barefoot and wear short pants. All feared him — Christians, Muslims, and Hindus alike. His identification with the Pulayas went as far as learning all the bad words of their vocabulary and using them with evident familiarity. His zeal and impulsiveness were not tempered by human prudence. To him, what mattered was to save the souls of his Pulayas as quickly as possible. All means were good to achieve this end — merciless beatings included if they helped to correct the defects of his beloved neophytes. Was he not their father?

He was disorderly and delightfully irregular. He had no watch; as he lived close to the railway station, he was guided by the passage of the train – and during the "British Raj" the trains were punctual. When he slept elsewhere, he would get up at any time at night and go to say Mass to the convent whether it was 2 or 5 a.m. It was the same with the meals. He had no cook and could cheat his stomach with a cup of tea just as well as he was able to relish with noisy pleasure a succulent dish. "How delicious it is!"

His administration was equally irregular and unconventional. The money he had was placed between the pages of books and notebooks and scattered in the glorious confusion of his room. He neither kept nor submitted accounts, but he had an excellent memory and knew quite well what he owned and what he owed. He was most generous for necessary expenses, even when it was a question of helping others, but tightfisted for superfluous expenditure.

The missionary

Pietro Caironi had started his missionary career at Taliparamba, a parish whose parishioners left much to be

desired and whose Muslim population offered no hope of conversion. He found an abundant harvest in a group of Pulayas cut off from both Hindus and Muslims. He moved his residence to Dalil, a village close to Cherukunnu, and started to visit them in their huts or in the paddy-fields where they worked; he assembled them in the evenings and instructed them in the ways of the Lord. He ate what little they could give him, slept where the night would find him: a hut, the verandah of a shop; or under a tree. He moved from place to place mostly on foot, by boat when possible, by train along the little track between Cherukunnu and Payyanur. He became so well known to the railway staff that they would stop the trains to pick him up half-way between stations.

With the example of his life, his love of neighbour, his simple but eloquent words, he initiated a movement that began with individual conversions and developed into a mass-conversion movement. A missionary to the marrow, he never ceased to preach the truths as well as the demanding ideals of the Christian faith. But he did not rest content with religious preaching.

Besides aiming at liberation from sin he aimed at liberation from the economic and social slavery in which they lived and which took many and humiliating forms. A very extended practice was the raping of women by the employers for whom they or their husbands worked. A certain Muslim boasted to Caironi that he had given the Church so many of his children born of Pulaya women.

He fought on several fronts. Also in the courts of law. He would denounce anyone who dared to touch, insult, harm, or wrong any of his Pulaya converts. If, on the contrary, a caste person brought any of his converts to court, he took up the defence. He won easily because the accusations were usually false. The magistrates knew him and cooperated with him to free those poor people from the clutches of their exploiters.

There remained the economic slavery of money-lenders

who loaned it at exorbitant rates, 10 to 20 per cent a month, 120 to 220 a year. It was impossible to get out of that trap.

The first step so that they would not have to ask for loans, was to improve their financial situation; they had to get well-remunerated jobs or the means to earn their livelihood. Caironi did this giving them plots of land which he bought for the purpose and whose owners they would become in time. It was a revolutionary measure. The former despots would not be able to keep their women employees in their houses for spending the night with them, nor enter their houses with impunity to take them away, nor terrorize their husbands.

Another very effective means was the schooling of boys and girls. He built up schools, a whole network. Dispensaries and hospitals were also needed; he built those, too, most notably the medical complex of Kannapuram. He brought in Sisters for all of this from his beloved Italy. He got the money to pay all these expenses writing hundreds of letters to friends and benefactors in Italy and the United States. He alone collected more funds than the rest of the Mission.

Pierino, the altar boy of the future John XXIII

Pietro Caironi hailed from Bergamo Alta, the melting- pot of invaders from Asia through northern Europe, which has produced a different Italian type with even a dialect which is quite different from Italian. The *Bergamasco* is rough and tough but resourceful and enterprising. Such was our hero, with the qualities and defects of his compatriots.

One of these was Don Angelo Roncalli, the future pope, and Pietro served his Mass daily for some time. One day he failed to turn up; Don Angelo enquired and he was told that his Mass server was sick. He went to visit him.

"Oh, Pierino, how are you? Don't worry. I'll give you my blessing and you'll get well. Then come again to serve my Mass."

The Bergamasco lad attended elementary school at Bergamo; at 12 he joined a technical school; and at 17 he entered the Society of Jesus, attracted by the example of St Francis Xavier, and on 18 October 1926, when he was 22, he received the missionary crucifix to leave for the Mission of Mangalore, entrusted in 1878 by Leo XIII to the Veneto-Milan Province of the Society.

Pietro followed the usual round made by the young Jesuits sent to the Indian missions: philosophy at Shembaganur and theology at Kurseong, both large scholasticates located in the heights, far from the heat of the plains, "Shembag" in the south, covered with gigantic eucalyptus, and Kurseong on the last foothills of the Himalayas in the north.

The diocese of Calicut was then part of the Mission of Mangalore and was considered as its mission field; those who wished to preach the faith to non-Christians used to be sent there. This is what Pietro had wanted all his life.

The hour of sorrow

If he tasted success, he also tasted bitterness. His enormous energy could not be contained in any structure and he escaped all control. Everybody had to do what he wanted and no one could stand in his way. Bishops, superiors, fellow missionaries, sisters, government officials, everyone had to abide by his plans and ideas. The crisis came when the authorities refused to do so. He felt let down and blamed the lack of missionary zeal of his superiors, "academic men, not conversant with mission life and problems." He denounced them to the Roman Congregation of Propaganda Fide. The Jesuits of the Veneto-Milan Province, he said, had relegated Calicut's mission work to the last place; so many young Jesuits wanted to go to the missions but were detained in Italy; neither his local superiors nor the bishop of the diocese had the slightest interest in missionary work. "I believe this is an abomination. Seeing the harvest is ready, I am

convinced that God's judgment on these Jesuits will be terrible. With deep respect and asking for your blessing, I am your humble servant in Christ, Pietro Caironi, S.J., missionary, 21 June 1948."

Nothing was done and fiery Caironi decided to look elsewhere for an outlet to his zeal.

"Where are you going? What has happened to you? You look very upset."

It was his friend, Fr Lombardini, who bumped into him at the Calicut railway station. He was carrying his luggage and had already purchased the ticket to go to Andhra Pradesh (in central India), to a mission run by the PIME missionaries of Milan. He had just had a heated discussion with the bishop.

"They want to treat me like Fr Beretta, who died of a broken heart in Italy. I want to die in India. They want to remove all the priests from the Pulaya missions. That means the end of my work. What is the use of my remaining in such a diocese?"

First of all, Lombardini confiscated his ticket and then tried to cheer him up: that was a passing crisis; misunderstandings are always possible; but truth triumphs at the end. Then he took hold of Caironi's luggage and forced him to accompany him to see the bishop. He succeeded in pacifying both the contenders, the bishop and Caironi.

Caironi had another, more painful and serious crisis. "There was a kind of a plot against him," says his friend and biographer Giuseppe Taffarel; "a campaign was set on foot to send him out of the Society of Jesus," based no longer on misunderstandings but on serious accusations; he was independent, rebellious, and disobedient.

The dimissorial letters had actually been dispatched to India. The Provincial had received them but did not give them to Caironi. Caironi seems to have come to know, and not to spare the dishonour of being expelled, he wrote to the Provincial asking to leave.

The disaster was avoided by another friend, Fr Paul Lenthaparambil, who went over to Madayi to speak to Caironi. He felt that Caironi needed sympathy and encourgament. After a two-hour heart-to-heart talk, Peter embraced Paul and promised him that he would stay on and retract his letter to the Provincial, which he did on 3 May 1953.

Liberation

Caironi's exceptional strength was slowly and relentlessly sapped by his wandering life, intense work, constant tension, and his irregular eating. In addition to other minor ailments he developed a stomach cancer that caused him terrible pain; at times he bent double, pressed his hand against his aching stomach, and cried silently as if the agony of death was upon him. Yet he would not tell anyone of his sickness, much less superiors or doctors. But once he was found by his faithful catechist Thomas lying in a pool of blood he had vomited.

Stunned by the sight, speechless first, Thomas, who was a sensible and practical man, informed Caironi's superior and all was arranged to take him to Italy for the medical attention he needed.

It was a question of life or death. The lion became a lamb and let his confrères take care of him. In Italy he underwent a terrible piece of surgery. Even his heart was placed on a table and artificial blood circulation was used; working four hours, the surgeon removed the whole stomach and part of the liver, and extracted more than four kilograms of pus, rotten flesh and contaminated blood. But the operation was a success that astonished even the doctors.

He was discharged after forty days and as soon as he was given the green light he hastened to return to India. "I have baptized nearly all in the Pulaya missions. Should I give to our converts the bad example of dying in Italy?" he wrote to the Italian Provincial.

He returned in the autumn of 1964 and spent the rest

of his days in the hospital of Kannapuram which he had built, surrounded by the affection of all. When he died (26 May 1966), the Fathers intended to bury him in Kannapuram itself. But his old catechist, Thomas, disclosed Caironi's cherished desire to be buried in Dalil, where he had started his missionary work in 1937.

His humble tomb, lost in those paddy-fields, with his disintegrated bones mixed and identified with the soil, may well be considered a monument to the "unknown missionary". Little known outside his immedaite circle, he is the natural representative of a host of Jesuit missionaries, anonymous heroes who have spent themselves to extend the frontiers of the Church during the 20th century.

5. In ice-cold Alaska: Segundo Llorente (1906-1989)

The reception

Sailing down the Yukon River, the boat finally arrived at Holy Cross, the novel missionary's final destination. As soon as it was at the bank, Segundo Llorente jumped ashore. Standing on the bank was Fr Tomkin, the local superior, who showed signs of surprise when he saw Llorente disembark with all his luggage. After greeting him, Llorente showed him the letter from the bishop. Fr Tomkin read it twice and began to shake his head.

"It's all a mistake. The bishop is unaware of conditions on the lower Yukon. You see, we are three priests here whereas Akulurak has only two and one is dying. The bishop must have meant Akulurak. Return to the boat with the suitcases and go to Akulurak."

"You dare to disobey the orders of the bishop?" said Llorente unmoved.

"Young man, Alaska is different, entirely different from the rest of the country. Here we play it by ear. Only those on the spot are fully aware of all the circumstances. I am sure you are needed in Akulurak."

"But where is Akulurak?"

"I don't know. Down the river. Go to Marshall and people there will tell you."

Llorente returned to the boat in a state of great confusion. He remembered what Fr Hubbard had told him in one of the stops of that journey: "You'll find yourself often in distress," he warned him. He had not imagined that distress would be his guest so soon.

At Marshall he was lucky. A smaller boat was anchored nearby as though waiting for him, with a captain who offered to take him to Akulurak free of charge. They kept sailing downstream until they reached the centre of the Yukon Delta and branched off into the Akulurak slough until they hit the banks where the mission sits. A group of schoolboys boarded the boat before the engine stopped. Within minutes the local superior, Fr Paul O'Connor, appeared and he too looked surprised. He had heard that a new priest was coming to the missions but not for Akulurak. He was extremely happy; now at last he would be able to take off by sled and visit his vast parish. It was too good to be true.

Thus ended Llorente's 39-day journey to begin his missionary life in September 1935. First by sea from Seattle to Seaward, on the southern coast of Alaska; then by land on a train that chugged its way to cross an endless chain of mountains; finally 1,200 km by river up to the very mouth of the Yukon River. Further and further away from the inhabited world, deeper and deeper into vast white and solitary landscapes.

The vocation to Alaska

Llorente's case was the typical exception confirming the

rule. By the assignment of missions to the various Provinces, he should have gone to Anking, in China, the one entrusted to his Province of León. But Pope Pius XI wrote about that time that the Mission of Alaska was the most heroic of all in the Catholic Church and young Segundo Llorente felt irresistibly attracted to Alaska.

He was studying the humanities in Salamanca (1926) and told his Provincial.

"Alaska? Where's that? What good are you going to do in Alaska? That's a fine fervour, but keep studying Latin and Greek."

Turned down by the Provincial, Llorente opened a correspondence Fr General Ledóchowski who gave him the same answer until he yielded and wrote in his own hand: "Along with this letter I am writing one to your Provincial and another to that of Oregon, on whom the Mission of Alaska depends."

In 1930 he went to the United States to get settled, and as soon as he completed theology (1931-1935) he left for his Promised Land.

Llorente had all the qualities to be a missionary. He was open, generous, social, a great conversationist, made friends with everyone, had an unequalled art to tell stories and keep his audience spellbound; he was a fine writer and wrote thousands of articles in the purest Spanish that were avidly read in Spain and Latin-America, attracting fat alms for his mission and spreading missionary enthusiasm.

The writer on the missions was also spiritual counsellor to a wide clientele. This was proved by the thousands of letters from persons of every age and condition who wrote to him asking for counsel. These letters reveal another Llorente: interior, spiritual, even mystical. This was the source of his incredible heroism.

In Alaska he found all the difficulties he had dreamt about and overcame them all. He learnt the devilish Eskimo language; he fell in love with the land and its people; he got used to its habits, its food, its odour; isolation did not

frighten him, but used it to good purpose, also to pray; he mixed with the people as much as he could, devoted soul and body to his flock, making himself all to all. This is why he became so popular and well loved.

The missionary

Llorente spent 40 years in Alaska (1935-1975) and was posted in practically all its mission centres: Akulurak, Kotzebue, Bethel, Alakanuk, Nome, Fairbanks, Anchorage... He began with those on the western coast on the Bering Sea, the farthest and most difficult. From Akulurak he passed on to Kotzebue, the one most to the north, well within the Arctic Circle; the temperature went down to 63 degrees below zero, and from the first week of December to the second week of January it was dark night, and from the first week of June to the first week of July bright day. His parish was as big as the whole of France and the population a mere 5,000 inhabitants.

In his travels he shared lodging and table with his parishioners, and life together brought about affection and confidence. These visits started in mid-November and lasted a week each. He took Ralph Jones, a tough 19-year--old Eskimo, short, wide, ambitious, and "with a pride taller than a mountain, who would not take second place in anything." He had been in the mission school and was bilingual. He drove the sleigh drawn by a team of nine dogs. They left in the morning and would arrive late in the afternoon where they might spend the night.

When they finished in a village, they hitched the dogs and left for another. Once they were heading for one by the name of Nunalrapack. For a while the going was good and it was a joy to see the dogs so lively. Then the clouds were getting darker and snow began to fall. Ralph assured Llorente that he was not afraid; he knew where he was going; by going straight they would hit their next village in three hours or maybe four.

The snow kept falling thicker and thicker; the dogs

began to slow down and to look to the riders, which was a of danger signal. They could not turn back; the snow had already covered the tracks that might have guided them. They had to go on ahead.

They stopped to take something, they and the dogs. Then Llorente and Ralph pulled the sled with all their might for what looked like an eternity. Totally exhausted and cold to the bones, Llorente gave up and sought comfort in prayer. It had been his dream to be found dead in the wilderness half-covered with snow. He began to feel a strange joy.

Then it happened. The dogs pricked their ears, let out a few nervous grunts all at the same time, and started on a mad rush onward. They had smelled the reindeer herd just one hundred feet away but could not see it because of the darkness. Ralph found it hard to keep them from jumping on the astonished deer.

The dogs were frustrated with regard to the deer, but they smelled the smoke coming from the cabins of the reindeer herders a few miles away. The thought of a good night's sleep made them trot.

When they reached the cabins, Llorente jumped out of the sled and entered the main cabin to find Emily Afcan, the lady of the house, washing the dishes after supper. He knew her very well; she had been in the mission school and Llorente had baptized some of her children. Her husband was the main deer-herder. Without saying a word, she put the frying pan on the fire and soon there were deer steaks filling the air with a mouth-watering odour. A delicious supper was thus the joyful end of the ordeal. But there was still time for rosary and confessions.

In time the sleds gave way to snowmobiles; there also came the light aircraft and landing runways were built, and life became much easier. The living standard of the Eskimos, too, improved as the result of education, hygiene, the modernization that invaded everything, and the social benefits offered by the American State.

The people's elected representative

The U.S. administration was going to affect Llorente's life also. On 3 January 1959 Alaska became the 49th state of the Union and in the fall of 1960 Alaskans were to vote for candidates to the state legislature. One of the voters asked Llorente if, should he be elected on a write-in vote, he would serve in the Alaska State House of Representatives. If the bishop approved of it, Llorente answered, he would accept. The bishop said that if the majority of the voters elected Llorente, he would not oppose it. Llorente did not "contest" the election as a candidate as his name did not appear in any ballot paper; those who wanted him elected had to write his name; this was the system known as a write-in ballot.

Well, Llorente got elected and the whole American press echoed the event: a Spanish Jesuit, missionary in Alaska, had been elected to the assembly of the new state. *Time* Magazine instructed a correspondent to interview him. He found him at last in Alakanuk after flying to three other places. When he learned that Llorente had a priest brother who had been a teacher of Fidel Castro in Havana, he exclaimed:

"Heavens, I hit pay dirt here."

The *Time* article brought in a deluge of letters. People in Indiana or Nebraska wanted to know the chances of farming in Alaska. James A. Farley, former postmaster general and a political leader in America, wrote to thank him and to assure him that politics was a highly commendable profession. The presence of a Catholic priest in politics would tell Americans that politicians were not a bunch of crooks.

The sessions were held in the administrative capital, Juneau; Llorente's first started in the last Monday of January 1961 and lasted 74 days. Since he owed no allegiance to any party, both the Democrats and the Republicans wanted to have him. If he sided with the Republicans, the House would be split into 20-20 and all

meaningful legislation would be paralyzed. He joined the Democrats and became a member of the judiciary committee, the state-affairs committee, and the health, welfare, and education committee. This was the most important part of his work since it was the committee that decided whether or not a bill was sent up to the house. A total of 600 bills were presented, all of which had been previously examined by the committees.

The initial fears at the presence of a priest in the assembly melted the way the ice of the Yukon melts with the arrival of summer. Llorente gained the appreciation of all by his capacity, competence, and of course by his honesty, impartiality, and clean motives. The bishop received many letters expressing gratitude for having allowed Llorente to sit in the assembly. When after the first session the Jesuit asked him if he should resign, he waved his hand signifying no and at the same time he shook his head meaning also no, and without even opening his mouth he let out a hardly-audible no.

His greatest sacrifice

One day of 1975 Llorente received a letter from his Oregon Provincial explaining the need of a bilingual priest to look after the growing Spanish-speaking population working in the construction of a huge dam at Moses Lake, Washington state. He was the only candidate.

Alaska was his second motherland. He was already baptizing children of the children he had baptized many years before. He was a grandfather and that was his family. They belonged mutually. He found it unthinkable to leave. It was, he confessed later, the greatest sacrifice of his life, but he accepted the wrench.

He worked at Moses Lake until 1981, when the Provincial needed him at Pocatello, Idaho, and in 1984 he moved to St Joseph's Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho. There his extraordinary health began to crack.

The end was swift. One day of October 1988 they told

him he had cancer. He phoned to the Provincial to tell him that he did not want any treatment but sought his approval. The Provincial agreed. He died within three months.

Llorente performed an almost liturgical ceremony one day in Alaska, a highly symbolic ritual. He had received a beautiful parcel. He unpacked it, box after box, until he came to the gift: a flask of the best brandy. He opened it; the perfume filled the room. Then he went out to the open and poured the precious liqueur on the snow. The following morning an amber-coloured stain could still be seen against the immaculately-white snow.

He had done just that with his life.

6. One with the Japanese: Hugo M. Enomiya Lassalle (1898-1990)

Pika-Don

An American B-29 used to cross the Hiroshima sky every day at 5.30 a.m. with such regularity that people nicknamed it the American postman and the air-raid sirens were ignored with un-Japanese indiscipline. On 6 August 1945 it was different. A second siren was sounded at 7.55 and another B-29 cruised the sky; at 8.10 the all-clear sign allowed people to resume ordinary business.

At 8.15 a third B-29 dropped a bomb exactly over the Shima Hospital, 800 feet away from its target, the T-shaped Aloi Bridge on the Ohta River. For 15 seconds the bomb fell and then it exploded at 1,800 feet above ground. The noise was small but accompanied by a blinding flash which became an engulfing ball of flame and destruction. The dazzling light blinded everyone who

happened to look at it and bleached everything it touched. The heat from the explosion, thousands of degrees hotter than the surface of the sun, seared through the city, melting and incinerating everything within radius. As far as four miles away houses collapsed and caught fire, and nine miles away windows were broken. The explosion turned into a vast fireball which slowly became dense smoke. The black ugly smoke lifted itself, and blue and red flames leaped in all directions. There followed a dreadful thunder, unbearable waves of heat, and a gaseous wave, travelling at high speed and carrying gamma radiation across a distance of four miles. Finally, ten minutes later, a kind of black and heavy rain fell in the northwestern part of the city.

The Japanese called the penomenon *Pika-Don – Pika,* the lightning flash of the nuclear chain reaction, and *Don,* the thunderous shock-wave. The death toll was of 260,000, half the city's population; 50,000 died instantly, another 200,000 in the weeks that followed; many others, later on as a sequel to the wounds and the radiation.

The wounds had this peculiarity: they were not localized like those from a bullet or a cutting weapon, but spread out like those caused by a crumbling roof or glass broken into tiny particles, tearing the flesh and embedding pieces of glass, wood, and even splinters of bone, all over the body. The lack of medical attention made the situation all the more desperate; 200 out of the 260 doctors available in the city died in the explosion.

The Jesuits had two houses in Hiroshima: the parish in the Nobori-cho neighbourhood, less than a mile from the epicentre of the explosion, and the novitiate at Nagatsuka, four miles away. The parish was looked after by five Jesuits, with Fr Hugo Lassalle as Superior and parish priest; in the novitiate there were about 35 Jesuits and Fr Pedro Arrupe was the Superior and Novice Master. The explosion wreaked damage in the novitiate building but left its dwellers unharmed.

Atomic victim

It was quite a different story at the parish house. The first to react was Fr Kleinsorge. The magazine he was reading flew from his hands and the next thing he knew was that he was wandering in the garden in his underpants. He put his hand to his left side and the palm was red with blood. He looked around, and the only building standing in the whole of Nobori-cho was the parish house. The rest was a desert landscape; even the Castle had disappeared.

Out of the darkness Fr Superior Lassalle appeared round the corner of the building. When the explosion took place, he had just finished Mass and was saying his breviary with his back to the window. Numerous shards of broken glass had embedded themselves into his exposed back and he had a deep gash in his left leg.

Two other figures appeared: Fr Cieslik supporting Fr Schiffer, the latter covered with blood. The entire city was crackling and sizzling in the immense fire and there was no water to extinguish it. Fr Kleinsorge went inside to fetch some things he wanted to save; he found his room in a state of total and illogical disorder. A first-aid kit was hanging undisturbed on its hook on the wall, but his clothes had disappeared from their hooks. His desk was in splinters all over the room, but a papier-maché suitcase which he had kept under the desk stood with its handle up, without a scratch on it, as well as its contents: his breviary, the account books of the diocese, and a considerable amount of paper money belonging to the diocese.

How to tend the two wounded, Frs Lassalle and Schiffer? Dr Kanda's house had been demolished and the raging fires made it impossible to reach Dr Fuji's private hospital on the bank of the Kyo River. There was no alternative but go out and try one's luck. The three willow trees by the entrance, erect and green a few minutes ago, were stooping and withered. The cherry trees, too, were black and charred.

The sorrowful procession – Kleinsorge, Cieslik, Schiffer,

Lassalle, student of theology Takemoto, and the mission's secretary Mr Fukai, the latter completely hysterical, leaning heavily on Kleinsorge – made for Sakai Bridge, which would take them across the Kyobash River to the East Parade Ground, the designated evacuation area for their neighbourhood.

When they arrived, the Park offered a horrible sight. The dead and the injured lay about everywhere and it was hard to distinguish the dead from the living. As it was far enough from the explosion, its bamboos, pines, laurel, and maples, were still alive, and the greenery invited refugees who kept pouring in. Fr Lassalle lay down and went to sleep.

In the afternoon Takemoto, the theology student, went to the novitiate at Nagatsuka to inform the Fathers that the parish church and house had been burned down and Frs Lassalle and Schiffer had been seriously injured; they were in Asano Park, too weak to move.

Arrupe and two of his colleagues set out with two hastily-made stretchers. It was difficult to make headway against the fleeing thousands. Eventually, not before 10 p.m., they came upon their confrères in the far corner of Asano Park. They were lying by the river bank, completely spent. Arrupe made a quick examination. Schiffer was in a critical condition; a piece of glass had penetrated a small artery behind an ear and he was bleeding to death. They laid him on one of the stretchers and he remarked:

"Father, will you please look at my back. I think there's something there."

Arrupe turned him face down. By the light of a torch he saw his back completely covered with wounds made by the small pieces of glass. With a razor blade, he removed more than fifty fragments.

Then they set off for the novitiate, first to take Schiffer, the more seriously injured. They left him and returned to Asano Park to get Fr Lassalle. They found him freezing with cold, despite the warm summer night and the heat of the burning city. They loaded him on the rudimentary stretcher,

but he too had scores of tiny fragments embedded in his back, and the journey in the litter was a painful ordeal. Unable to see in the dark, the stretcher-bearers stumbled into a ditch; their patient was thrown to the ground, and the litter broke into two. They fetched a handcart, lifted him into it, and pushed the cart over the bumpy road the rest of the way. They reached the house at 4.30 a.m.

The novitiate had been transformed into a field hospital. Arrupe remembered that he had been a medical student and decided to become an emergency doctor. The house was soon packed with patients.

But how to tend them? A neighbour brought something that looked like medicine. It proved to be a godsend: boric acid, 15 kilograms of it. Bedsheets and underwear were made into bandages. It occurred to Arrupe that his patients needed food more than they needed medicines. The neighbours gave generously of what they had. Not one of his patients complained of hunger.

Superior-Missionary

Lassalle had been seven years in Hiroshima and besides being the parish priest of Hiroshima and Superior of the community, he was also Superior of the whole Mission of Japan.

But he was a rare type of superior. Born to be a pioneer, he would not tread the beaten path. In 1915, when he was 17, he volunteered to join the Kaiser's army; he was injured in the war and decorated with the Iron Cross II. As a Jesuit, he wished to go to a leper hospital in Africa, but readily accepted the assignment to the Japanese Mission. When he arrived (1930), he was named Minister and professor of German and sociology at Sophia University, Tokyo. But his heart was with the destitute; in 1933, overcoming objections from Jesuit companions who saw a communist tinge in such an enterprise, he started a social work, the *Jochi Catholic Settlement* in one of the slums of the city and lived in a wooden shack.

Three years later he was appointed Superior of the Mission and grudgingly took residence at Sophia. But he preferred to live with the missionaries in the Apostolic Vicariate and in 1939 left Tokyo and went to Hiroshima, a missionary parish, where he remained 33 long years, up to 1972. He held the post of Superior of the whole Japanese Mission up to 3 March 1949, thirteen years. Those who knew him during that period remember his trips on his battered motorcycle from Hiroshima to Tokyo, 800 km, to visit his subjects and attend to business in the capital.

In Hiroshima he combined his office of Superior with that of parish priest and missionary, and on and off with those of Master of Novices, Instructor of Third Probation, promoter of the Peace Memorial Church in memory of the atom bomb, promoter and professor of German at the Queen Elizabeth University Music, and once at least violoncello player.

His violoncello performance was the result of an unexpected initiative by Fr Arrupe, missionary in neighbouring Yamaguchi. Arrupe was trying to make the Catholic Church known and resorted to all the means possible. Among them, he thought of using his beautiful barytone voice and giving a concert. But he needed someone to accompany him and thought that Lassalle, his Superior, who had announced his annual visit and played the cello well, could play the fiddle.

He sent him a courier to ask him to come with the instrument. The courier could not meet Lassalle but brought the cello; Arrupe hid it under the bed and prepared his strategy. When Lassalle arrived, he told him about the offer he had received to sing in a city college.

"An excellent idea," the visitor remarked innocently.

"The point is that I do not have one to accompany me. How about you with the cello?"

"I'm out of practice; I would have to prepare."

"I've got the music and we have two days."

"But I do not have the cello."

"I'll give you the best in Yamaguchi."

"I am used to mine."

"Then the only solution is for it to appear here as if by magic."

Arrupe got up, made for his bed, bent down and returned with Lassale's cello in his hands. Fr Superior looked at him dumbfounded and could not refuse. The pair performed with perfect harmony. Placido Domingo accompanied by Pablo Casals. Who knows if the success of that concert led in some way to the foundation of a University of Music in Hiroshima some years later!

Makibi Enomiya

In 1951 Lassalle changed his name and took that of Makibi Enomiya. Why?

Back during his studies in Valkenburg he had been interested in St Teresa of Avila and St John of the Cross; from 1948 onwards he developed an interest for Zen. The reason was not that he missed anything in Christian tradition, but his desire to thoroughly know the Japanese soul and culture. He became a disciple of the renowned master Yamada Roshi, who granted him the master's degree, that is, he testified that his disciple had received the "enlightenment".

After he made Zen part of his personal life, Lassalle, now Enomiya-Lassalle, began spreading it in his apostolate. This took him to Tokyo, first shuttling between the capital and Hiroshima, and from 1972 with a fixed residence in Tokyo, where he opened a retreat centre called Akikawa Shinmeikutsu.

He did not stop at teaching Zen in Tokyo. In 1974 he became a globe-trotter, touring the world to teach the Zen method; excepting the African continent there was almost no country he did not visit: his native Germany, the Netherlands, France, Italy, Spain, and both the Americas. His community companions at SJ House, Tokyo, were

amazed to see the old man of over eighty speak of his past and future journeys.

With his work he was building a bridge between Christianity and Buddhist Zen and carried Teilhard's insights further afield: to develop a new conscience, open to the experience of absolute reality so as to reach the Omega point, union with God. This enriched Christianity with the traditions of the oldest cultures; he was inculturating the preaching of the Gospel.

Hugo Makibi Enomiya-Lassalle gave his last Zen courses in a centre especially built for him by the Franciscans in the gardens of their monastery in Dietfurt/ Altmühl. When he went to Germany in January 1989 he intended to return to Japan in the spring. In February, however, he developed cancer of the intestines; he retired to Münster, and on 7 July 1990, while the community assembled round his bed sang his favourite chorale *Grosser Gott, wir loben dich,* exactly during the second stanza, the Zen master who had received the Zen enlightenment received the definitive one. His ashes were taken to Japan, part of them placed at St Ignatius Church, Tokyo, where he had started and concluded his apostolate, and part at Hiroshima's Peace Memorial Church, which he had built to replace the small parish church destroyed by the atom bomb.

Arrupe said of him: "He is neither a guru, nor a leader, nor a spiritual guide, nor a romantic, nor a western Jesuit. He is all that and more: an apostle who has made himself all to all." And Peter-Hans Kolvenbach: "A pilgrim between two 'worlds, he linked the university and the slums, Germany and Japan, Europe and Asia."

SOURCES CONSULTED:

CZERMINCKI, Marcin: *Un héroe entre leprosos. P. Juan Beyzym, S.I.* (Bilbao, 1946). — DRAZEK, Czeslaw: *Il samaritano dei lebbrosi in Madagascar* (Gentes, Student Missionary League's monthly, January 1987). — ARAMBURU, Zenón: *Hasta morir por El. El P. Tomás Esteban* (Bilbao 1936) — GIL, Pablo: *Misionero y Mártir. Vida del P. Tomás Esteban* (Pamplona, 1956). — VALIAMANGALAM, Joseph: *The Mission Methods of Fr Joaquin Vilallonga* (Anand, 1989). — ECHANIZ, Ignacio: *Fr Joaquín Vilallonga* ("Navajuni," n.6, January 1980, pp. 49-53). — TAFFAREL, Joseph: *Peter Caironi. A missionary indeed! A missionary in deed!* (Tellicherry, 1980). — LLORENTE, Segundo: *Memoirs of a Yukon Priest* (Washington, 1990). — Id.: *40 años en el Círculo Polar* (Salamanca, 1990). — BISHOP, George: *Pika-don* (Anand, 1998). - ARRUPE, Pedro: *Este Japón increíble* (Bilbao, 1965). — Id.: *Yo viví la bomba atómica* (Madrid, 1952). — BRANTSCHEN, Niklaus: *Requiem für Pater Lassalle* ("Geist und Leben", 1990, pp.389-392). — STACHEL, Günter: *Täglich eine Stunde sitzen. Der Zen-Meister Hugo Makibi Enomiya-Lassalle* ("Christ in des Gegenwart", 1998, p.390. — KOLVENBACH, Peter-Hans: *100 Jahre P. Hugo Makibi Enomiya-Lassalle - und die Feier im Lassalle-Haus* ("Nuntii", Swiss Province Newsletter, 1998.4, pp. 73-76).

EPILOGUE

Pedro Arrupe and Companion Martyrs

1965-1999

Prophetic words

On 20 December 1974, when the eventful General Congregation 32 was about to discuss the promotion of justice, Fr Pedro Arrupe said the following words:

"Our Congregation ought to be truly conscious that the justice of the Gospel should be preached through the cross and from the cross. If we are serious about working for justice even to its ultimate consequences (and Ignatian evangelical radicalism does indeed require this of us), the cross will quickly be present, often accompanied by bitter pain. For even if we be faithful to our priestly and religious charism and work prudently, we shall see those rise up against us who do injustice in today's industrial society, otherwise considered very fine Christians (...); they will accuse us of Marxism and subversion, eventually withdraw their friendship from us, and hence their previous trust and economic support.

"Are we ready not only to write beautiful statements but also to do something practical and real? (...) Is our General Congregation ready to take up this responsibility and to carry it to its ultimate consequences? Is it ready to enter on away of the cross that will bring us misunderstanding from civil and ecclesiastical authorities and from our best friends?"

The cross, persecution, death, and – more painful yet – misunderstanding and suspicion on the part of friends and religious authorities: Pedro Arrupe saw it all coming as the highest governing body of the Order was to address the task of interpreting in contemporary language and concepts the mission that the first companions had expressed in the language and concepts of their times: "The mission of the Society of Jesuits today is the service of the faith, of which the promotion of justice is an absolute requirement."

He was speaking from experience. He was speaking shortly after he had spoken of social justice in an address at a congress of Jesuit Alumni in Valencia, Spain. Many of his 700 listeners were displeased; some resigned from their posts in the Association of Jesuit Alumni.

It was only a warning and an omen.

Passion and Glory

If Passion and Glory have made the warp of Jesuit history throughout, its last thirty-five years have been no exception.

For two reasons in some way opposed. The first, the hostility that fidelity to the Gospel invariably carries. The declaration made by the General Congregation was itself interpreted by many as a betrayal of its foundational charism and mission. The Society was no longer the same. Many turned their back to it.

There has been another way in which the Passion has hit the Jesuits in recent years. Through their own human fragility and because they are very much part of contemporary society, the crisis of the sixties affected them also, especially the young. The famed granitic structure of former years seemed to crack. Tradition, authority, and discipline, became counter-values; it was a fashion to belittle them. There were massive defections; the Society of Jesus bled. Of those who remained, those reasonable overcame the crisis assimilating what was good in the new.

But a hard core clinging to tradition demanded drastic measures, a return to the old and the authentic, an out-and-out assertion of authority. A man of dialogue, more inclined to friendly persuasion than to authoritarian imposition, Arrupe did not unsheathe the sword. The fundamental line of his government was the re-discovery and spread of the Ignatian charism, as requested by the Council: to return to the sources, to renew the roots. In this respect he performed a wonderful task. This did not satisfy his detractors. Strangely enough, some of those who left sided with the champions of tradition and joined their campaign, generously supplied with information by insiders.[1]

Nevertheless, these were difficulties that every superior has to face and Arrupe had to expect them. They did not constitute a special martyrdom. Martyrdom came from painful misunderstandings with the highest ecclesiastical authority, with the Pope.

1. Pedro Arrupe's Way of the Cross

Two remarks before we proceed further. First, only the publication of the entire documentation existing in the Vatican will make an absolutely accurate and reliable account of the facts, specifically of the denunciations that induced the popes to take the measures they did; however, it does not seem that this documentation would alter substantially the version we can offer with the data at our disposal. It would most probably confirm it and fill in the details.

1 Thus Malachy Martin in English and Ricardo de la Cierva in Spanish. The very titles of their books signify their intent: *The Jesuits. The Society of Jesus and the Betrayal of the Roman Catholic Church*, by the former; and to cite but one by the latter: *The gates of hell. The history of the Church never told.*

Second, Arrupe's devotion to the papacy was as tender as it was solid, and Paul VI could not have had a more favourable attitude towards the Society. What, then, happened to sour their relations?

Two factors might have intervened. The first, a subtle difference in temperament and language that made mutual communication difficult. Montini was a refined diplomat and an intellectual, a complex character, a man accustomed to the veiled language of the chancelleries; compared with him, Arrupe was a naïve countryman, of one piece, who called things by their names. Both were evangelical, both had the same ideals and objectives, but their attitudes, and styles, differed notably. To make matters worse, Arrupe's "habitual cheerful outlook – Parmananda Divarkar, who knew him well, tells us – tended to create an atmosphere in which dialogue on the uglier aspects of a problem became embarrassing; the interlocutor felt inhibited, then frustrated, and finally annoyed, while appreciating the man all the time." We might suspect that something of the sort happened to Paul VI.

This fundamental difficulty was aggravated by the second factor: the accusations and denunciations reaching the Vatican. The shots came mostly from Spanish Jesuits.

First Station: rebellion and suspicion

They started quite early. Fifteen months after Arrupe's election as General, on 20 August 1966 and at Loyola, during a congress on the Exercises.

Some 30 of the Jesuits present drafted a joint document that said among other things: "Many Spanish Jesuits continue to be faithful to the genuine sense of their vocation and are ready to make any sacrifice in order that the Society may become what it once gloriously was and must be."

The group thus born, self-styled *jesuitas de la fidelidad* "the Faithful Jesuits", called by others "of the strict observance" or "discalced", began to send information to

the Secretariate of State, not to the Society's General Curia, systematically. They had noticed the lack of communication between the two curiae and made the most of it. Most seriously, some confidential information came from persons who were very close to Arrupe. Someone told him, but he refused to remove those persons from the curia. "He went to incredible lengths in the trust he had in everyone" (Alcalá).

The shots hit the target. In his closing address to General Congregation 31 on 16 November 1966, Paul VI referred to "rumours and voices" regarding the Society, which caused him "astonishment and pain." If the reference was not based exclusively on the denunciations coming from the Spanish group, it mirrored them in a particular way. They had scored their first point. They had proved that they had an entry into the Apostolic Palace that the General was not fortunate to enjoy.

Encouraged by the success, they intensified their campaign. The essential content of their denunciations remained the same: Arrupe was no doubt a man of God but not a man fit to govern; his naïveness, his weakness, and the collaborators he had chosen were wreaking havoc. The campaign spread to the Spanish bishops.

With the greatest success. In early December 1968 a delegation of the Spanish Episcopal Conference met the Pope to speak, among other points, of the Jesuits. According to a letter of its president Msgr Morcillo to Arrupe, Paul VI complained bitterly of some North American and Spanish Jesuits, asked the Bishops what might be done to remedy the crisis, and added that it had been proposed to him as a solution to divide the Spanish Jesuits.

The Faithful-Jesuits combine learned the news at once and set to work. Twenty of them assembled in Madrid on 9 January 1969. They discarded a break-up of the Society like that of some old religious orders and proposed for Spain alone the creation of separate houses for those who wanted to follow the old observance; these houses would

not depend on the Provincials but would constitute a special, "personal" province, depending directly on the General. The request was approved by 18 out of the 20 Jesuits assembled. They sent it to the Pope and a little later to the General, Arrupe. It was also communicated to the Archbishop of Madrid, Msgr Morcillo, and to other sympathizing bishops.

This second shot, too, hit the target. The 13th plenary assembly of the Spanish Episcopal Conference was held during the first week of December that same year 1969. At the end Morcillo informed the bishops that the Pope wished to know their opinion about the creation in Spain of a special Province for the Jesuits who might want to live according to traditional observance; would it contribute to tide over the crisis that the Society of Jesus was going through?

The bishop of, Sigüenza, Msgr Castán sent them a personal letter on his own accord with an appendix signed by 32 anti-establishment Jesuits that summed up their accusations and ended with this astonishing statement: "We would not consider the Order's extinction unjust."

The result of the episcopal consultation was overwhelmingly in favour of the project (of the creation of the special Province): 49 to 18. "The personal Province seems inevitable," wrote Morcillo to Arrupe on 27 January 1970.

What was the origin of the Vatican move to consult the Spanish bishops? Did it come from the Pope or was it an initiative of the Secretariat of State? On March 13, urged by the Spanish Provincials, Arrupe applied to Cardinal Villot, Secretary of State, for a genuine version of the facts which had already leaked out. On the 18th of the same month, all the seven Spanish Provincials, assembled in Alcalá de Henares, submitted their resignation en bloc: they felt discredited and deprived of authority. Arrupe asked for an audience with the Pope, who received him on the 21st.

This audience and a letter from Cardinal Villot dated

6th explained the Pope's stand. He would not intervene in the Society's ordinary government and would let the General take his own decisions, Arrupe was recommended prudent and firm government; he was warned about the decline of discipline and deviations in doctrine, and he was asked to supply timely and regular information on the topic.

On March 29 Arrupe wrote to the Spanish Provincials and his letter can be said to have closed that sad episode. But there was an epilogue. When he visited Spain that spring, Arrupe summoned them to make an evaluation of his visit and on June 17 Paul VI received them in an audience. Before delivering the official speech, he apologized for what had happened with the letter to the Nunciature, the one that had unleashed the whole sequence of events; that had not been his intention and he regretted it.

The personal-Province project was not carried out but many question marks remained hanging and the fire was not quenched. Some of those Jesuits who claimed to be exemplary persisted in their campaign against Arrupe. Their diatribes repeated this line: one Basque had founded the Society, another Basque was destroying it.

Second Station: an order to stop and a scolding

The second station was enacted at the General Congregation 32. No longer in the Spanish setting or secret lobbies of conspirators, but in the most official and solemn gathering of the Society, the General Congregation.

Paul VI's inaugural address on 3 December 1974 already sounded the alarm: "Why do you doubt?" he asked the delegates, and it was not a rhetorical question. He feared a dismantling of the *"Forma Instituti"* established by the founding members; hence he insisted in its essential characteristics: religious, apostolic, priestly, united to the Pope by a special link.

A second red light flashed when the Cardinal Secretary of State sent a letter dated December 3 but delivered

thirteen days later, on the 16th. It said in substance that "in the light of more careful examination any change to extend the fourth vow to all the members of the Society seems to present grave difficulties which would impede the approval necessary on the part of the Holy See."

It is to be noted that the conciliar decree on religious life prescribed the abolition of any inequality not inherent to priestly ordination. In the Society there already was certain uneasiness regarding the diversity of grades (not inherent to priestly ordination), and the desire for an internal equality of membership not only *de facto* but also *de iure* was universal. Out of the 85 Province Congregations 54 had asked for a review of this question. For whatever reasons and with whatever advice, Paul VI seems to have seen an intimate link between the discussion on justice and the question of grades. He may have thought that the Congregation intended to take steps that would undermine the priestly character of the Society. "It was not so, but that was the way matters seemingly were presented to the Holy See." (Padberg)

That was the state of affairs when Villot's letter arrived. Those conversant with Vatican language and style said the letter absolutely prohibited any discussion on the grades or the extension of the fourth vow. Others thought that there were clear and obvious terms to use if the Holy See had wished to forbid treatment of these subjects, all the more since they felt duty-bound to broach them on the strength of the mandate they had received from the base.

The second interpretation prevailed. On January 22 the commission charged with the matter submitted the question to a straw or exploratory vote. More than two thirds voted in favour of a discussion on the grades and their abolition, even taking into account the letter from the Secretary of State, in the sense that a representation should be made to the Pope of the mind of the Congregation. In Jesuit practice and tradition a subject may, with the full intention of accepting a final

decision, set reasons for a proposal after the Superior has made an initial negative decision.

Why did Arrupe not intervene to prevent a step that the Vatican was to view as an act of rebellion? Surely because the Congregation was above him and he thought he had to respect its autonomy. Also because, faced with choosing between the simplicity of the dove and the cunning of the serpent, he preferred the former, as he said on one occasion.

He paid very dearly for such simplicity. Paul VI was informed immediately of the straw vote and he was very upset. He summoned Arrupe and handed him a letter in which he blamed him for not preventing the discussion and forbade it, this time clearly and specifically. When Arrupe returned to the Congregation hall, he appeared profoundly shaken.

He was going through his bitterest hours. To be accused of disobedience and rebellion to the Pope's orders!

In 1968 Victor Codina had written an article, "St Ignatius and Paul IV", in which he studied the founder's uncertainty and anxiety in the wake of Pope Caraffa's election. Codina sent it to Arrupe with the words: "To Father General that he find comfort in his 'dark nights'." The writer had forgotten all about it. On 28 March 1975, one month after the events we have recalled, Arrupe took up his pen and a sheet with the letterhead of the CONGREGATIO GENERALIS XXXII SOCIETATIS IESU and wrote him a personal letter thanking him and telling him that the article had indeed "shed light on the General's dark night." He added: "I am sure that much good will come out of this unique experience."

A unique experience indeed!

Third Station: resignation rejected

The years that followed the Congregation were no less turbulent than the ones that preceded it. The much--discussed Decree 4 was well accepted and interpreted by the moderate majority, but extremists on both sides gave

it a biased interpretation. They only saw the promotion of justice and ignored the service of the faith that demands and must inspire the promotion of justice. The consequences were fatal and the exaggerations on either side increased the confusion.

Complaints kept coming to the Vatican, many of them justified, others exaggerated if not false. In the meantime there were two changes at the helm of the Church: Paul VI died on 6 August 1978; he was succeeded by Pope Luciani, who lasted one brief month, from August 26 to September 28. On the 30th he was to give an audience to the Procurators, already gathered for their Congregation, and had his address ready. It contained very critical passages and turned out to be one of the tragic elements that were made to feature in his mysterious death. With exemplary honesty, Arrupe urged that it be published.

Such was the situation found by John Paul II, elected on October 16. The complaints against the Jesuits did not abate. It was under these circumstances that Arrupe set to himself the question of his resignation as General. He was 73, enjoyed good health, but he wanted to resign before he lost it; the dispositions of the Congregation that had elected him made it possible and he wanted to demonstrate that the resignation of a General for life was possible.

He consulted his immediate counsellors and they opposed the idea; Arrupe insisted and they gave in after some days of spiritual discernment. The next procedural phase was a secret consultation with the Provincials; 58 out of 62 considered sufficient his reasons to resign. The third phase was convoking a General Congregation, the only organ with authority to receive the General's resignation.

He was not obliged, but Arrupe thought he ought to inform the Pope; inform him, not apply for permission because he was only observing what had been established.

Vaticanologist Giancarlo Zizola tells what happened without citing his sources. Arrupe asked insistently for an

audience but he was deferred. He found himself obliged to plead with one of the monsignori:

"I am absolutely in need of meeting the Holy Father. It is a matter of conscience."

He was granted an audience when Wojtyla was about to leave for Paris, on 30 May 1980. The Pope showed surprise and asked for time to reflect. He let him understand he wanted to have a dialogue on the situation as a whole.

The Pope's reflection was taking long and causing paralysis in the Society and anguish in its General, who would urge every Jesuit bishop passing through Rome for his ad limina visit to please get him an audience. He was granted two: the first, seven months and a half later, on 17 January 1981; the second, on April 11.

Arrupe did not lose his composure; he continued and even intensified his activity. His great addresses at the conclusion of the yearly Ignatian courses are of this period: "Our way of proceeding" (18 January 1979), "The trinitarian inspiration of the Ignatian charism" (8 February 1980), "Rooted and grounded in love" (6 February 1981), a trilogy of masterly lessons on the Ignatian charism and spirituality.

In August 1980 he made the retreat under the guidance of Fr Luis González. He spoke to him with moving humility about what went on in his soul. He felt intimate consolation in his desire to identify himself with Jesus' feelings, to share Christ's dereliction in the cross; he feared nothing and was ready for everything. He was quite clear and had no doubt whatever about his resignation as General. He had a feeling that God wanted something of him but could not fathom what. He was ready to abide by whatever the Holy Father disposed. He offered himself through Mary like a victim for the Society and for the Church. With overflowing joy. Only on the last day, but one Arrupe spoke of his anguish to González; he felt rebellion in the face of humiliation. He was calmer on the last day, although he continued to experiece deep pain. Luis González

concludes: "I have always wondered if the Lord showed him the future that was awaiting him."

Fourth Station: two strokes

On 13 May 1981 Ali Agca made an attempt against the Pope's life and put him out of action for a long time. On August 7, on arrival at Fiumicino Airport from a trip to the Far East, Arrupe suffered his cerebral thrombosis; instead of taking him to the curia, they rushed him to the Salvator Mundi Hospital. The cause of the thrombosis: a clot in the left carotid artery. It was his first stroke, of a physical nature.

On August 10, to implement the norms established for the case of the General's incapacitation, on a proposal of his four General Counsellors, Arrupe named Fr Vicent O'Keefe Vicar-General for the time of his sickness.

On the 26th O'Keefe gave further information to the Society about the patient's condition: the earlier diagnosis had been confirmed, and he was receiving treatment with encouraging results. Only the use of the right hand and of speech presented problems. In a new communication dated September 5 he announced that Arrupe had returned home. On October 3 he gave a new health report and broached the topic of his resignation. In the context of Arrupe's definitive incapacitation, his intention to submit his resignation took on a new meaning. O'Keefe was keeping Cardinal Casaroli informed about Fr Arrupe's condition and its repercussions on the government of the Society. And he concluded: "The Cardinal knows what the Institute of the Society has established for these cases. I have asked him to convey to His Holiness our sentiments of filial obedience and the Society's continuing prayers for his complete recovery."

Three days later, on October 6, a telephone call from the Secretariat of State announced the visit of Cardinal Casaroli at twelve o'clock, noon; he wanted to see Arrupe. Fr O'Keefe welcomed him at the door and escorted him to the patient's room in the infirmary. When they arrived,

Casaroli ordered O'Keefe to leave him alone. He came out within a few minutes, O'Keefe went in, and found Arrupe in tears. He had received the second stroke.

The Pope's letter lay open on a little table. It was dated the previous day and contained the papal decision to entrust to a delegate a "deeper" preparation of the General Congregation that was to accept his resignation; this delegate would also have the responsibility of governing the Society during the interval.

The Secretary of the Society, Louis Laurendeau, conveyed the news to the Provincials on October 13, but with orders not to make it known till the 31st. It was presumed that the Jesuits would rise in rebellion; nothing of the kind happened. There were protests, but no rebellion. Nor did the repressive measures talked about take place; everything boiled down to a meeting of the Delegate with the Provincials in February 1982. The real change consisted in the restoration of the lines of communication with the Vatican, so long interrupted, and with it a noticeable change of attitude. The storm had blown over.

There followed the convocation of the General Congregation (8 December 1982), its acceptance of Arrupe's resignation (3 September 1983), and the election of his successor (13 September). Those were, for everyone but most of all for the outgoing General, joyful but fleeting days. Inexorably, through nobody's fault, by the very nature of things, Arrupe plunged again into his forced retirement.

Fifth Station: incommunication and loneliness

Seven long years followed. Arrupe hardly managed to express himself; he could walk, but with difficulty. The infirmarian, Br Rafael Bandera, used to take him for a walk in the corridor. He received visitors and greated with obvious enthusiasm to some. He followed physiotherapy but with scant success. The most he achieved was to scribble his signature with his left hand and to write isolated letters and one phrase or another with very irregular lines. Some

member of the community would read out for him from a book of his choosing. Music might have made him pleasant company, but he never agreed to use taperecorders or radios, so he missed this distraction.

Little by little he became lonelier and lonelier. In November 1987 he had a relapse which aggravated his condition noticeably. He was no longer taking his little walks in the corridor; even the reading we used to make ceased; Mass was celebrated in his room, no longer in the tiny infirmary chapel. Visits became rarer and failed to awaken his interest. From bed to easy chair and from easy chair to bed, with no other company than Bandera, who nursed him as a mother and ordered him about like a father. The words of Jesus to St Peter, written on a picture of the latter's crucifixion head down, were coming true: "When you were young you fastened your belt about you and walked where you chose; but when you are old you will stretch out your arms, and a stranger will bind you fast and carry you where you have no wish."

Sixth Station: an eleven-day agony

His condition worsened in the evening of Friday 25 January 1991 and he fell into coma shortly afterwards. His agony lasted eleven endless days. He suffered frequent attacks of a curious kind of epilepsy, a side effect of his cerebral thrombosis, momentarily isolating the respiratory centre in the brain from the rest of the breathing system. These attacks sometimes lasted up to three minutes. His heart overcame all the crises one after another and started beating again every time, haltingly first and then more regularly.

On Sunday, February 3, he looked like he was dying. I had celebrated Mass for him every day since the summer of 1984 and stood at his bedside those final days. After reciting the prayers of the Ritual twice over, I resorted to the Ignatian treasury: *Soul of Christ, Take and receive,* the invocations to the Trinity *Eternal Father, confirm me,* etc. I

also dared to make this reference to the way of the cross of his generalate and the force that had sustained him until he reached the summit:

"Don Pedro, in the sunset of life we shall be examined about love. And you have loved much! You have been able to suffer so much because you have loved much. Take courage, Don Pedro."

At about eleven in the morning of Tuesday, February 5, death seemed imminent; Bandera sent word to Father General, who came within a couple of minutes. Others also came and crowded the room. At 11.15 Don Pedro stopped breathing.

I was holding the Ritual and offered it to Fr General, who asked me to carry on. I recited the prayer "Saints of God, come to his aid" and hardly had finished it when the one we thought to have expired began to breathe again, but spasmodically, convulsively, throwing his head back at each breath. This lasted for a full hour, from 11.30 to 12.30. Little by little his breathing became more even, though he continued gasping.

The end came late in the evening, and it was mercifully peaceful. Fr General was sent for. At 7.30 Arrupe stopped breathing, this time definitively. But that heart of his had energy left to beat, and it still throbbed intermittently, but powerfully, for about fifteen minutes longer. It stopped at 7.45.

The samurai had finally laid down his arms.

2. Under the Latin-American dictatorships
Rutilio Grande (1928-1977)

A discovery

Even if we be faithful to our priestly and religious charism, we shall be accused of Marxism and subversion, Fr Arrupe had warned.

One could not sum up better the Latin-American situation in those difficult years. The anti-Communist psychosis served as a shield to those in power to violate social justice; whoever came out to defend justice was accused of Marxism and subversion.

Rutilio Grande was scrupulously faithful to his priestly identity; he was kindly, gentle, even weak, insecure, a perfectionist, and suffered repeatedly from depressions and nervous problems. Well, this vulnerable man soon made a discovery that gave a strong orientation to his priestly life and ministry: that the Church cannot be built without giving an active part to the faithful and without taking into account the Latin-American situation, in his case that of El Salvador.

He studied in Brussels' Lumen Vitae International Pastoral Institute (October 1963 to June 1964) in order to learn the most advanced pastoral methods in Europe. He had an absorbing concern ever since: to seek the greatest possible participation of the base, not to act autocratically, but horizontally. Consequently, already from his first assignment as prefect of discipline in the San Salvador Seminary, he sought a greater participation of the

seminarians in the process of their training and introduced a democratic element in the traditional style which was strongly authoritarian.

Rutilio identified himself with the Salvadoran clergy and took part in its activities, such as the pastoral week held 22 to 26 June 1970, which denounced the connivance of the ecclesiastical hierarchy with the oligarchic minority that oppressed the peasant and working masses. The final document, which Rutilio helped in drafting, echoed these denunciations. Some bishops took offence and withdrew their former trust in him. Rutilio felt that, without this trust, he could not continue at the seminary and asked to leave it.

A model of pastoral work

He found himself at a loss. He had to look for a second specific vocation within his general vocation to the Society. A pastoral course at Quito in 1972 and his meeting with the Bishop of Riobamba, Msgr Proaño, who embodied its teachings, led him to what he called his primary and fundamental option: team pastoral work, aimed at the popular majorities and carried out with their participation. It so happened that at the same time his Vice-Provincial asked him to take up the over-all direction of pastoral work in the Vice-Province. He accepted the office but proceeded by steps; he started with a pilot project applying his principles and methods.

First, he teamed up with three other Jesuits; they prepared the strategy together, and they chose, or rather, the place was chosen for them, the parish of Aguilares, with about 30,000 inhabitants — Salvador in miniature — with all its conflicts represented. Three sugar plantations dominated its economy; the campesinos or peasants lived off the miserly daily wage for seasonal work and whatever they could eke out cultivating the scraps of rocky land they rented from the land-owners.

Rutilio and his companions entered this explosive area

just as the contradictions smoldering in Salvadoran society were beginning to flame up. This situation spurred the pastoral creativity of Rutilio and his team.

They made religious experience its starting point and used the term "mission" because of its popular resonance and evangelical connotations. They divided the town into ten mission centres and the countryside into another fifteen. Each mission lasted fifteen days. The action consisted in reading gospel passages with plenty of participation by the audience. This made born leaders to emerge. At the end of the mission, the community itself chose the animators who would keep up their faith.

This step led to the second phase which consisted in the training of pastoral agents, the "delegates of the Word", who had to animate the communities. That was Rutilio's answer to the accusation that the Church was fossilized in the clergy.

Gospel and politics

From mid-1973 to his death, Rutilio was torn between the purity of his ideals and hard reality. On the one hand, he wanted to have his hands clean and perform his priestly work without getting involved in the activities of the peasants' organization; on the other, his very task as evangelizer forced on him the inescapable duty of inspiring a politicial action, in the larger sense of the term.

The peasants began spontaneously to make wage claims in the estates where they worked. Within eight months after the team's arrival at the parish there started a strike at La Cabaña, one of the three plantations dominating the territory. It was not organized by the parish, but the impulse came from the preaching of the Gospel.

Rutilio became the most visible sign of the new religious movement that inspired social justice. During the first six months of 1974 the Christian Federation of Salvadoran Peasants organized groups in the Christian communities of the parish. They were not started by the

mission team, but the latter did not stop their growth. In a certain sense, the Federation gathered the fruits that evangelization had brought to maturity.

There soon followed accusations at every level. The first to divulge them was Aguilares's local commandant. The team called on him personally and asked him to stop saying that the Fathers were communists and agitators. He paid no attention.

The slandering campaign intensified in the wake of the fraudulent presidential election of 1977. Three priests were expelled, among them Mario Bernal, from Colombia, parish priest of Apopa, neighbouring Aguilares. On this occasion the Vicariate organized a religious demonstration at Apopa that culminated in a Eucharist in which Rutilio preached a brilliant homily. The Church, he stated, could not keep silent at Mario Bernal's expulsion because it had been an ecclesial event. If Fr Mario Bernal had committed a punishable offence, he ought to be judged and the verdict made public. The root problem was not his nationality but his Christian and priestly profession "at this time in our country, which is going through its hour of martyrdom. It has become practically illegal to be a genuine Christian in our milieu because the world around us is radically based on an established disorder for which the proclamation of the Gospel is subversive. Should Jesus of Nazareth happen to come from Chalatenango to San Salvador as he once upon a time did from Galilee to Judea, he would be arrested at Apopa. He would be taken to many a Supreme Junta as unconstitutional and subversive; he would be accused as a rebel, a trouble-maker, with ideas contrary to democracy, that is, to the minority. We prefer a silent and voiceless Christ to be exhibited in our streets. A Christ made to our measure and conformed to our petty interests."

This fire brought him the one that a month later downed him on the road from Aguilares to El Paisnal.

Shooting on the road

El Paisnal fell within the limits of the parish of Aguilares. On 11 March 1977 it began the novena to St Joseph and Rutilio went there from Aguilares to celebrate the Mass and preach. Some people noticed the presence of Marciano Estrada laughing scornfully during the sermon. He was the one who slit in the form of a cross the plastic of the window of Rutilio's jeep at the height of the driver's head. It was a warning. Sinister rumours were circulating in the town and many asked Father Rutilio to take care. He ignored them.

The next day, Saturday March 12, Benito Estrada, Marciano's brother, went about town in the company of strangers in a blue car with a U.S. registration plate. They went up and down the 6-kilometre road betwen El Paisnal and Aguilares in order the choose the place for the ambush; they chose one half-way, among reeds.

A little before 5 that evening, Rutilio left for El Paisnal in his safari jeep for the novena. He was accompanied by his faithful 72-year-old watchman, Manuel Solórzano. A little before departure they picked up Nelson Rutilio Lemus, a 15-year-old boy who had come to Aguilares to deliver a bundle of wood to his godmother and thus earn a few centavos to add to the meagre family budget. Don Manuel moved to the centre and the boy sat close to the door.

Further on they picked up three children also en route to El Paisnal. They sat on the back seat of the vehicle. The jeep went ahead, closely followed by another car. Benito Estrada was waiting past the Los Mangos quarter with his men, three on either side of the road. When they saw them, Manuel and Nelson turned to Rutilio tense-faced.

"We must do whatever God wants," Rutilio whispered without turning his head.

Benito Estrada gave the signal and a rain of bullets fell on the jeep and its occupants. On getting the impact, Rutilio lost control of the wheel and the vehicle turned over on its left along with the bleeding bodies of Rutilio and Don Manuel Solórzano, the latter on top of the former, as

though he had tried to shield him. The motor was on and the wheels kept turning. Nelson died where he sat with a bullet in his head.

The three children were paralyzed. Benito Estrada ordered them out. They leaped out and started to run non--stop until they reached El Paisnal, dirty with mud and blood.

"Mummy, mummy, Uncle Benito has killed Father Rutilio and would have killed us also because he recognized us."

Rutilio was riddled with about twelve bullets from a Mantzer gun used by the police.

News was sent immediately to Archbishop Oscar Romero and Jesuit Provincial César Jerez, both recently appointed. The funeral was held in the parish church the following day, Sunday, with the bodies present. The Jesuit Provincial demanded that all three coffins be equal. It was a proof of the identification with the people that had characterized Rutilio's pastoral work.

His death had a consequence no one would have thought about and which was momentous for El Salvador: the "conversion" of the recently-appointed Archbishop of San Salvador, Msgr Oscar Romero, who would also be downed by the same bullets that downed Rutilio. They killed him because he had been converted from pre-conciliar to post-conciliar, from distant from the people into close to the people. "He did not find it easy," said Ignacio Ellacuría, Rector of the Central-American University José Simeón Cañas (UCA) in his address when granting him, posthumously the doctorate in theology five years after his death. "He had to be converted; he had to change profoundly, but grace proved stronger than his past. As he used to say, it was the blood of Father Rutilio Grande mixed with the blood of the people that had definitively awakened his conscience."

"The blood of Father Rutilio Grande, mixed with that of the people." This circumstance was to be repeated on 16 November 1989 with the one who said these words.

Ignacio Ellacuría (1930-1989)
Amando López (1936-1989)
Joaquín López (1918-1989)
Ignacio Martín Baró (1942-1989)
Segundo Montes (1933-1989)
Juan Ramón Moreno (1933-1989)

Dawn of blood

They were 35 men, commanded by Lieutenant José Ricardo Espinoza, an old student of the Jesuit-run high school, *Externado San José*. He received the commission from Colonel Guillermo Benavides, director of the military academy, in a very direct and explicit way: the assassination of "the intellectual leaders" of the guerrillas.

"It is them or us. Within our sector there is the university and Ellacuría is in there. He must be eliminated – and I don't want witnesses."

They would deploy in three concentric circles and only a small group actually take part directly in the massacre. The key man was Oscar Mariano Amaya Grimaldi, alias Pilijay, the only one who knew and could handle an AK47 rifle, the weapon used by the Front of National Liberation Farabundo Martí (FMLN). They wanted to create the impression that the killing had been done by it.

It was a clear night with a bright moon. At approximately 1.00 a.m. Espinoza gave the order to march and the unit headed towards UCA (University of Central America José Simeón Cañas). When they arrived they

made a mock attack damaging the vehicles parked and they threw a grenade. After surrounding the Jesuit residence, they entered the building, forcing the door open.

One of them, Tomás Zarpate, came up against something he did not expect. Walking a few metres into the corridor, he heard a sound from inside one of the rooms. He looked in and a shaft of moonlight revealed two women, Elba Ramos, the cook, and Celina, her daughter. Mendoza, who was just behind him, ordered him to stay there and not let anyone leave.

The others stormed in noisily to round up the Jesuits. The first to come out was Ellacuría in a coffee-coloured night-gown, who said:

"Wait, I'll open up, but stop making such a racket."

He was also the first to come out onto the grassy area in front of the building. Four others came out immediately: Amando López, Ignacio Martín Baró, Segundo Montes, and Juan Ramón Moreno. "Hercules" Avalos ordered them to lie down.

"When are you going to proceed?" Espinoza asked him.

Avalos understood this as an order to eliminate the five men and told Pilijay:

"Let's proceed."

"Now!"

Pilijay fired at the three men he had in front of him; he could see that he was getting them in their heads. Avalos shot at the heads and bodies of the two closest to him.

"Put them inside, even if you have to drag them," Espinoza told a corporal, Cota Hernández, standing nearby.

Cota only had time to drag one body into the corridor, leaving it in the second bedroom on the right. The body was that of shy Juan Ramón Moreno (whom I taught Latin and French in the '40s in Bilbao); the bedroom, that of Jon Sobrino, absent in Thailand those days. A book slid from the bookshelf and fell into the blood still flowing from the

body; its title, *The Crucified God;* its author, Jürgen Moltmann.

Still guarding the two women down the corridor, Zarpate heard the shout "Now!" and then the volley of shooting. He fired at the women in front of him, shot after shot. When the women were silent and he was sure they were dead, he hurried away. Downstairs, the soldiers burnt computers, books, and documents; in one room they found a large portrait of Archbishop Romero. They aimed at his heart.

Leaving his soldiers in the downstairs offices, Corporal Angel Pérez climbed to the corridor above. At that moment a sixth man emerged into the corridor, the oldest of the lot, Fr Joaquín López, 71, thin, quite frail looking. He came out, saw his companions lying dead on the grass, and turned back. Several soldiers called out to him:

"Out you come, chum!"

He paid no attention. As he turned to enter a room on the left, a soldier fired at him and Pérez finished him off with four shots.

Their mission accomplished, the commandos began to withdraw. On their way out, they noticed the sign hanging on the front of the gate: "No classes today," it read. They took it down, turned it over, and wrote: "The FMLN executed the enemy spies. Victory or death, FMLN," and hung it back on the gate.

One hour had passed. Before leaving, they feigned a clash with the guerrilla spending what was left of their ammunition against the building and the cars left in the parking lot. At 3 a.m. they were back in the military academy.

Idea of a university

"They are the intellectual leaders of the guerrillas," Colonel Benavides had said to Lieutenant Espinoza when giving him the job. The card that was distributed at the Mass offered a month after the assassinations carried this text of the Jesuits' 32nd General Congregation: "What is it

to be a companion of Jesus today? It is to engage, under the standard of the cross, in the crucial struggle of our time: the struggle for faith and that struggle for justice which it includes."

The leader of the group was beyond doubt Ignacio Ellacuría, the rector of UCA. He was a born leader; "his ideas were so radical, so seemingly coherent, the strength of his dialectic so impregnable and at times shot through with a streak of aggression, that his opponents found themselves unable to reply and were left with the impression that they had been objects of an assault" (Whitfield).

He played a determinant role in the change of orientation of the Central-American Province and the rise of UCA as a "different university." Teaching represented one of many dimensions of a complex activity; it aimed its energy at its "social projection" on the tragic reality of El Salvador; "rather than training students, rather than doing research, though it does both the things, it must try to solve the unacceptable situation of injustice in this country and in the whole Central-American area."

A university totally geared to social change, but *as a university,* that is to say, through the specific functions of a university. This limitation was seen clearly when three young Jesuits, dazzled by the ideas of an outstanding *campesino* leader, founder of the Popular Revolutionary Block, went beyond this barrier. They were making a grave mistake, Ellacuría argued. By actively assuming a role within the political process, they would be absorbed by it and lose their identity. His position was that the university and the Society of Jesus were entities capable of playing an important and original role in the process of change; but that capability was dependent on their autonomy. Taking up arms in a revolution was totally incompatible with a life as a Jesuit priest.

These distinctions were too fine for the Salvadoran oligarchs, and Arrupe's prophecy came true: "those who

do injustice in society, often held as exemplary Christians, will accuse us of Marxism and subversion."

Ellacuría and his companions were accused of inciting the guerrillas with their ideas; they inspired them. The university became the object of no less than sixteen bomb attacks accompanied by insults, threats, and accusation, against some Jesuits in particular and UCA in general by members of organizations of the extreme right, the army, and the local press. UCA was a nest of Marxist ideas that poisoned the youth and prepared guerrilla warfare. "The Jesuits are communists, kill them!" "Ellacuría is a guerrilla, cut off his head!" was said over the radio.

Peace, the work of justice

Saturday 16 January 1999, William Walker, the head of the international inspection force in Kosovo, confronted an unspeakable horror on a hillside above a poor farming village in southern Kosovo. As he walked up the steep ravine, he encountered a headless corpse, then the bodies of three elderly farmers with gunshot wounds to the heads, and finally the bodies of 23 men. As he picked his way among the blood-spattered corpses lying at his feet, his mind flashed to the UCA massacre when he was U.S. Ambassador in El Salvador and to the ensuing accusation that he was covering up the security forces' involvement in the massacre. Now, standing on the hillside before the ghastly spectacle, he said to himself: "I would hate like hell to be accused of that again."

So he resolved to hold a news conference at his office in Pristina that very evening. He opened it with this observation:

"I do not have words to describe my personal revulsion at the sight of such an unspeakable atrocity. I am not a lawyer, but from what I personally saw I do not hesitate to describe the crime as a massacre, a crime against humanity. Nor do I hesitate to accuse the government security forces of responsibility."

Walker's remarks drew the ire of Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic.[1]

The incident, ten years after what happened in El Salvador, demonstrates the impact it had all over the world and particularly in the U.S. Responsible people were indignant and demanded effective action to clarify the facts. Quite incredibly, all those who took part and all the details were found out.

But this was not enough; the root cause of the facts — the unjust situation that had brought them about — had to be tackled. Peace negotiations between the government of El Salvador and the FMLN were held side by side with the investigations. "They interwove in a fugue worthy of Bach," the chief U.N. negotiator, Alvaro Soto, writes in his foreword to Teresa Whitfield's book "Paying the Price".

The aim was ambitious: to end armed conflict, promote democratization, guarantee full respect for human rights, re-unify Salvadoran society. The process culminated in the peace accord signed on 16 January 1992 at Chapultepec Castle, in Mexico City.

The death of the six Jesuits had served to restore justice and with it peace.

Lluis Espinal (1932-1980)

Either saint or bandit

This Jesuit from Manresa sought after authenticity, hated compromise, and did everything in the light of day. If his theology companions at San Cugat read novels in class subreptitiously, he did so ostentatiously placing his novel on a big bookstand. No half-measures; he used to say that he was born to be either a saint or a bandit.

---

1 Despatch by R. Jeffrey Smith, Washington Post correspondent, 23 January 1999.

But he was far from being a bully. Idealistic, critical, endowed with a great human and artistic sensitivity, he expressed himself with brilliance. The poet in him made him read Hopkins's poems, some of which he translated. He studied theology with great seriousness but not the scholastic brand that was taught in class; those were the Council years, when the Rahner and Schillebeckx, Congar and de Lubac constellation was shining in the Church's sky, the years of the return to the Bible and the first Christian tradition. Espinal was one of the founders of "Selecciones de Teología", the Spanish theological counterpart of the popular Readers Digest, that summed up the best that was published in theology.

After theology (1959-1963), he studied social communication in the school of journalism and audiovisuals in Bergamo, Italy. Those were years of intense work and great hopes that gave direction to his future ministry.

In 1966 he began to work on cinema and television. On the Spanish Television he initiated a weekly programme, "Pressing Question", broaching current problems that were silenced by the official media. They met with a great success and were bought up by the BBC. In 1967 the state censorship vetoed a programme showing the slums of the Barcelona suburbs and a interview with Alfonso Carlos Comín, an intellectual and a critic. He resigned from his post in the Spanish television and did not even show up to collect an award granted him for the best programme of the year.

At this point there passed through Barcelona Msgr Genaro Prata, delegate of the Bolivian Episcopal Conference for the media, who invited Espinal to work with him. In 1968 the poet-journalist left for Bolivia never to return.

The discovery of Bolivia

He arrived on August 6. He began to be acquainted with Bolivia's geography and history, with its 40 ethnic

groups and cultures, especially the indigenous ones: Quechuas, Aymaras, Guaranís, Amazonian. And with the human richness, the material one: petrol, gas, mines, cultivations of every climate, cattle... How was it that Bolivia was the poorest country in Latin America after Honduras and Haiti? Then he discovered the lack of an infra-structure, political instability, the vested interests of some national minorities and foreign companies that had stripped the country and made it into a stage of countless coups d'état.

When he arrived in 1968 he found a military government. He knew six more, the result of as many coups, and only two civilian governments. It was a cruel period of repression, imprisonments, executions, disappearances, violation of human rights, military dominance, censorship. The Bolivian Church was beginning to wake up; despite its hesitations, it was the only voice that rose in defence of human rights.

This was the scenario in which the artist-fighter had to work.

The voice of the voiceless

As soon as he could, 1970, he took Bolivian citizenship and devoted himself to cinema criticism and production, television, radio, and journalism. He became a regular contributor to Radio Fides and a couple of journals, "Presencia" and "Ultima Hora"; in 1979 he founded and edited "Aquí", a weekly.

But he was more than a media professional. He made them an instrument of service to the despairig and voiceless Bolivian people. The experience of the Franco dictatorship that had marked him and his own personal integrity, his strong sense of justice, all this made him a prophet of liberty and hope.

He practised what he said; his life was all at the service of the people. He gave himself to the university students, to the young, to his readers, listeners, and TV viewers, to

the simple people of Barrio Villa San Antonio where he celebrated Mass on Sundays, to the members of his community and working colleagues, to his friends, to the simple people. He lived in a popular neighbourhood of the capital, La Paz, in a house ever open to welcome persecuted persons.

At the time of Bánzer's coup, those in jail listened to his daring broadcasts on Radio Fides. He was dismissed from the official TV because he had included an interview with members of the National Liberation Army in one of his programmes. During the Ovando regime he suffered his first police arrest. On another occasion the Minister for the Interior in person summoned him to complain of his criticisms of fascism. On yet another, Bánzer's wife reprimanded him on an intervention of his in a cine forum. In an editorial on Radio Fides he compared the creation of cardinals ("the oldest senate in the world") with the ordination of the first Aymara deacon ("a first clear and determined step to make a much more authochtonous Bolivian Church," "we want this vitality of the base to spread to the higher ranks"); it elicited the Nuncio's angry protest and Espinal's instant dismissal from Radio Fides. In a commentary on the Peruvian film "Death at dawn" in a Catholic paper, Espinal allowed himself to say that the priest featuring in the film sided with the government, not with the people, "as it happens too often among us;" he was dismissed.

In December 1977, pressed by President Carter, Bánzer announced a presidential election and granted a timid political amnesty. A group of miners' wives started a hunger strike to obtain a full, unrestricted amnesty. Espinal made arrangements for the women to take refuge Archbishop's House and joined their strike. The strike spread and thousands of strikers pressed the government in a solidarity movement that had never been seen. The government gave in and granted full amnesty.

That strike exemplified Espinal's itinerary. From being

a media professional at the service of the people he became "the voice of the voiceless, the voice that tells what others dare not say, the valiant voice of the people" (editorial in "Aquí", 29 March 1979). Inevitably his life became progressively threatened. "I know we are playing with fire; any day..." he remarked in 1978.

That day was 21 March 1980.

Torture and death in a slaughter-house

On the evening of that day, a Friday, he went to the cinema and watched two movies as he used to every weekend for his work as a cinema critic. He watched the second movie (ironically entitled *"Los desalmados* – The heartless ones) at the Seis de Agosto cinema-hall. He always occupied the same seat, so it was not difficult to spot him.

When he came out he made for home, at the end of Díaz Romero Street, usually in darkness. As he was arriving, four unknown men pounced on him and pushed him into a waiting jeep. It was close to midnight. A young man who heard the shouting and looked through the window saw him being dragged and the jeep speeding away.

The assassins, guided by Colonel Luis Arce Gómez, took him to the municipal slaughter-house in the Achachicala quarter of the city. There he was tortured for about four hours and at length killed with 17 bullets. At dawn a *campesino* or peasant found his body at a rubbish dump at kilometre 8 of the road going from Achachicala to Chacaltaya. He had a number of bleeding cuts, fractures in the breastbone and several ribs, and a large bruise in the form a cross in the chest. According to the medical bulletin, he must have died towards 4 a.m.

The burial was an unprecedented popular demonstration. Eighty thousand people accompanied him to the cemetery. On his tomb there is the following inscription: "Assassinated for helping the people".

On the following day, in San Salvador, a murderous

hand pressed the trigger to bring down Msgr Romero while he celebrated Mass. A giant wave of violence was taking away anyone who opposed injustice.

João Bosco Burnier (1917-1976)

Murder at the police station

When Mgr Pedro Casaldáliga, Bishop of São Félix de Arahuaia, Brasil, arrived with Fr Burnier at Ribeirão Bonito to celebrate the town's feast, they found a climate of terror. A few day earlier, Corporal Felix, a thug who had been perpetrating outrages and crimes for five years with impunity, had been killed by a man, Jovino Barbosa, because the corporal kept his sons in jail unjustly. No matter the tense atmosphere, they held the traditional procession to the river that gives the town its name (Pretty River Bank) to take the water for the baptisms.

After 6 p.m. that day, 11 October 1976, two Indian women were being tortured in the police station and their screams could be heard in the whole village. The women were Margarida and Santana, Jovino's sister and the daughter-in-law respectively. They had been kept the whole day without food or drink on their knees, arms outstretched, needles in their throats and under their nails. Margarida was interrogated, with a gun pointing at her and a revolver at either ear. Santana had been raped by several soldiers who had also burnt her husband's house with the entire rice harvest in the godown.

Msgr Casaldáliga decided to go to the police station and interceded on behalf of the two women. One of the boys of the Mission wished to accompany him, but the

Bishop feared for him and did not allow him. Fr João insisted on doing so. It was getting dark, the streets were full of mud, and terror was in the air.

When they arrived, Corporal Juraci came out and left but returned within a few minutes together with another coporal and two soldiers in the van of Bracinho, a well-known police henchman. The van stopped by the side of the police station. The four policemen waited in line for the two ecclesiastics with an aggressive attitude that could be read in their eyes. The pair crossed the wire fence; Casaldáliga introduced himself as the Bishop of São Félix and shook hands with the soldiers. Fr João did likewise.

There ensued a three-to-five dialogue, calm on one of the sides, and insults and threats, even of death, on the other. When Fr João told the policemen that he would denounce their conduct to their superiors, Private Ezy Ramalho Feitosa pounced on him and gave him a tremendous slap. Casaldáliga tried to cut the scene short.

"João Bosco, let's go."

Then the soldier struck the Father's face with his revolver and, with another swift gesture, fired the fatal shot at his skull. Casaldáliga bent over his injured companion, spoke his name, and João answered. Corporal Juraci remarked:

"It was just a shot to frighten him."

Casaldáliga took the injured to the Mission dispensary, but very little could be done for him. He gave him extreme unction and reminded him that the next day was the feast of Our Lady *Aparecida,* so popular in Brasil. The Father nodded his head and offered his pain anew for the Indians, for the people.

Past 10 p.m. he was taken by van to catch an air-taxi and fly to Goiania. They took off at 5 a.m., as soon as dawn made the horizon visible. But the doctors of the Neurological Institute could only certify that Fr João's brain was already dead.

The people's reponse

"If it had been one of us... people are used... it happens every day. But a Father!"

That was the general comment.

Following the practice at the death of an important person, the whole village gathered at evening during the first seven days to pray for the deceased. On the last day, October 18, there came people from São Félix, Porto Alegre, Pontinópolis, Luciara, and Cascalheira, and a solemn Mass was held with plenty of participation by the people. The final hymn, sung with gusto by all, proclaimed:

"We are a people of persons, we are the People of God,

We want land on earth, we already have land in heaven."

As it was the custom to erect a cross on the spot of the assassination, a procession was organized towards the police station and a big cross was erected there with the following inscription:

HERE ON 11/10/76
FR JOÃO B. WAS ASSASSINATED BY THE POLICE
AS HE WAS DEFENDING FREEDOM

So far everything had proceeded quietly and devoutly. An intense moment of silence followed. Some voices shouted:

"They may pull down this cross, but we shall not give in; we shall raise another one."

"The cross represents our liberation; this police represents persecution, torture, assassination, and everything that terrorizes us."

"Between the cross and the police station it is better to pull down the police station."

"This police station has not served to do justice; it is better to pull it down."

All the people took part in the demolition with hands, sticks, and stones. Someone fetched an axe. Those who could not get close clapped and cheered:

"Is this violence? The Father's killing and the burning of our houses, that is violence."

An unlikely candidate

Father João Bosco Burnier was the opposite to a social activist. An aristocrat by birth and upbringing, a traditionalist and conservative by temperament, naturally allergic to the claims of social justice, he did not feel at ease amidst the torrent let flow by Decree 4 of the just-held General Congregation 32. If he stood up to Private Ezy Ramalho Feitosa that fateful day, it was because he found himself in a situation that his "pre-conciliar" conscience itself made him claim justice.

It must be said, however, that God had prepared him for this moment and he had experienced a great transformation from the time he had been secretary for the Assistancy of Latin America in the Jesuit Curia in Rome (1948-1954), a failure as the first Vice-Provincial of the recently-established Goyano-Mineira Vice-Province (1954-1958), Novice Master and Superior of the Anchieta Residence (1958-1965), and in 1965 assigned to the Diamantino Mission.

After a breaking-in period in administrative posts, he was appointed assistant parish-priest of Rosario de Cuiabá and roving missionary in Mato Grosso. From February to July 1968 he made his first sorties through the Amazonian forest 420 km from his base at Diamantino; in September he surfaced at the far-away enclave of Alto Paranatinga, where he remained until October 1969, when he returned to Cuiabá. Starting from 1970 he formed part of the Flying Mission and placed himself at the service of the Bakairi Indians after obtaining the licence to reside in two Indian villages, Posto Simões Lopes and Posto Santana. He felt the need to learn their language and attended every course on Indian language, culture, and ethnology, that was available. As reward for this effort at inculturation,

he received the Indian name of *Sapinague,* a genuinely tribal name.

He was concerned about a retarded Indian boy and sought a solution through his own family. Another two-year--old tot suffered from acute meningitis and he moved him and his mother to Cuiabá by plane. He even attended on a woman in labour with placenta retention. Br Nicolas fell sick and Fr João would keep watch from 1 a.m. to 1 p.m. taking turns with a companion. His Toyota jeep was making a strange noise after its first 500 km and he took it to Diamantino 2,250 km away.

In February 1976 he was named coordinator of the Native Missionary Council (CIMI) north of Mato Grosso, which brought him closer to indigenous studies and to Msgr Casaldáliga, the soul behind the council. That was how he attended their yearly assembly, held at Teresinha, Mato Grosso, from 4 to 6 October 1976. Then he accompanied the Bishop to Ribeiro Bonito to face – purely by chance – the one who was to fire the fatal shot. The most refined serenity and manners face with brute force; the aristocrat at the service of the humble faced with the henchman at the service of the powerful.

Vicente Cañas (1939-1987)

The abandoned canoe

His companions were used to his long silences when he was in the village, where no radio transmitter had been installed in order not to affect the Enauenê-Nauê form of life. But worried after a full month without hearing from him, they went to pay him a visit in mid-May 1987.

Going along the river near his cabin, they saw his

canoe tied on the bank, half-sunk, but loaded as if to set out. They disembarked, climbed up to the cabin where he used to retreat to work quietly, to write down his observations on his life with the natives, or simply to reflect and pray, or get in touch with his mission companions by radio.

They found him dead. Around him were scattered and broken things testifying to the violence which caused his death: one of the lenses of his spectacles fallen off the frame, one of his sandals broken, the upper artificial denture on the ground, and a 4-cm wound in the abdominal region. His body had been lying there for over a month.

On the day of the tragedy, which must have been April 6, he was certainly getting ready to get underway when, returning to his cabin to fetch the last few things, he was surprised by his assassins.

His last radio contact with his mission companions was on April 5. He let them know that the next day he would leave for the village of Enauenê-Nauê, a native settlement contacted a few years earlier by a group of missionaries to which he belonged. It was a village which until then had had no contact with whites. Its inhabitants preserved their original culture intact, dedicated to fishing (abstaining entirely from meat), to subsistence farming, and mainly to their rituals, which took up a considerable part of the yearly cycle. On account of this life-style they were nicknamed the "Benedictines of the jungle".

The friend of the Enauenê-Nauê

Brother Vicente Cañas was born in Albres, Albacete province in Spain, had volunteered for the missions, and was sent to Diamantino, Mato Grosso. He had his first contact with the native Indians in 1969 and was fascinated. He asked to be allowed to work among them.

In 1974, after enquiring in turn about several tribes, he decided to settle with the Enauenê-Nauê. With his skills as a cook, infirmarian, mechanic, fisherman, hunter, and

dentist, he was eminently capable of helping them. He lived with and like them, attempting a new form of missionary presence, with full respect of their culture and defending the quality of their life as a people. His field diary testifies vividly to his deep admiration and esteem of the culture and religion of the people with whom he lived. The Enauenê-Nauê corresponded to his affection, adopted him as one of their own, and gave him the name of Kiwxi.

From 1984 on, greedy people – businessmen, lumberers, and politicians – interested in possessing that land began repeatedly to invade and pillage the Enauenê-Nauê. Despoiled of their territory, without sufficient streams in which to fish, they were going to be deprived of practically their only source of animal protein and would perish. Vicente saw the danger and tried not to leave the area, not to leave his friends alone.

The predators realized that the Enauenê-Nauê counted on Vicente as defender who would never surrender as long as he lived, and decided to kill him. They had the means and found it easy to perpetrate the crime.

Hiding their hand. A private investigation parallel to the dragging official one managed to arrive at the presumed authors; the delegate of the civil police of the municipality in which the murder took place was one of the two who had ordered the crime. In December 1993 the Native Missionary Council (Burnier's CIMI) denounced the case before the courts but the accusation was not accepted until May 1994; the examination of the accused was set for September but the trial did not take place. The reason: inability to locate the accused.

3. In Africa's boiling-pot

João de Deus Gonçalves Kamtedza (1930-1985)
Sílvio Alves Moreira (1941-1985)

Under cover of darkness

On the evening of 29 October 1985, as usual after the day's work, the servant of the Chapotera Mission in the northwestern extreme of Mozambique, returned home, half a kilometre away. On the morning of the 30th he reported for work but found neither of the two missionaries and was surprised to find everything in disorder. They were still absent on the 31st. Had they been kidnapped by the guerrillas, as a Father and a Brother had been on June 19 at Dómue and a Father on July 12 at Mpenha? This is what the Christians began to fear.

On November 1, feast of All the Saints, the Fathers did not appear to celebrate Mass. Quite alarmed now, they sent word to Fr António Pereira dos Reis, the Mission Superior, residing at 30 km in Vla Ulóngwe, to inform him of the disappearance. Permission and an escort from the military were needed to enter that zone, and so Fr Reis could not arrive till November 4. When he was collecting the parish registers, a Christian came in great secrecy and whispered to his ear that the bodies of the two Fathers were lying at only 300 metres in the midst of bushes. There they were found in fact, in the process of decomposition and partly devoured by wild beasts. Some twenty metres separated one from

the other. Both had been savagely murdered with gunshots and bayonet thrusts.

In fact, someone knew of the brutal murder. Given the insecurity caused by the civil war ravaging all that area, very few spent the night in the village; most hid in the jungle, and on the night between October 29 and 30 someone from his hiding place heard an approaching car and subsequently the shots. He knew everything but kept silent for fear of reprisals. Meantime the news spread, but with great secrecy.

Front-line missionaries

Chapotera, seat of the Mission of Lifidzi, is situated in the district of Angónia, province of Tete, an area bordering Malawi. Angónia was the principal field of the Society's missionary activity in Mozambique and consisted of five missions, the first of which was Lifidzi, head and mother of the Christian community in Angónia.

João de Deus had been at Chapotera since September 1983; Sílvio joined him hardly three months before the murders. João was Mozambican, born in that same province of Tete; the latter, Portuguese.

The Mozambican was a joyful and communicative man, oozing charm and confidence. In Portugal he had made many and strong friendships; his companions remembered the songs of his land. He brought out many missionary vocations among them. His zeal had no limits and he gave himself heart and soul to the evangelization and development of his people. He knew as no one else its needs and mentality and his word was heard with respect and love. "I cannot imagine Angónia without Father João de Deus, who moved about encouraging everyone to faith and hope," writes Fr Joaquim Ferreira Leão, former Superior of Mozambique (1967-1975).

Silvio joined him in August 1985 to look after the large Christian community of Lifidzi. Silvio was a courageous and resolute man who would not shrink in the face of difficulties,

enterprising and dynamic, who confronted with enthusiasm and joy the difficulties and risks of missionary life in a Mozambique troubled by war. He placed his wealth of human and spiritual qualities at the service of God and the Mozambican people.

Fifteen days before his death Fr João de Deus described the dramatic moment both of them were living:

"You tell me not to get discouraged! I do not know how to express what I feel when I see the situation of this peaceful Christian population. I am broken-hearted. The heartbreak that overwhelms me at times is caused by the impossibility to do anything in view of so much violence at our very door. You cannot imagine the terror and panic that grips the population here around Lifidzi, Nseula and a little towards Mpenha, where the shooting is reaching. The sequels of this instability: incredible scarcity and hunger, with the granaries burnt, so as to root out the support to resistance. And the lack of respect to persons? One is stopped, robbed of everything, and told: you have to be grateful because we leave you alive. He is deprived of the little money he carries, his jacket, the small sac with flour he was bringing from the mill, and is let go with a beating."

The missionaries were the only ones to raise their voice to protest against those excesses; they had therefore to be eliminated. They knew the risk they were running and their religious superior had advised them to get away for some time. They decided to stay and be by the side of the people through the hour of trial.

From death to life

The end of that calvary was not far. The civil war between the FRELIMO and the RENAMO went on unabated, but the Front, the party in power since independence in 1975, which had tried to enslave the Church, was waving the olive branch and requested its collaboration for the work of national reconstruction. The

bishops' effort from 1983 on, the 1987 amnesty law, the 1989 visit of the Pope, and the 1989 meeting between the FRELIMO and the RENAMO paved the way for the peace agreement promoted by the Sant' Egidio Community in Rome and concluded on 4 October 1992.

João de Deus and Sílvio had not sacrificed their lives in vain.

Msgr Christophe Munzihirwa (1926-1996)

Between two fires

In April 1994 it was the Hutu majority in Rwanda that tried to eliminate the Tutsi minority; in 1996 the Tutsis countered doing the same to the Hutus. The Hutus fled en masse from their villages and sought refuge in neighbouring Zaire, today again Congo. A human tide of 1.2 million Hutus from Rwanda sought refuge in the three eastern Zairean dioceses: Bukavu, Goma, and Uvira. Bukavu, a town of 250,000 inhabitants, received 300,000.

In mid-September 1996 Bukavu became a battlefield between the Zairean army and Zairean Tutsi militia groups known as "the Banyamulenge". Reports from the field described the Zairean army as undisciplined and the principal impediment in Bukavu; its troops were seen looting stores, religious houses, and offices and homes of humanitarian agencies. The immediate target of the Banyamulenge and allied gangs was to disperse the Hutu refugee camps, which they alleged harboured many of those responsible for the 1994 genocide.

On September 18 a *"marche de la colère* – a march of wrath" (wrath against the Tutsis naturally) took place in the city; it ended with plunder and violence against the Tutsi

minority long settled in Bukavu. The Rwandan army took its revenge bombarding the city three days on end. Msgr Munzihirwa, Archbishop of Bukavu, wrote his last pastoral letter to protect the Tutsis of his diocese and recommend peace and tolerance. "It is a folly to attack peaceful people for the simple reason that they belong to a different ethnic group. Let us have a welcoming attitude with all; we shall be the richer by the multiplicity of values contributed by the various groups and races."

The Archbishop (a Shi) was accused of being pro-Tutsi. But he also denounced the Tutsi aggression that was being prepared, a full-fledged invasion by an army made up of Ugandan, Rwandan, and Burundian soldiers, super-equipped by comparison with the Zairean army.

Defender of the people

Most of the civil and military authorities abandoned their posts in view of the imminent and violent invasion; the Archbishop was the only authority who cared about the lot of the disoriented population. Under his leadership a group of about twenty persons constituted themselves into a Defence Committee to safeguard the interests of the population, a prey to plunder and man-hunt. They had their first meeting on October 25. They reviewed the situation, which looked extremely serious, and they decided to denounce the situation to those who had created it and to the international community at large. The Archbishop assumed the responsibility of signing the document. The next meeting was fixed for 2 p.m. on Tuesday 29th at Archbishop's House.

Sunday 27th the Archbishop celebrated the "Mass of the intellectuals". He stopped the singing to facilitate silent meditation. After each reading he suggested pointed reflections regarding the moment they were living. It was risky to move about in a vehicle because the soldiery was confiscating all vehicles, but he spent the rest of the day visiting the city's religious communities to hearten them. He

tried to meet the commandant of the region but he was absent; the Archbishop left a protest note against the excesses of the military and the suspicious recruiting of youngsters in that spiral of violence. The lads were called combatants and went round hunting real or supposed Tutsis. He still had time to draft and send a text to Vatican Radio.

Monday 28th he left again in the white car of the Jesuit school Alfajiri, driven by the old chauffeur-cum-gardener Boni. The city was under mortar fire of the invading army; the pair risked both the mortar shells that fell and the bullying by the Zairean soldiers who looted and plundered instead of protecting the population.

Tuesday 27th the shelling intensified, especially in the southern part of the city. Nevertheless, the Archbishop left towards 9 a.m. on his mission of mercy. He was concerned about the lot of the seven Tutsi Trapistine nuns who had taken refuge in the school and had been threatened with death. At 2 p.m. he chaired the meeting of the Defence Committee. The situation was extremely serious; the Rwandan army was five kilometres away while the members of the Zairean army continued their orgy of arson. The Committe entrusted to him the mission to visit the new military governor who had just arrived, and ask him in its name to use a firm hand to stop the excesses.

It was almost 4 p.m. and the meeting was about to conclude when a strong detonation was heard, followed by shots from heavy and light artillery. Everybody was surprised but no one doubted it to be from the Zairean Armed Forces. The Archbishop voiced his concern about the cathedral, in front of which a missile-launcher had been installed. The fire seemed to be coming from there.

When the situation calmed down somewhat, he left with an escort from the Armed Forces with the intention of spending the night at the Jesuit school Alfajiri. A hail of bullets stopped the vehicle when it reached Nyawere Square. The Archbishop got down, followed by the driver.

With his crucifix in hand he made for the soldiers, who had positioned themselves on the right side of the street. They took hold of Msgr Munzihirwa and placed him, facing the street, against the pole with the sign *Société d'Electricité des Grands Lacs (SINELAC).* Tha chauffeur was placed against a tree some fifteen metres away. The military escort was shot down as he came out of the car.

The following day several persons who passed by saw the body of the Archbishop crumbled against the SINELAC fence, a white rosary close to his hand, his face peaceful, and no visible wound in the front side. Those who laid him out found one on the back of his head. The vehicle lay riddled with bullets, the nose on the pavement, more than a hundred metres away, at the other exit of the crossing.

Peasant and scholar

Msgr Munzihirwa was a son of that land, born in the banks of Lake Kivu, the natural frontier between the Congo and Rwanda. He was ordained priest in the Bukavu diocese and within five years was made dean of the cathedral; then, in 1963, he chose to become a Jesuit — running away from the bishop's mitre, it was said.

In the Society he repeated part of his ecclesiastical studies and then, 1967-1969, studied sociology in Louvain. Placed in charge of the university parish, he lived through the student unrest that culminated in the forced recruitment of all university students in the army. He too enrolled out of solidarity with them and it turned out to be a very painful experience, a direct contact with a corrupt political regime.

After that he combined the post of superior, teaching, and the preparation of the doctor's degree in sociology at the University of Lubumbashi. In 1978 he was appointed Rector of the Institute of Philosophy St Peter Canisius at Kimwenza, and two years later Provincial of a Province that comprised Zaire, Rwanda, and Burundi.

The office did not make him lose a bit of his peculiar Shi peasant style, his heavy gait, his ironic smile, nor his

simple living at a time when the Zairean intellectuals and executives tried to impress their compatriots with an ostentation bordering on extravagance. He lived most poorly, and this brought him closer to the simple people and won their affection. He kept his image of an intellectual priest, distracted, and carelessly dressed — so much so that he was ordered out of the group that was waiting to welcome the President of the Republic at the door of the Jesuit Technical Institute in Kikwit. Someone remarked that he was the highest Jesuit authority in the country.

"If there has been an African who has joined the Negro-African wisdom with that of the Gospel, it has been he" (Matungulu). He was nicknamed *Mzee,* which means "the old man" or "the wise man". He liked it.

In 1986, when he completed his term as Provincial, he was named Coadjutor-Bishop of Kasongo; in 1993, Administrator Apostolic of Bukavu; the following year, Archbishop of the same see. He took part in the special Synod for Africa, held in April-May 1994. When he returned, he found the drama of the hundreds of thousands fleeing from the reprisals for the terrible events of April 1994 in Rwanda. He rushed to Bukavu without waiting in Kinshasa. When he left, he said to companions and friends:

"Pray much for me, for I see that I am walking to my death."

4. With India's oppressed: Anchanikal T. Thomas (1951-1997)

Torture and beheading

Thomas had developed a network of schools through the environs of Hazaribag so as to raise the level of education of those poor people. Illiteracy was one of the chains that kept them tied; unable to read, they were easily cheated, their lands grabbed, their just wages denied.

When he sat with the villagers at night, they he to listen to horrendous stories of injustice that made his blood boil.

Literacy was accompanied by conscientization and followed by action. Thomas supported them before the court to claim possession of a plot of land unjustly grabbed by a higher caste group in the neighbourhood. To their surprise they won the case and some members of the upper caste landed in jail. This was a victory for some and a shameful loss of face for others.

Some time later Thomas went to Manila for further study in sociology. He returned in September 1997. On the morning of Friday, October 24, he went to Sirka village, some 15 km southwest of Hazaribag. When he arrived, a group of people dressed in police uniform were beating up one of the villagers. Thomas went to find out what was going on, and one of the supposed policemen said:

"This is the man who sent me to jail."

He was surrounded and taken away at gunpoint.

He was not seen again. On the morning of Monday, October 27, his body was found in a river bed, partly stripped, decapitated, and cruelly ill-used. His head has never been recovered.

Nor have those directly responsible for his death been found. Moreover, the Fathers were advised not to pursue the matter because it would result in harm for the very ones Thomas had tried to defend.

A heart for the poor

Thomas seemed to carry the love for the poor in his blood. They were always his special friends.

Even during his psychology studies in Bombay immediately after the novitiate, he sought their company and found ways of offering them whatever help he could; during his theology years in Pune (1978-1981), he and a few companions lived for some time in a slum within cycling range, there to share the living conditions of the poorest, their cramped accommodation, lack of water, etc.

Given these preferences, he was assigned to apostolate with the *dalits, harijans,* those that the Indian Constitution terms depressed classes. His special task was to coordinate and develop the educational component of this ministry. He was fortunate to find excellent collaborators, competent in the theory and practice of education.

He was a truly committed person, with a passionate love of Christ, and this confirmed his preference for the "friends of Jesus," in Ignatius' famous expression, and led him to opt for the poor and oppressed with a radicality that brooked no middle terms. His convictions in this field were so strong that they did not allow him to accept other points of view. Towards the end of 1995 his superiors judged that he needed to be placed at a distance from the struggle for a time and sent him to Manila to get a Master's degree in Sociology. When he returned, many noticed a number of subtle changes in him; he appeared to be quieter, more relaxed. But his commitment had in no way worn thin, and the depth of his attachment, his loyalty, to Jesus Christ, to the Society, to his own Hazaribag Province and its members, had become more evident.

He was ripe for martyrdom.

5. Among Cambodia's war cripples: Richard Fernando (1970-1996)

"My swan song"

After years of a bloody civil war, divided Vietnam was re-unified by the absorption of South Vietnam by the Communist North, and the repression that was unleashed produced the phenomenon of the "boat people", the thousands of refugees fleeing the country in flimsy boats.

Pedro Arrupe was profoundly struck by the lot of those unfortunate people. It seemed to him that the Society had

the duty and the ability to do something for them. That was an extreme need that ought to mobilize its institutional and human resources. There were Jesuits engaged in this work; now the effort had to be intensified and organized.

On 14 November 1980 he announced the creation of the Jesuit Refugeee Service (JRS) with the following objectives: to set up a network of contacts within the Society so that the existing work for refugees can be better planned and coordinated; to collect information that might lead to new opportunities for assistance to refugees; to act as a switchboard between offers for help and the actual needs; to conscientize the Society.

That initial project has developed. At present the JRS consists of about 400 members, of whom 82 are Jesuits. Most work in refugee camps scattered in 40 countries, forming teams of five or six persons: Jesuits, men and women religious, and young lay men and women. As Arrupe sensed, the initiative has catalysed the generosity of the youth.

The JRS works in cooperation with other international agencies and looks after complementary aspects: educational, psychological, social, juridical, organizational, occupational, and pastoral. It might be said that, rather than working for, it aims at working with the refugee as a brother.

On 6 August 1980 Pedro Arrupe gathered the first core of Jesuits working with refugees in Thailand and spoke to them, as he used to, from the heart. He praised their work: complex, difficult, hard, and very new. And he concluded: "I will say one more thing, and please don't forget it. Pray. Pray much. Problems such as these are not solved by human effort. I am telling you things that I want to emphasize, a message – perhaps my 'SWAN SONG' for the Society. We pray at the beginning and at the end – we are good Christians! But in our three-day meeting, if we spend half a day in prayer about the conclusions we expect to come to, or about our points of view, we will have

very different 'lights'. And we will come to quite different syntheses – in spite of different points of view – ones we could never find in books nor arrive at through discussion. What we are going through is the 'dolor partus', birth pangs, before this new apostolate can be born. With this medical observation I conclude my talk."

"My swan song." Did he know that within two days he was going to be knocked down by a cerebral thrombosis?

Baptism of blood

The troubles of the Cambodian people during the cruel Khmer regime (1975), the subsequent Vietnamese occupation (1979), and the civil war provoked by both of them left a trail of suffering and innumerable war cripples, even affecting children. In 1990 the JRS opened a technical school and farm in Bantey Prieb, about 25 km from Phnom Penh, to train these youngsters in mechanics, electricity, farming, and other trades. Because of its symbolic value, its connection with the Vietnamese origin of the JRS, and the compassion awakened by the tragedy of those boys, the Bantey Prieb Technical School for people disabled by landmines was the JRS' apple of the eye.

In May 1995 a 25-year-old Filipino Jesuit, Richard Fernando, "Richie", joined the staff to be friend and guide to the students. He was the youngest of the Jesuit team. Gifted with an enormous personal charm, he had an extraordinary ability to build rapport with his young charges. "He was giving away his T-shirts to the students," says Kike Figaredo, the Spanish Jesuit Superior; "he was never for dinner with us. He was eating with the students and would always come with the students' stories." Richie was also renowned for his vivacious personality and a sense of humour that bordered on the mischievous. He played jokes on people who thought he was a Khmer. This endeared him to the boys. "Thank God for these students, how they have been bringing out the best in me. I hope I could

offer my life to them to the fullest," he wrote to a Jesuit companion eight months after arrival at the school.

Seven months later, on Thursday 17 October 1996, at 9.30 a.m., he saw this wish of his fulfilled.

Among the students there was one, Sarom, who had lost his parents during the genocide of Pol Pot. He was a soldier at 16, was crippled by a landmine at 18, was now 24, and had a difficult character. So difficult that his repeated breaches of the school rules – he had been warned several times about gambling – earned him an expulsion from the school. He was so upset that he turned against his companions, pulled out a grenade from his bag, and would have thrown it into a classroom had Richie not rushed and held him back.

"Let me go, teacher, I do not want to kill you," protested Sarom.

It seems that in the scuffle Sarom let the grenade drop. It exploded and hit Richie in the base of the skull and in his back. Two disabled students were also injured. By embracing Sarom Richie saved the lives of many others.

His body was taken to the JRS office in Phnom Penh and flown to Manila the following day. The commotion at the school was enormous. They gathered the blood that had remained on the floor and placed it in a Cambodian urn in the chapel. When the body was taken away, the disabled students made two lines; leaning on their crutches, they looked like soldiers presenting arms to a war hero. On October 21 they held a moving ceremony. The urn with Richie's blood was taken back to the place when he had shed it and placed in a cascade of flowers arranged Cambodian style around the Ta Phrom, a symbol with four faces looking in the four directions: *Metta* (Mercy), *Karuna* (Loving Kindness), *Upeka* (Universality), and *Muteta* (Rejoicing in the good of another). After a short religious service, the urn was buried under the face of the Phrom bearing the name Karuna (Loving Kindness) while the

congregation sang the Khmer hymn "God is light, God is love."

Sarom was arrested and kept in custody by the police. Fr Figaredo and JRS Cambodia Director Sr Denise Coghlan visited him in prison and found him in a state of "abject contrition," according to Denise. He had written to Richie's parents describing him as his friend because he had eaten rice with him. He belonged to a generation weaned on a culture of violence. What was the value of human life? After reading Sarom's letter, Richie's father said he could not blame the boy, and he and his wife appealed to King Sihanouk to pardon Sarom. Richie mentioned the boy in his last letter saying that even though Sarom was "tricky" he had a place in his heart.

6. With the victims of East Timor: Tarcisius Dewanto (1965-1999) and Karl Albrecht (1929-1999)

Violence unleashed

East Timor, long a Portuguese colony since 1586, was annexed by Indonesia on 24 June 1976. The U.N. on 23 November 1982 and the European Parliament on 15 September 1988 voted resolutions in favour of self-determination. This referendum, twice postponed, was finally held on 30 August 1999 and turned massively in favour of independence from Indonesia.

The violence began within two days after the ballot and three hours after its result was announced. The whole of Dili, the capital, soon seemed to be on fire, black clouds of smoke rising to the sky everywhere. While some ran for their lives, others looted stores very calmly and loaded the loot into military trucks. All the stores were razed, and

people began moving out because their houses were burning.

"I had occasion to witness some action this afternoon," Fr Karl Albrecht faxed on September 1. "I had set out for Aileu, south of Dili, to help the Maryknoll Sisters who were in acute danger. I ran into a band of militiamen, all in army battle-dress, with red-and-white bandanas around their heads and modern weapons slung under their arms. On my way back, I passed a village which was totally on fire, the huts of the village dwellers standing like blazing torches around the compound. Barely a mile further, I came across the militia gang I had encountered on the way out. They were herding a straggly crowd of villagers, loaded with beddings and bundles, I don't know to which evacuation point. It struck me right in the stomach, seeing those hapless people homeless on the road to nowhere."

The violence was not restricted to the capital; in the following days and nights it spread to every town and village. Churches and religious houses became the natural asylum for the frightened population.

The young recruit

One of these places was Suai, in the western area of East Timor and there, too, frightened young children and women, babies at their mothers' breasts, and pregnant women, flocked to the old wooden church because that was where they felt safe. The men took refuge in the jungle.

On Monday, September 6, militiamen lined up outside the church. There were about one hundred persons inside. The first to step out to meet the trouble was young Jesuit Father Tarcisius Dewanto. A burst of gunfire cut him down.

He was followed by Fr Francisco, and the blood soaked his white cassock. The militiamen waited for the parish priest, Fr Hilario. When he did not emerge, they went and kicked down the door to his study and sprayed him with automatic fire.

One of the Sisters watched from the window of her nearby convent the massacre that followed. The militiamen entered the church filled with refugees and began firing long bursts from their weapons and threw hand grenades into the huddled victims. As they left, blood flowed down the doorstep.

Tarcisius was a young Jesuit, ordained 22 days earlier, on August 15. He could speak the local Tetum language with a Javanese accent and was sent to Suai to practise it until the month of December.

He was cheerful and gifted. Fr Hayashi Hisashi, a Japanese Jesuit attached to JRS who visited Timor often, met him before his departure for Suai.

"Take care. I don't want to have to attend your funeral," Hisashi said to him jokingly. Tarcisius smiled as the car taking him sped away.

Hisashi could allow himself the grim joke because they were good friends. Tarcisius used to take him all around Dili sitting on his motorbike. He played the guitar and liked to sing Japanese songs. One of his favourites was "Kokoro no Tomo" of Itsuwa Mayumi:

The moment I could help you
lessen your suffering,
courage sprang up in my heart,
keeping me alive.

He repeated it until he could remember the lines and sing them. He enjoyed singing together with Hisashi. The evening before leaving for Suai he was sitting at the computer with a Japanese song written in Roman characters on the screen. While singing, he was adapting the musical notes. He was preparing it so that a few days later he could sing it with his high school students.

A witness living in a refugee camp in West Timor testified: "Fr Dewanto, you offered yourself together with Jesus on the altar of East Timor just two months after your ordination. You gave your 33-year-old life as a tribute to the people of East Timor who by their self-determination

showed their human dignity as creatures made in God's likeness. You offered your life for the coming of God's kingdom, especially so that love, peace, and justice, may flourish in our country."

The old veteran

Seventy-year-old Fr Karl Albrecht, German by birth but naturalized Indonesian, had been in Indonesia since 1959, spent most of the nineties in East Timor, and early in 1999 was appointed JRS East Timor Director.

He lived at Loyola Jesuit Residence in Dili with the Superior, Fr Ageng Marwata, and Fr Eduard Ratu Dopo. "We cannot take care of everything, but we do what is possible under the circumstances," he told his counterpart in Indonesia, Fr Hendra Sutedja on Saturday, September 11. A few hours later, at around 11 p.m., he "disturbed" an intruder who had entered the courtyard of the house. The intruder ordered him to turn off his flashlight. A little hard of hearing, it is possible that Fr Karl did not hear the demand. When he hesitated to turn off the flashlight as requested, he was shot at. Two initial shots were heard, followed by a third. One of them hit Fr Karl in the stomach. Fr Ageng who was in the residence with him at the time, rushed him to the hospital but he could not be saved.

Fr Karl was a very fine man and during the disorders that rocked the country a tireless friend, servant, and defender, of so many of the victims of violence.

There are many stories of his bravery. The week before his murder, at the height of the attacks, he drove out of Dili up to the mountain to bring an older Australian Sister of Mercy to a safer place pending evacuation to Darwin. Passing the Jesuit residence at Lahane, which was being looted, Karl stopped his car and prevented the looters from setting the house on fire. He exercised his authority in many ways for the sake of humanity. Looters had gone to his house on numerous occasions to steal his car, his one precious possession, essential to him for his missions of

mercy in and around Dili. He always refused to surrender it.

He, too, expected to leave Dili the following month of December. "Most probably," he confided to his friend and JRS colleague Fr Hisashi, "by December of this year the refugee emergency will be over. My task here will be finished and next year I will probably be working in Jogyakarta. On the other hand, the Jesuit residence they are builing here is too elegant and I feel I cannot stay here because I came to live among the poor Timorese."

SOURCES CONSULTED:

ALCALA, Manuel and others: *Pedro Arrupe. Así lo vieron...* (Santander, 1986). — LAMET, Pedro Miguel: *Arrupe, una explosión en la Iglesia* (Madrid, 1994). — ZIZOLA, Giancarlo: *La restaurazione di papa Wojtyla* (Roma-Bari, 1985). — PADBERG, John W.: *The General Congregations of the Twentieth Century* (Jesuits, Yearbook of the Society of Jesus, 2000, pp.7-22). — DIVARKAR, Parmananda: *Pedro Arrupe* (ibid., pp.28-29). — CODINA, Víctor: *La noche oscura del P. Arrupe. Una carta autógrafa inédita* (Manresa, 62, abril-junio 1990). — JEREZ, César: *Rutilio Grande, Mártir de la Evangelización Rural en El Salvador* (San Salvador, 1978). — CARDENAL, Rodolfo: *Historia de una esperanza. Vida de Rutilio Grande* (San Salvador, 1985). — WHITFIELD, Teresa: *Paying the Price. Ignacio Ellacuría and the Murdered Jesuits of El Salvador* (Philadelphia, 1994). — DOGGETT, Martha: *Death foretold. The Jesuit Murders in El Salvador* (Washington, 1993). —

CODINA, Víctor: *Luis Espinal. Gastar la vida por los demás* (Santa Cruz, Bolivia, 1995). — MANRESA, Ferrán: *Luis Espinal: huelga de hambre, muerte de justicia* ("Sal Terrae", December 1980, 857-870). — MARTIALAY, Roberto: *Comunidad en sangre* (Bilbao, 1983). — COELHO DE SOUZA, José: *O Sangue pela Justiça. Pe. João Penido Burnier, S.J.* (São Paulo, 1978). — MORUJAO, Manuel: *Vale a pena dar a vida* (Braga, 1988). — ALVES DE SOUSA, José Augusto: *Os Jesuítas em Moçambique 1541-1991* (Braga, 1991). — Id.: *A Igreja e a Paz em Moçambique* (Maputo, 1995). — IRAZABAL, Juan A.: *In Memoriam: Mons. Christophe Munzihirwa,S.J., arzobispo de Bukavu. El pastor dio la vida por sus ovejas* (Mensajero, December 1996, pp.18-20). — FARHI, Benjamin and others: *In memoriam: Monseigneur Christophe Munzihirwa, S.J., Archevêque de Bukavu, Serviteur et Témoin* (Kinshasha, 1996). — MATUNGULU OTENE, Marcel: *Mzee Munzihirwa, S.J., Homme de foi assoiffé de justice et de paix* (Rome, 1999). — CRONIN, Kevin: *Fr. Anchanikal T. Thomas, S.J.* (Private communication). — GREENAWAY, John: *Remembering our Brother Richie* ("Servir", Jesuit Refugee Service bulletin, February 1998, p.8). — STRUCK, Dough: *Death Invades a Church* (Washington Post Service, "International Herald Tribune," 11 Sept. 1999). — HISASHI, Hayashi: *Two Indonesian Jesuits Offer Their Lives For "Timor Loro Sa'e (Rising Sun)'* (Social and Pastoral Bulletin, Jesuit Social Center, Tokyo, Oct.25,1999). — Dispatches from JRS Cambodia to JRS Rome.

Conclusion
AND WERE THE SOCIETY TO DISAPPEAR?

The epilogue has shown us the fine side of today's Society, the Glory. If we wish to be objective, we cannot close our eyes to the other side, that of its Passion, the crisis it is going through. A deep, wide, and complex crisis, a crisis that is quantifiable: its decrease in numbers. From 36,038 in 1965, the highest peak ever reached, the number of Jesuits has plummeted to 21,673 in 1999 and is going down at the rate of 200 a year. According to a statistical study, the descending curve will halt when the total number comes down to 14,814. This would happen in the year 2,040.

And should the descent go on until the Society disappears altogether?

Ignatius contemplated the possibility. One day, Ribadeneira tells us, he did a bit of soul-searching and wondered what might disturb his interior peace. "If the pope would decide to dissolve the Society," he thought. But even in such a contingency, a quarter of an hour of prayer would suffice to him to recover peace.

How does the Society face its present situation?

I think that its fundamental attitude, the one that underlies the decrees of the recent General Congregations, is – as it could not be otherwise – the one we find in the Contemplation to Obtain Love that concludes the Exercises and sums up Ignatian spirituality. It wishes nothing else but

to "love and serve" the Lord, and it asks for nothing else but his love and his grace; "that is enough for me."

"To love and serve" was also the motto chosen for the Ignatian Year (1991). The traditional "Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam – For God's Greater Glory" – would have sounded a wee triumphalistic, almost like a call to war; "to love and serve" struck the right note, reflected the new, humbler, more detached, more evangelical mood, and represented the Ignatian mystique.

"We are servants of Christ's mission" – the Society has said once again in the last General Congregation, held in 1995, defining the Society. When Ignatius was confirmed in his mission at La Storta, it was as Christ's servant that he saw himself, and that grace was meant – according to Nadal – for the whole Society. This is its identity; this, "the sketch of our profession" proposed by today's Jesuits, as it was by the first companions, "for those who will come after us, if indeed it be God's will that we have followers on the path we have traced."

If the Society were to be reduced to a small remnant, it would be in very truth "the least Society," as Ignatius liked to call it; should God allow its total disappearance, who knows whether it would be followed by a third spring?

PASSION AND GLORY
A flesh-and-blood history
of the Society of Jesus

GENERAL CONTENTS

Preface

Saints and Blessed of the Society of Jesus

Volume I
SPRING, 1529-1581

First growth

I. The founding group

1. The first companions (1529-1538). – 2. Rome, not Jerusalem (1538-1541). – 3. The Roman Ignatius (1541-1556). – 4. A lovable Savoyard: Peter Faber (1506-1546). – 5. The Xavier Epic (1506-1552). – 6. The Second General: Diego Laynez (1512-1565). – 7. The non-conformist: Nicolás de Bobadilla (1509-1590).

II. The second generation

1. The Second Apostle of Germany: Peter Canisius (1521-1597). – 2. A Grandee of Spain: Francis Borgia (1510-1572). – 3. The courtier: Antonio de Araoz (1515-1573). – 4. The Apostle of Brazil: José de Anchieta (1534-1597). – 5. An angel from Poland: Stanislaus Kostka (1550-1568).

Volume II
SUMMER, 1581-1686

The splendour of summer

I. In the Roman College

1. A doctor of the Church: Robert Bellarmine (1542-1621). – 2. Two youth models: Aloysius Gonzaga (1568-1591) and John Berchmans (1599-1621).

II. Throughout the whole wide world

1. Missionaries in their own countries: Bernardine Realino (1530-1616), Jean François Régis (1597-1640), Julian Maunoir (1606-1683). – 2. The perfect friend: Claude La Colombière (1641-1682). – 3. Master and disciple: Alonso Rodríguez (1531-1617) and Peter Claver (1580-1654). – 4. In the court of the Great Mughal: Jerónimo Javier (1549-1617) and Bento de Goes (1562-1607). – 5. The Negus's favourite: Pedro Páez (1564-1622). – 6. Pioneers of inculturation: Matteo Ricci (1552-1610), Alexander de Rhodes (1593-1660), Roberto de Nobili (1577-1656), John de Brito (1647-1693).

III. The witness of blood

1. The Anglican gallows: Edmund Campion (1540-1581), Alexander

Briant (1556-1581), Robert Southwell (1561-1595) and Henry Garnet (1555-1606), Nicholas Owen (1560?-1606), John Ogilvie (1579-1615), Dominic Collins (1566-1602). – 2. Huguenot violence: Jacques Salès (1556-1593) and Guillaume Saultemouche (1557-1593). – 3. In Kosice's hornets nest: Stephen Pongrácz (1582-1619), Melchior Grodziecki (1584-1619) and Marc Krizevcanin (1588-1619). – 4. The fury of the Cossacks: Andrew Bobola (1591-1657). – 5. Crosses in Nagasaki: Paul Miki (1564-1597), John de Goto (1578-1597) and James Kisai (1553-1597). – 6. Snares in the Pacific: Diego Luis de San Vitores (1627-1672). – 7. The Iroquois tomahawk: Jean de Brébeuf (1593-1649), Isaac Jogues (1607-1646). – 8. The itaizá of the Guaranis: Roch González de Santa Cruz (1576-1628).

Volume III
AUTUMN-WINTER, 1687-1773-1814

The tragedy of the supression

I. Autumn leaves

1. A controversial general: Tirso González (1624-1705). – 2. The royal confessors: Everard Nidhard (1607-1681), François de La Chaize (1624-1709) and Michel Le Tellier (1643-1719). – 3. The preachers: António Vieira (1608-1697), Paolo Segneri (1624-1694), Louis Bourdaloue (1623-1704), Francesco de Gerónimo (1642-1716), Antonio Baldinucci (1665-1717), Pedro Calatayud (1689-1773). – 4. Wise men from the West: Johann Adam Schall von Bell (1592-1666) and Ferdinand Verbiest (1623-1688), Constanzo Giuseppe Beschi (1680-1747). – 5. Baroque music in Paraguay: Domenico Zipoli (1688-1726). – 6. The Pioneers: Explorer of the Mississippi: Jacques Marquette (1637.1675). The Californian trio: Eusebio Kino (1645-1711), Juan María Salvatierra (1648-1717) and Juan Ugarte (1662-1730). The explorer of the Orinoco: José Gumilla (1686-1750). – 7. In the roof of the world: António de Andrade (1580-1634), Johannes Grüber (1623-1680) and Ippolito Desideri (1684-1733).

II. Death in four stages

1. Lisbon, 1759: Malagrida's misfortune. – 2. Paris, 1762: Lavalette's bankruptcy. – 3. Madrid, 1767: Pignatelli's fidelity. – 4. Rome, 1773: Lorenzo Ricci's meekness.

III. Hibernation

1. Survival in the cold: Stanislaw Czerniewicz (1728-1785). – 2. Blood bath in France. – 3. Italian intermezzo: Pignatelli the Restorer. – 4. Russian spring: Gabriel Gruber (1740-1805).

Volume IV
SECOND SPRING, 1814-1965-1999

"He is here, he has risen"

I. A tempestuous century

1. At the helm: Jan Philip Roothaan (1785-1853). – 2. A Pole in the Middle East: Maksymilian Ryllo (1802-1848). – 3. A Fleming in the Rocky

Mountains: Pierre-Jean De Smet (1801-1873). – 4. Expelled from seven countries: Francisco José de San Román (1811-1886). – 5. Jesuit and poet: Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889). – 6. The Apostle of the Chotanagpur: Constant Lievens (1856-1893). – 7. With the Malagasies in Madasgacar: Jacques Berthieu (1838-1896). – 8. In China, at the hands of the Boxers: Léon-Ignace Mangin (1857-1900), Paul Denn (1847-1900), Remi Isoré (1852-1900) and Modeste Andlauer (1847-1900).

II. Consolidation and flowering

1. A missioner: Francisco Tarín (1847-1910). – 2. The embittered Jesuit: Miguel Mir (1841-1912). – 3. A war chaplain: William Doyle (1873-1917). – 4. Two Brother Porters: Francisco Gárate (1857-1929), José Marcos Figueroa (1865-1942). – 5. An exceptional candidate: István Kaszap (1916-1935). – 6. Martyr of Christ the King: Miguel Agustín Pro (1891-1927). – 7. Two opponents of Nazism: Rupert Mayer (1876-1945), Alfred Delp (1907-1945). – 8. Two prisoners of the Communists: Walter Ciszek (1904-1984), Anton Luli (1910-1998). – 9. Two urban apostles: José M. Rubio (1864-1929), Alberto Hurtado (1901-1952).

III. The challenge of the Council

1. The last Crusader: Riccardo Lombardi (1908-1979). – 2. Christ's Minstrel who became an alcoholic: Aimé Duval (1918-1984). – 3. French diptych: Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (1881-1955), Henri de Lubac (1896-1991). – 4. German colossus: Karl Rahner (1904-1984). – 5. An American in Rome: John Courtney Murray (1904-1967). – 6. The Cardinal of Ecumenism: Augustin Bea (1881-19689.

IV. The missionary tradition

1. In a Madagascar leprosarium: Jan Beyzym (1850-1912). – 2. In the hands of the Chinese Communists: Tomás Esteban (1879-1934). – 3. A man for all seasons: Joaquim Vilallonga (1868-1963). – 4. In the paddy-fields of Malabar: Pietro Caironi (1904-1966). – 5. In ice-cold Alaska: Segundo Llorente (1906-1989). – 6. One with the Japanese: Hugo M. Enomiya-Lassalle (1898-1990).

Epilogue:

Pedro Arrupe and Companion Martyrs

1. Pedro Arrupe's Way of the Cross. – 2. Under the Latin-American dictatorships: Rutilio Grande (1928-1977), Ignacio Ellacuría (1930-1989), Amando López (1936-1989), Joaquín López (1918-1989), Ignacio Martín Baró (1942-1989), Segundo Montes (1933-1989), Juan Ramón Moreno (1933-1989), Lluis Espinal (1932-1980), João Bosco Burnier (1917-1976), Vicente Cañas (1939-1987). – 3. In Africa's boiling-pot: João de Deus Gonçalves Kamtedza (1930-1985), Sílvio Alves Moreira (1941-1985), Msgr. Christophe Munzihirwa (1926-1996). – 4. Among Cambodia's war cripples: Richard M. Fernando (1970-1996). – 5. With India's oppressed: Anchanikal T. Thomas (1951-1997). – 6. With the victims of East Timor: Tarcisius Dewanto (1965-1999) and Karl Albrecht (1929-1999).

Conclusion:

And were the Society to disappear?

DATE DUE

15653

BX 3755 .E33 1999 v.4

Echaniz, Ignatius

Passion and glory

DEMCO

Back cover photo:

Two champions of the faith,
John Paul II and Anton Luli,
the man who so contributed to rout communism
and one who suffered it most in his flesh,
embrace each other.
The furrows hewn in his face
tell of the sufferings of the martyr
in torture chambers and forced labour camps,
but the gentleness of his eyes
and the smile on his lips
reflect the meekness and love in his heart.

UNITED THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY LIBRARY

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY
3 0645 1000 0872 7